

# Chatelaine

10¢

APRIL, 1933



In This Issue: **A New Story . . .** by Dr. Charles D. G. Roberts



# WORKING WONDERS *in the nursery . . . and magic in the kitchen*

**W**HAT a wonderful thing for babies! To think that there could be a real, natural milk with *every* nutritional quality of the best bottled milk — *plus* the priceless advantage of *super-digestibility*!

It has been conclusively proved by medical science that Carnation Milk is *far easier to digest* than raw or pasteurized milk. It is heat-treated — so it forms fine, soft, flaky curds like those of mother's milk, which babies' stomachs easily assimilate. It is homogenized, too, so the butter fat is finely divided and more readily digestible.

Babies *thrive* on Carnation Milk! Babies that have difficulty in digesting milk in any other form grow strong and healthy on Carnation formulas. They get all the vitamins, minerals, and other food elements that milk can be relied on to supply, and need only the usual supplements, such as orange juice and cod-liver oil.

Ask your doctor about Carnation Milk. He knows it is just pure whole milk, evaporated to double richness, with nothing added. He knows its super-digestibility, its assured safety, its nourishing goodness. And he can prescribe the correct formula for your baby.

## *Finer for Cooking, too*

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## *There IS a Difference*

Carnation Milk is a superior milk because it is *protected at the source*. Carnation field men regularly inspect herds and milking methods, and make sure that the milk is rushed, clean and cold, to the waiting condensery, where it is scientifically processed and packed in hermetically sealed cans ready for your use.

## *Two Valuable Booklets, Free*

Every mother, every housewife, will be well repaid for reading two booklets which are free — "100 Glorified Recipes" and "Contented Babies". Write for them to Carnation Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ontario.



## **NO MORE TROUBLES** **[when the doctor prescribed]** **Carnation Milk**

"Our little girl has been a 'bottle baby' from the age of one week. She progressed nicely on lactic acid milk until the age of four months when the warm weather set in. Do what we would the milk curdled with the lactic acid — and we had the best milk and electric refrigeration. The baby was becoming listless, losing appetite and weight, until at her doctor's suggestion we changed to Carnation Milk. The lactic acid went perfectly with it. The preparation is so easy, simply adding boiled water, since Carnation Milk is already perfectly sterilized . . . She liked the new milk from the first and began to improve immediately in every way. Now at the age of nine months she is perfectly healthy, strong, and happy."

(Reported by Mrs. W. J. Eades, Vancouver, B.C.)

# Carnation Milk

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND OF EVAPORATED MILK

TUNE IN the Carnation "Contented Hour" every Monday evening at 10 o'clock Eastern and 9 o'clock Central time — international chain of NBC stations, including CKGW (Toronto) and CFCF (Montreal).

**A CANADIAN PRODUCT**

**"FROM CONTENTED COWS"**



# AS YOU DESIRE ME



## LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASH!

Palmolive announces important price reduction! Palmolive Soap now at your dealers at lowest prices in history

## Olive oil has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin

"**T**HERE are no ugly women!" said a great Frenchman, "only those who stop trying to make themselves beautiful." Don't ever stop trying. Dare to be lovely. Work to keep skin smooth, soft, fine. Age needn't show. Youth *can* be yours.

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Soap—the one soap, you know, that tells what it's made of; the one leading soap made with a lot of olive oil.

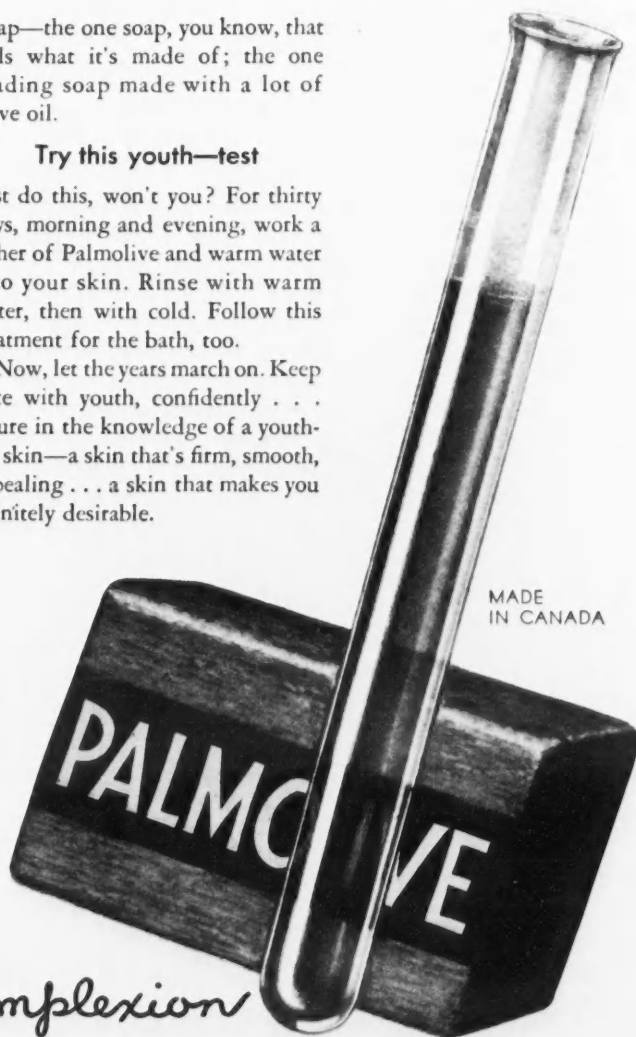
### Try this youth—test

Just do this, won't you? For thirty days, morning and evening, work a lather of Palmolive and warm water into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Follow this treatment for the bath, too.

Now, let the years march on. Keep pace with youth, confidently . . . secure in the knowledge of a youthful skin—a skin that's firm, smooth, appealing . . . a skin that makes you infinitely desirable.

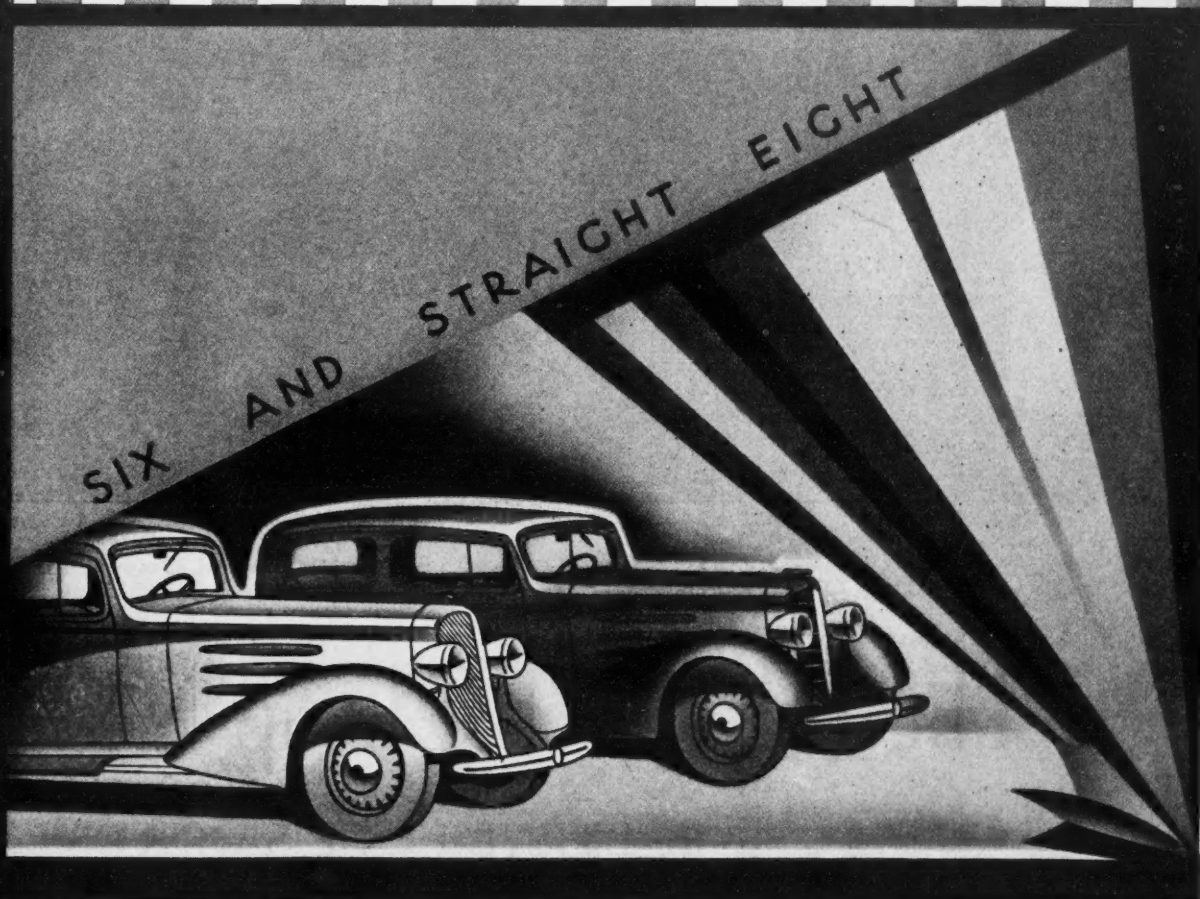
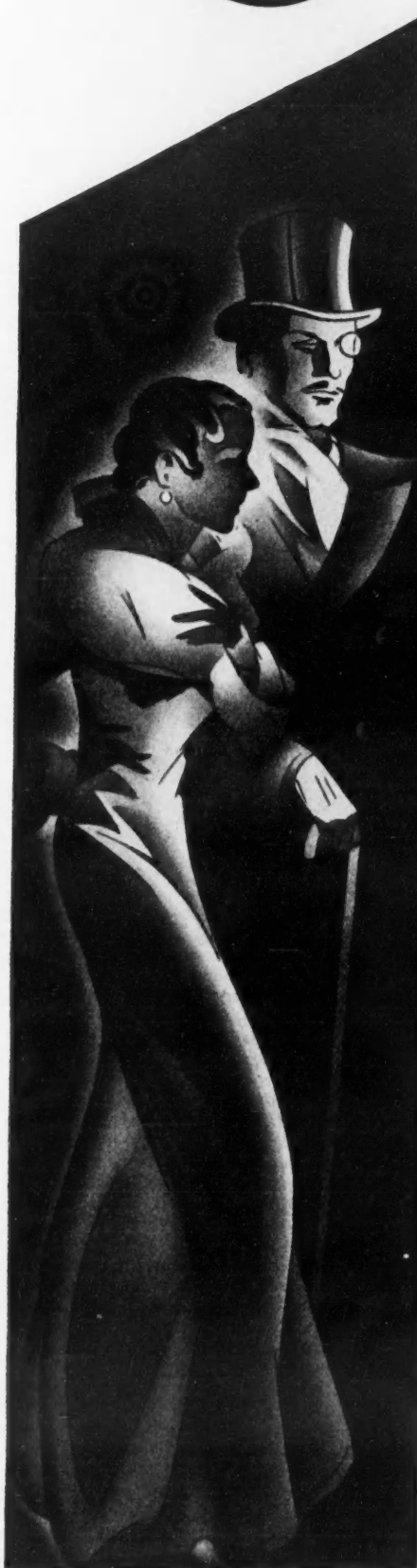
This much Olive Oil goes into every cake of Palmolive Soap

*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*





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## THE COMPLETELY MODERN CAR WITH FISHER NO-DRAFT VENTILATION

Distinguished by brilliant "air-stream" lines, the new Oldsmobiles are masterpieces of Fisher craftsmanship. New V-type radiators—skirted and moulded fenders—new rear contours—all are harmoniously blended into an easy-flowing streamline that spells speed, smoothness and power. And to match such advanced styling are new features, like Fisher No-Draft Ventilation . . . bringing a far greater degree of safety, comfort and driving pleasure. When you see it you will realize why people call the new Oldsmobile "the completely modern car!" When you drive it, you will sense a responsiveness and reserve of power that will never cease to thrill. And finally, when you have checked price tags, you will probably find that an Oldsmobile Six or Straight Eight is now well within your means. Visit your Oldsmobile dealer today.



PRODUCED IN CANADA





# Chatelaine

"Mistress of her Castle"

This magazine is equipped to serve the chatelaines of Canada with authoritative information on housekeeping, child care, beauty and fashions, and with entertaining fiction and articles of national interest.



H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager.

OCCASIONALLY, out of the blue, there comes to an editor's desk a manuscript so vital and compelling that it becomes the lure for an exhaustive reading of the most heterogeneous mail in the world. Day after day editorial staffs everywhere comb through the manuscripts "to the editor" for fear of losing the occasional contribution of vivid interest.

A few weeks ago I found such a manuscript in what was apparently another amateurish handwritten offering; yet the first few sentences aroused my interest at once. Read the woman's cry for her children in "I Am a Canadian Mother," and see if you do not feel the absolute sincerity and power in this article. It is the first time the writer ever tried to express herself on paper; but I have seldom read a statement written by the most experienced of journalists with more effective presentation. The facts are as stated, and linked up directly, as so often happens, with the National Council of Women's request for more women on the work of administering relief.

I hope that members of the Council will continue their agitation for a better women's representation on the Relief Boards. Since it is a matter which must be decided in every province, women have a definite opportunity to express their real determination to achieve what they want in this very important step.

SOME VERY good news comes this month from the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare—the news that Canada has recorded her first substantial decrease in maternal mortality in any one year!

In 1931 there was an absolute saving of one hundred and ninety-five maternal lives over the 1930 rates, as recorded in the compilation of vital statistics for Canada. This reduction will apparently give Canada a better maternal mortality rate than the United States but both countries still have a much higher rate than European countries, and there is still a vast amount of educational work to do.

Infant mortality, too, has shown the most marked drop since the registration area was established, and the Province of Quebec has recorded the lowest rate in its history. Public health authorities attribute these gratifying results



to the development of public interest, and the widespread educational and public health efforts of recent years, together with the leadership given in the provision of improved obstetrical training by the medical profession.

Educational campaigns in health are more than ever in demand today, and the field offers a thrilling challenge to modern womanhood. For the chain of Canada's health is only as strong as the individual link in every small community in the country.

WE ALL want you to enjoy this April issue particularly. Whether you like cats or not, you'll surely enjoy "Tabitha Blue," the new animal story from the dean of Canadian literature, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who, as everyone knows, hails from the Maritimes but is living in Toronto. Jessie May Burt is an interesting contrast in the fiction group, as "Adopted" is her very first magazine story ever published. Won't you tell her if you found it entertaining? Miss Burt lives in Montreal and is by day a business girl, who yet finds time to struggle with her writing during evening hours. "The Stone Was Gone," the Easter story of a triumphant search, is by Norma Phillips Muir, of Toronto, one of Canada's best

known women writers. Another group of Canadian fiction is planned for May.

Our cover this month with the bright-eyed young daughter of the house in her new Easter green, was painted by Grant MacDonald, a young Canadian artist who is at present studying portraiture in London and Paris. He has some more paintings of Canadian girls that will appear during the coming year; and we hope you like them.

NEXT month will bring some very human articles including a reply from the wife of a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, to a recent writer in *Chatelaine* who declared that as the wife of a newspaperman she had the "world's worst job!"

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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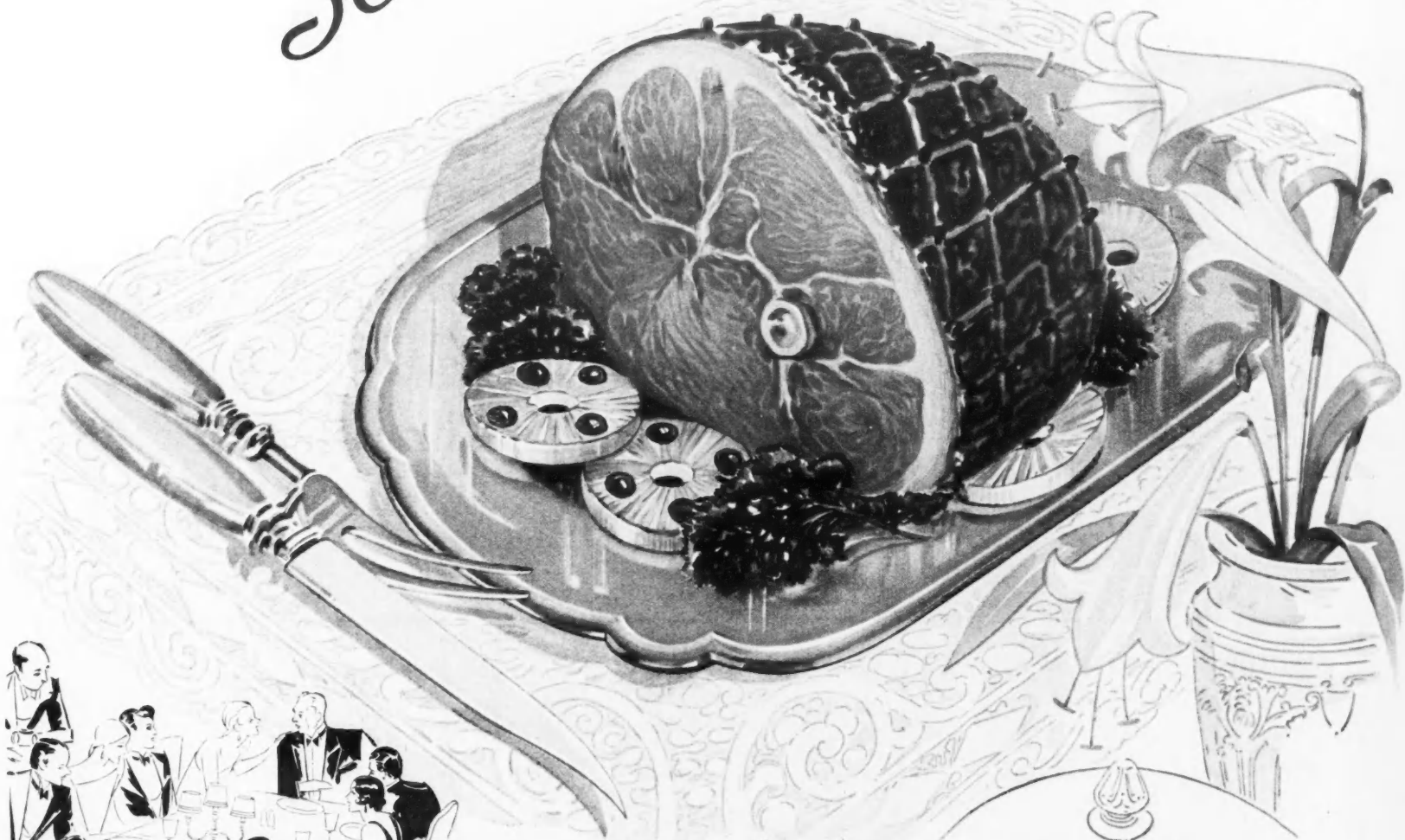
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**THIS YEAR**

*Serve this finer\* ham*



*... for* **Easter**

More and more Canadian housewives are choosing Swift's Premium Ham for Easter feasting! There's a good reason . . . this famous ham is now Ovenized.

It's called "Ovenized", because now Premium Ham is smoked in special "ovens". Here an exclusive Swift method gives a more subtle blending of fragrant hardwood smoke with the natural qualities of the ham. The result is a rare combination of *tang* and

*mellowness*. A flavour and tenderness never achieved before. And more economical in the cooking, too!

You'll enjoy Swift's Premium Ham for Easter dinner. For many another dinner, lunch, and breakfast, too. It's equally delicious whether baked whole or broiled in slices. Only make sure that you get Swift's . . . because only Swift's Premium Ham has this new "Ovenized" goodness.



*Finer because it's Ovenized!* Ovenizing is an improved method of smoking which has made Swift's Premium Ham better in 4 ways: Richer in Flavour; More Tender; Finer in Colour; Firmer — which means less shrinkage when you cook it. Please make sure that it's Swift's Premium you get . . . the name Swift is repeated in tiny brown dots down the full length of the ham.



**Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon**  
*now Ovenized*





"I've only had this chair eight months—  
and already it's a wreck!" says Mrs. A.

# The Fallacy of Cheap Merchandise

By BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

A NEW hazard faces the intelligent woman buyer today—a hazard that involves not only her own home, but eventually the industry of the nation—shoddy merchandise at cut-rate prices.

How many women are now complaining about the goods they bought at such low prices? You hear them at tea parties and bridge clubs everywhere.

"I bought this chair," says Mrs. A., "only eight months ago, and already it looks a wreck."

All very well to complain now, but did Mrs. A. consider the quality of the chair in the first place—or only the price tag? Did she take the trouble to investigate the springs, to discover if the woods were seasoned; whether fresh stuffing had been used—or old fillings from some unsanitary mattress or upholstered piece that had been thrown into the discard?

Mrs. B. complains to her husband, "I've had this dress cleaned just once, and I can't wear it. The fabric is shrunken so badly, and the seams are giving. They're so stingy with fabric these days."

But probably the price Mrs. B. paid for her dress was from one-half to one-third what she normally paid a few years ago. She was in all likelihood stampeded by one of the huge "Bankrupt Clearing Sales" that smear the windows of so many stores these days, and bought the frock without considering the amount of material allowed in the seams, the details of workmanship, or the quality of the goods. She had been dazzled by the price tag.

Mr. C. will make loud protestations when the shirts bought at a clearance and which looked perfectly satisfactory in their box, prove scanty and uncomfortable, with buttonholes edged with loose threads, and buttons that become rough and chipped after the first few trips to the laundry.

But did Mr. C. ever stop to consider that for the price paid it was impossible to give anything like normal satisfaction?

Our grandmothers were proud of their shopping lore. Do you remember the sensitive fingers that used to feel the quality of linens, silks, wools? How women used to study

the details, stitching and cut of a frock? Today, in the hustle and bustle of sales there is little time for this considered shopping. A bargain must be grabbed off the table or rack and sent home with little, if any, opportunity for investigation. And even if, on mature study at home, the purchase reveals its shoddiness, one is tempted to exclaim in these days of cut prices, "Well it was so cheap, it's a shame not to keep it!" Afterwards come the complaints . . .

What is happening as a result of this growing demand for low price at any cost?

On the one side of the argument is the woman buyer. She spends the income of a nation on the daily needs of her family. She must spend it these days with a badly cut budget. She wants to make her dollar do the work of two. She has forgotten her old, instinctive pride in shopping lore and rushed after the low price, without considering whether she is not wasting her money. There are thousands of women today, who with a ten or fifteen per cent cut in their incomes are shopping for merchandise at fifty per cent below the normal price—and expecting satisfactory results!

On the other side of the argument is the manufacturer, who must keep his factory going, his men busy, and must make his goods with enough profit to pay for his living and his overhead. He is forced to sell to a price or go out of business. In order to meet this price, he must cut the quality and the workmanship of his product until it can be manufactured at the low price demanded. He is an honest man but has to meet competition. Very often he turns out a product that he feels ashamed to own.

Yet he must do it. The women of the nation are forcing him to do it. They are demanding a low price level which is incompatible with quality. So he moves into the vicious circle and makes a product with which he is dissatisfied; the stores who sell it are dissatisfied, for every merchant knows that his business depends upon giving absolute confidence. And the women who buy the product are dissatisfied.

The danger travels farther, for it involves the employment of men. Wages on cheap merchandise are cut to the bone, as there is little profit in any branch of the work. Thus we see a poor generation buying poor merchandise and lowering

the entire standard of work and living.

Not only in merchandising alone, but in the very health of the people in this policy of economy at the cost of a reasonable quality proving disastrous. Professor William H. Welch in a new booklet brought out by the Child Welfare Department of the Dominion Department of Pensions and National Health, entitled *Good Food for Little Money*, says:

"Any undue retrenchment in health work is bound to be paid for in dollars and cents as well as in the impairment of the people's health generally. We can demonstrate convincingly that returns in economic and social welfare from expenditures for public health service are far in excess of their costs. Too great economy, as far as health is concerned, because of the current depression is particularly dangerous to the welfare of growing children. Undernourishment of children, for example, is not likely to show itself immediately but is bound to show its ill-effects later when they may be too late to remedy. The ground lost by undernourishment in childhood may never be regained."

Pride in the astuteness of her shopping should be one of the fundamental interests of every clever housewife. For, after all, what value in a purchase if it will not wear? The proof of the pudding, they say, is in the eating; and the proof of a "good buy" is in the wearing.

*Chatelaine*, as the medium of thought for women in the home, is going on the warpath against cheap, shoddy merchandise. And since a wise buyer is one who knows what to look for, and how to look for it, this magazine will in coming months deal with the more important phases of shopping knowledge, so that every reader, when she goes a-shopping with a narrow spending budget, may have a wide shopping knowledge.

For a beginning, let us consider upholstered furniture. It is one of the most important aspects of modern shopping that stresses the need for authentic information on the part of the person who invests [Continued on page 64]

Chatelaine

# Love Me, Love My Child

Here's a story so real that it will  
find an echo of understanding in  
the mind of every one who reads it

By JANE CONRATH FALES



And then she started to tell him her troubles. He listened incredulously.

AFTER ALL," stated Lucile Bennett a trifle sentimentally, "there are no friends like the old friends."

"Um," responded Phil absently, without removing his gaze from the sporting page.

Lucile inserted the stocking darning into a small toeless sock and projected her lips into a slight pout.

"You don't seem to appreciate, Phil," she complained, "what Betty's coming means to me. To have been as close friends as we've been all our lives, and then not to see each other for nine years—my goodness, Phil, can't you understand how I feel about it? My oldest and dearest friend!"

Phil laid down his paper resignedly, if a little guiltily.

"Probably," he suggested defensively, "she's changed a lot."

Lucile's eyes became slightly dreamy.

"Nine years," she repeated reflectively. "Nine years make a difference in all of us, I guess. I can't imagine Betty married and with a youngster as old as Junior. And just think, Phil, what a treat it's going to be for Junior, having somebody his own age here to play with for a whole week!" She lowered her voice confidentially. "It's going to be a kind of relief to keep him away from the Carrick children that long."

"What's the matter with the Carricks? I always thought they seemed nice kids."

"Oh," she made a sort of deprecating little sniff. "Oh, they're all right. Only—oh, well, it seems to me Sue isn't bringing up her children quite like I'm trying to bring up Junior. She's a little careless with them, I think. Sometimes I wonder if it's the best thing for Junior to play with them so much."

Phil shook his head.

"Boloney," he said inelegantly; "they're better behaved than most kids, if you ask me."

"Oh, y-es, they're all right, in a way. But all the same, I think it's grand that Junior's going to have the opportunity to know Betty's youngster. He'll be really our own kind. It would be sort of romantic, wouldn't it, if this little visit should be the beginning of a lifelong friendship between the two boys, like Betty's and mine?"

"Yeh," assented Phil dryly. "It would be more than that. It'd be a miracle, in fact, for two four-year-old kids to play together a whole week without scratching each other's eyes out."



# RUBBING is RUIN



*to  
clothes*

**Change to CHIPSO**  
**It soaks dirt out!**

## "Chipso helps clothes wear longer!"

Sister watched me RUBBING out my wash.  
"May, I can't stand seeing you at that washboard. It's bad for you and it's hard on your clothes. You'd be saved all this if you'd soak your wash in CHIPSO SUDS!"

\* \* \*

Right she was!  
I never saw REAL SUDS until I tried CHIPSO. Dirt slides out when clothes go into CHIPSO suds. And you've said GOODBY to RUBBING!

\* \* \*

You'll soon see that CHIPSO is SAFER, too—see how quickly it SMOOTHS your HANDS!

## "No bleeding colors with my safe Chipso"



Two months ago my neighbor and I bought identical dresses for our GIRLS who are chums. My Alice's dress still looks BRIGHT as NEW because I use CHIPSO! But little Helen's dress has faded. It is fully 3 shades PALER.

\* \* \*

My neighbor was disgusted. "I'm changing to CHIPSO," she said. "It's SAFER! Those SUDS look marvelous in your WASHER—and your clothes are LOVELY!"

\* \* \*

I bank on CHIPSO for DISHES, too. It cuts GREASE so FAST—and it's like silk on your HANDS!



## "It takes Chipso to hustle a wash through!"

I've done our family wash for TWENTY YEARS and I've never seen anything like CHIPSO'S WONDERFUL SUDS!

\* \* \*

Pour out those QUICK-MELTING and rich CHIPSO FLAKES—and you'll get the BIGGEST SUDS that you've ever seen! They'll SOAK out STAINS and SOIL in just a few minutes!

\* \* \*

Yet, CHIPSO is so SAFE and RICH that I'm tubbing our nicest SILK STOCKINGS and UNDIES. So I'm strong for CHIPSO—SAFE enough for costly SILKS—RICH enough to SOAK out heavy dirt!

**MADE IN CANADA**



**CLOTHES  
COST  
MONEY**

# Chipso

**MAKES CLOTHES WEAR LONGER**

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of Canada, Ltd.



They ascended the stairs and found Betty wringing her hands in terror. "If anything happens to him," she wailed, "I'll never forgive myself!"

"I'm afraid," said Betty, "that he's awfully tired."  
"Never mind," soothed Lucile. "Perhaps the best thing is just to let him alone. You go on upstairs, Betty, and we'll get along fine."

For several minutes Sanford stood in a corner of the kitchen and eyed Lucile suspiciously. She bustled to and fro between the pantry and the dining room, too busy to pay much attention to him. Gradually he edged over to the back window and stood looking out enviously at Junior swinging contentedly under the apple tree. Finally he bolted abruptly out the back door and ran down to join him. Lucile chuckled to herself.

"If that isn't just like a youngster!" she said aloud.

"If what isn't?" demanded Phil, coming into the kitchen at that instant. "Not to do something as long as they think you want them to. When Sanford saw that I didn't care a rap what he did, he ran right out to play with Junior. He seems a little shy, doesn't he, Phil? He and Junior didn't make up to each other like I thought they would. But tell me, how do you like Betty? Is she anything like you thought she'd—"

A piercing scream rent the air. For a moment Lucile stood transfixed; then she made a dash for the back door, Phil close on her heels.

Junior, with a frightened look, was climbing out of the swing. Sanford, screaming and groaning by turns, lay on the ground beside him. Lucile felt her heart stop beating for an instant. Then she summoned superhuman strength and ran over to Sanford and picked him up.

"Oh," she moaned. "Oh, what in the world has happened? Oh, Phil, do you suppose he's seriously hurt?"

Phil regarded him calmly. "No kid who can make that much noise is seriously hurt," he remarked unsympathetically. "Junior, what happened?"

Junior gulped convulsively. "He—he came up and said he wanted to swing," he said in a scared voice, "an' I was swingin' awful high an' said just to wait a minute till I could stop it. But he came right up an' tried to grab on to it jest the same, an'—an' it knocked him down. I couldn't help it, pop. I couldn't help it, could I?"

"You could too," shrieked Sanford. "You kicked me. You know you did."

Betty, in a hastily donned negligée, suddenly appeared in the centre of the picture. She brushed past Lucile and Phil and grabbed Sanford in her arms.

"Darling," she gasped, "what in the world has happened? Tell me. Tell mother. Where are you hurt?"

He arose from her arm and looked at Junior belligerently.

"He kicked me," he charged. "He kicked me right in—in the stummick."

He placed a hand over his abdomen and groaned dramatically.

"I didn't either," denied Junior vehemently. "I never touched him. He came up an' tried to grab the swing, an' it hit against him, an'—"

"Junior," put in Lucile sternly, "tell mother the truth."

"I am tellin' the truth. I tole you he came over an'—"

"He kicked me," reiterated Sanford shrilly. "He kicked me in the stummick. It hurts awful."

Betty regarded the whole Bennett family accusingly.

"Sanford may have his faults," she said icily, "but lying is not one of them. He has never in his life told me an untruth. It seems to me that Junior's story should be investigated."

Lucile flushed hotly. "It seems to me—" she began heatedly, but Phil interrupted her.

"Son," he said dryly, "you come into the garage with me. Lucile, you'd better help Betty get Sanford upstairs and undressed and see if he's mortally wounded."

He took Junior by the hand, turned on his heel abruptly, and started for the garage. Lucile felt the tears stinging her eyes as she looked after Junior's frightened little face.

"Don't—don't be too hard on him, dear," she called after them. But Phil, quite ignoring her plea, marched firmly on.

By their united efforts the two women managed to get Sanford upstairs and on to the guest-room bed.

"I—I feel terrible about this, Betty," Lucile apologized as they struggled to

get off his clothes. "I—I can't understand what must have got into Junior. I never knew him to do anything like this before."

Betty's lips were set in an uncompromisingly straight line. "Well," she said tersely, "there's always a first time, I suppose."

She scanned his now naked body anxiously.

"He doesn't seem to be red anywhere," put in Lucile relievedly. "Or bruised."

"You can't tell from that," argued Betty. "He may have internal injuries."

"Oh, Betty, he couldn't have. Not when he hasn't even a red spot on his body. He couldn't—"

"You don't know anything about it," said Betty flatly. "A blow in the stomach is one of the most dangerous injuries there is. It might have ruptured an intestine."

Lucile gave vent to a short, exasperated sigh.

"Why, Betty, that's ridiculous! I feel terrible that Junior kicked him, and all that, but when his stomach isn't even pink—"

"It's easy to take things lightly when it's somebody else's child," Betty accused her tearfully. "I guess if it were Junior you'd feel different. I wonder if we ought to call a doctor and have him examined."

Lucile made an unintelligible remark under her breath, and then shut her lips tightly. When she opened them again her emotions were completely under control.

"I'll call our family doctor if you wish, Betty," she offered politely.

Betty looked anxiously at Sanford, whose shrieks had by now subsided a bit.

"We'll, I hardly know. Perhaps it might be better to wait a little while, and see if he shows any symptoms of being sick. I don't believe he'd better eat anything tonight. I'll put his pyjamas on him, and stay up here and watch him the rest of the evening."

"But Betty," Lucile argued weakly, "supper's all on the table."

"Supper!" shrieked Betty indignantly. "What's supper compared to the welfare of my child! Great heavens, Cile, have you no human sympathy at all!"

Lucile shrugged her shoulders resignedly and turned away. Thoughtfully she descended the stairs and went on through to the back door. Phil and Junior were playing ball in the yard.

"Come on to supper," she called a little wearily. "Betty and Sanford aren't eating."

The two came into the house, Phil eyeing her questioningly as he passed.

"Betty," Lucile explained, "is standing guard over Sanford. She's afraid he has internal injuries."

Phil snorted.

"Don't say it," pleaded Lucile. "After all, Betty is my oldest and dearest friend. And—I think they're both tired and nervous. They'll feel different in the morning."

Junior sat down and eyed his food complacently.

"Pop gave me a nickel in the garage," he volunteered. Phil turned on him severely.

"Junior," he said sternly, "you weren't to say anything about that nickel. Come on, Cile. Let's eat."

Lucile was shaking with relieved laughter.

"You two go ahead," she advised, with her emotions finally under control. "I'm going to fix a tray and take it up to Betty. I can't let her starve."

She returned to the table several minutes later.

"How's the patient?" enquired Phil politely.

"Resting comfortably," she assured him. "Betty is reading to him out of a book she brought with her, and everybody seems happy. I told her to come down as soon as he's asleep. I've hardly had a chance to say 'Hello' to her yet, with all this excitement."

However, Betty didn't come down that evening. Lucile made several tiptoed trips to the guest-room door, but each time Betty informed her in a stage whisper that Sanford couldn't seem to get to sleep, and finally requested that they be not molested again.

"He's so nervous, you know, Cile. [Continued on page 76]"





## ILLUSTRATED BY KAY AVERY

Lucile laughed and shook her head with determination. "Even such dire prospects can't make me any less thrilled over Betty's coming," she maintained. She paused, and her eyes again became dreamy. "A friendship like ours, Phil, comes only once in a person's lifetime. As soon as we see each other tomorrow, those nine years will disappear as if they had never existed. We'll be right back playing together again in our little pinafores, or studying our lessons together in high school."

"Um," commented Phil, as he took up the sporting page again.

BETTY'S TRAIN wasn't due until 5.30 in the afternoon, so Phil was able, by leaving the office a bit early, to drive them all down to meet her. Lucile scanned the faces of the alighting passengers eagerly. Nine years was a long time. Suppose Betty had changed so that—but there she was now, just the same Betty! Lucile waved frantically and started running down the platform. They met in an affectionate embrace, and then drew their heads back to survey each other's face eagerly.

"Betty!" cried Lucile. "Oh, I'm so glad you're here. And you look so wonderful. Not a day older than you did nine years ago. How do you do it?"

"How do you do it yourself? You're a sight for sore eyes, Cile! How have you kept your hips down so? My, I envy you! Since Sanford was born—oh, here, Sanford. Here, darling, this is Auntie Cile that mother has been telling you so much about. Say 'How do you do' and shake hands with Auntie Cile. That's the boy."

Lucile shook hands solemnly.

"How do you do, Sanford? What a perfectly lovely big boy you are! And just wait till you see my boy. You two are going to have just a lovely ti—oh, here they come now. Phil, this is Betty. You two really shouldn't need any introduction. And Junior. Come here, Junior darling. Come on over here and shake hands with this little boy. Isn't it lovely that you're going to have him for a little playmate all week? His name is Sanford. Come on, Junior, shake hands with Sanford."

The two children stood off and regarded each other hostilely.

"My!" commented Betty. "He's a wonderful looking child, Cile." She surveyed him critically. "He has your hair and eyes," she decided, "but on the whole, I believe he looks more like Phil. That's the way with Sanford. He's really the image of Earl. Everybody thinks that it's terrible that he isn't named after him, with the resemblance so strong and all. But I've always said that every child deserves a name all his own. I think that calling a child 'Junior' destroys all his individuality. Oh, well, of course, I didn't mean—that is, what I really mean is that I think it's a lovely idea to carry on the family names, and all that, but, of course, it is a little confusing having two people with the same name in one family, isn't it? I think—"

"If you'll give me your baggage checks," put in Phil by way of saving the situation, "I'll get your things for you."

Betty fumbled gratefully in her bag.

"That's awfully good of you, Phil. Here they are. I hope you won't be staggered by the amount of my luggage. But I guess Cile knows what it's like when you travel with a child in the summer time."

"We might go on over and get in the car," Lucile suggested as Phil set off for the baggage room. "Come on, children. Here, Junior, give me your hand."

The four proceeded to the Bennett's little sedan, and Betty settled back on the cushions with a sigh of relief.

"Cile, darling," she said, "you've no idea how glad I am that we're finally here. You know, this is the first time that I have ever taken Sanford away from home, and I really didn't know whether I should or not. But I wanted to come so badly, and there was nobody I could leave him with who really understands him. But the trip didn't seem to tire him so much. Did it, precious? It wasn't nearly so hard on him as I was afraid it would be."

"Why, Betty!" sympathized Lucile, "you never told me Sanford wasn't strong. And he looks like such a healthy child."

"Oh, you wouldn't exactly say he isn't strong. He's always been perfectly well, so far as physical health goes. But it's his nerves. He's very nervous and highly strung. You'll see after you've known him a little while that he really isn't at all like other children." She sighed dramatically. "Sanford is really a problem child. You have to understand him and know just how to handle him, or he simply goes all to pieces."

Lucile glanced at Sanford, listening proudly to the discussion, and nodded understandingly.

"Well," she said, "I guess every child takes plenty of understanding and careful handling, if you ask me. But now tell me all about yourself, Betty. Just think of the ground we have to cover in one short week!"

The conversation rambled on, while Phil came back with three huge bags, arranged them carefully in the front of the car beside him, and drove off. A few

minutes later they drew up in the Bennetts' driveway.

"Now," said Lucile briskly as they alighted from the car, "Phil will take your bags up for you, and you can get unpacked and refresh yourself a bit while I rustle up some food. I know you're famished. Sanford can play out here in the backyard with Junior until supper's ready, if you want him to. They'll be perfectly safe. You see, we've had it all fenced in, with a gate here at the side. It gives Junior a nice big place to play and saves me lots of worry and chasing."

"It's an ideal arrangement," agreed Betty. "Isn't this lovely, Sanford? Such a nice yard, and a swing, and a slide, and everything. You'd love to play here with Junior, wouldn't you?"

"No," said Sanford unemotionally.

"What? Why, of course you would! Come on and be a good boy and do as mother says, or she'll think you're too tired and have to put you to bed. Go on over and try the swing. You know you love to swing."

"No," repeated Sanford.

"Well, what do you want to do?"

"I wanna see what's in the house."

Lucile laughed understandingly.

"Of course he wants to see what's in the house. That's perfectly natural. The place is all strange to him and he wants to explore a bit. You go on upstairs and rest, Betty, and I'll keep him down here with me. Don't worry about him. I'll look after him. We'll have lots of fun, won't we, Sanford? You can help me get supper. Would you like that?"

Sanford regarded her distrustfully.

"No," he said.



ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS

squirrels—until she learned that they were only teasing and playing with her. Then she left them severely alone. Once she caught a black snake about three feet long. This was out in front of the bungalow, at breakfast time. Linda Farrell squealed and sprang to the rescue, but her husband pulled her back into her chair. "Let her alone," he said. "Tab can handle a bigger snake than that!"

Tabitha had got the snake by the back of the neck and almost bitten its head off. Then as she tried in vain to hold its coils from wrapping themselves about her, she tore off one coil, growling savagely all the while, held it down with both paws, and bit straight through the middle of the reptile's back. That settled the fight. But seeing that the tail still twitched and twisted, she bit that through also. Then, dragging the limp black form behind her, she stalked up the verandah steps and with immense pride deposited the victim at her mistress's feet.

Linda Farrell involuntarily drew back her small feet, but, veiling her disgust, leaned down and patted the cat's head. "Well done, Tab! Good pussy! Thank you very much!" But when Tabitha had gone off, elated, and hoping to find another snake, Mrs. Farrell cried—"Ugh! Do take that horrid thing away, Ned, and bury it somewhere. But don't let Tab see you."

"Who would have thought such a change would come over our lazy and luxurious Tabitha?" said Farrell, taking up the body on a stick and dropping it temporarily into a cardboard box. "She's taken to the wilds as if she'd been born in them. Except to us, she's as fierce as a bob-cat. How do you suppose she knew just how to tackle a snake?"

"A reversion to the primitive," said his wife glibly, spearing a buckwheat pancake.

"Pretty far back, that primitive! Tabitha Blue is an aristocrat of such ancient lineage that King Tut is an upstart to her."

"Well," rejoined his wife, "it's clear she can take care of herself, the darling. We don't have to worry about her, unless she should take it into her head to bring me a porcupine. But there are no porcupines on our island, thank goodness." "Porcupines can swim!" said Farrell.

DOWN ON the shore, near the wharf, there was a stranded log which jutted out into the leisurely current. In the bright slack water below this log dwelt swarms of minnows and young red-fins. Linda Farrell used to amuse herself occasionally by scattering crumbs here, to see the water boil with the eager onslaught of the hungry little fish, and it soon came about that whenever any one set foot upon the log the minnows would swarm up to it, expecting to be fed. This log became a favorite resort of Tabitha. She would sit there for hours and watch the darting shapes, every now and then making a swift lunge with her paw, claws outstretched, in the hope of catching one. Like those patient fishermen who all day long line the quais of Paris, for ever hoping, and for ever unrewarded except by the idleness and the sunshine, Tabitha never caught a fish. They were as elusive as a ray of light. But one day, reaching out too far in her eagerness, she fell in.

Startled and furious she scrambled forth again, suddenly reduced to half her apparent size and looking like a huge drowned rat. Her dignity was sorely hurt when peals of laughter came from the edge of the wharf, where the Farrells were tinkering at their canoe. Not even pausing to shake herself she tore frantically up the path, raced

around behind the house, found a patch of dry moss in the hot sun, and proceeded to roll and lick herself till she once more wore the semblance of a blue Persian cat. But she sulked in seclusion all the rest of the day, and it was several days before she would return to the log.

THEN CAME the day when she met the porcupine. That was a day of far more painful humiliation, of such hurt to her anatomy that her dignity was forgotten. As Ned Farrell had once remarked, porcupines can swim. A large and surly porcupine did swim across the narrow stretch of sluggish water which separated the island from the south shore of the river. He came straight across the island to the back of the bungalow, and fell to gnawing greedily at an empty box which had contained bacon. He loved the taste of the salt. The noise of his gnawing echoed sharply on the still afternoon air. Tabitha, who was asleep on the front steps, woke up, stretched herself, and ran around the house to see what it was that could be making such a curious noise.

She saw a black and white beast about as large as herself, with long front teeth of a bright yellow, engaged in devouring, with gusto, a wooden box. This piqued her curiosity. She had never

thought of wooden boxes as being good to eat. She drew nearer to investigate. The porcupine saw her. Instantly his quills stood up all over him, and he became twice as big as she was. This was a mystery, and it gave her pause. Perhaps if she went any nearer the strange beast would undergo some yet more startling transformation. She sat down to consider. The porcupine's quills slowly subsided, and he went on devouring the box.

In a few moments he came to the conclusion that he wanted some more succulent fare than dry wood, however deliciously salty. He turned his back on Tabitha, ambled over to the nearest tree, and began lazily to climb it, his sharp claws rattling on the bark.

This, concluded Tabitha too hastily, was retreat. She followed, cautiously at first, until she came to the foot of the tree. The porcupine was now about ten feet up, and just turning to crawl out upon a large branch. Tabitha darted up after him. He halted, turned his head, and glanced down at her with little twinkling unfrightened eyes. She was almost upon his tail. Suddenly that tail, very short and broad and extraordinarily bushy, flicked sharply across her face. With a yowl of anguish she fell to the ground, a dozen inch-long, needle-sharp quills sticking up all over her nose like horrid whiskers. For some moments she lay there, clawing desperately at her face in the vain effort to get rid of those burning torments. Then she fled wildly to the house, and sprang, yowling piteously, into Linda Farrell's lap.

"Oh, you poor darling," cried Mrs. Farrell in consternation, throwing her book to the other side of the room. "Quick, Ned, the tweezers! It's those darn porcupines at last!"

With inexorable hands and knees she held Tabitha as in a vise, in spite of writhings and yowlings; while Farrell jerked out the quills one by one and then bathed the lacerated nose. The moment she was released the unhappy Tabitha, spitting her protests, took refuge in the darkness beneath the divan, feeling that all the world was against her.

As the fiery torment in her nose subsided under her tongue's assiduous licking, Tabitha finally forgot her grudge against the world. But her painfully acquired respect for porcupines she never forgot. As for the big porcupine which had so casually instructed her in manners, and which now took up his residence on the island, he never gave any further sign of recognizing her existence. For some days she studied him intently, from a safe distance, and soon saw that he was altogether absorbed in minding his own business and merely required that that business should not be interfered with by man or beast. When she saw that even her master [Continued on page 26]



It suddenly flicked sharply across her face, and with a yowl of anguish she fell to the ground.





# Tabitha Blue

The indiscretions of a Persian Cat

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE MOMENT the lid of her luxuriously padded travelling basket was lifted, Miss Tabitha Blue jumped out indignantly. Eluding her mistress's hand she stalked forth upon the rustic verandah and then stopped short, staring about her with great round honey-colored eyes. The ample and splendid plume of smoke-blue fur which was her tail twitched angrily, for she had resented her imprisonment, with all its noise and motion which she could not by any means understand. But now everything was different. It was quiet, utterly quiet, except for the soft *hush hush* of the wind in birch and spruce, a faint twittering of unseen birds, a light lapping of waters on the beach some twenty yards below the verandah steps, and the sharp, sudden *chirr-r-r-r* of a red squirrel—she didn't know it was a squirrel—in the top of the pine tree behind the bungalow. Her nose wrinkled enquiringly as she sniffed the strange, cool, aromatic tang of the woods. Her indignant tail relaxed. She slowly turned her head, with its great ruff of blueish fur, from side to side, her moonlike eyes filled with wonder and keen interrogation. She had left behind her a stuffy, narrow world of walls and cushions and rugs, and of windows beyond which roared forever the city's blatant traffic. This was a new world, a spacious world of alluring sights and smells and of small inexplicable sounds. Very slowly, hesitatingly, she descended the steps, and stood for the first time on the damp coolness of mossy earth. How strange it was; and yet, somehow, strangely familiar, and gratifying. She stretched out her claws and dug them into the soil luxuriously. Then she started down the rough path to the water. She was consumed with anxiety to see what it was, this vast, level, crawling, dancing, shining thing that made a continual murmur along the shore. She reached a paw and touched the monster. Startled, she drew back, shaking the paw sharply.

Back in the bungalow, beside the empty basket, Ned Farrell and his slim young wife had been watching the cat with amused interest, to see what would be her reactions to this utterly new experience. Now Linda Farrell started forward crying "Tab! Tab! Come back here. Come and get some milk. You must be hungry, poor darling!"

"Let her alone for a bit, dear," said Farrell. "A cat's got to get acquainted. Leave the milk by her basket here, and let's change and get up to the mouth of Cold Brook in the canoe, and see if we can't get a trout or two before supper. Tab can't get off the island. And nothing can happen to her."

The Farrells went away to their fishing; and Miss Tabitha Blue, usually quite demonstrative in her affection, vouchsafed them hardly more than a passing look as they paddled off upstream from the little wharf.

WHEN THEY were gone, Tabitha turned slowly back to the bungalow, staring all about her as she went, amazed at the tall, dark fir trees, the birches with their white bark slenderly streaked and stencilled in black. Then she re-entered the bungalow, glanced around casually—for after all this was just a house, and what was a house for her to wonder at, however different from any house she had ever

known, when everything else about her was so amazingly strange and incomprehensible. She lapped up a little milk, sniffed at Linda Farrell's coat hanging over a chair—just to reassure herself—and sallied forth again to explore this fascinating new world of trees and odors and murmurs.

Dropping down from one end of the verandah, she now circled the bungalow deliberately, pausing every now and then to look and listen. But she would not yet venture more than a few feet away from the house, into the dense undergrowth. That was too mysterious. Once she did go over to the edge of the bushes and peered curiously into the green gloom. She saw a pair of dark bright eyes gazing into hers, a pair of long ears standing straight up above the eyes. She drew back startled. Never before had she seen anything resembling a rabbit. It might be dangerous. She decided to keep quite close to the house until her mistress returned. She sat down in an unshadowed patch of sunlight and fell to making her toilet, her long, fluffy fur having become dishevelled in the journey.

Presently, from an overhanging branch on the other side of the bungalow something dropped upon the roof. She heard it running on the shingles with a sharp clattering of claws. She darted around to the front of the house and sprang up on to the verandah. She felt safer there. The next moment, at the other end of the verandah, a red squirrel ran down the post, sat up on the rail with his tail over his back, eyed her impertinently, and broke into a noisy, abusive chattering.

Tabitha eyed him at first with dignified astonishment. Then, as he grew shriller and more vehement, jumping up and down and jerking his red tail in his excitement, she became annoyed at him. She did not understand his chatter but she felt it was intended to be very disagreeable. Her eyes narrowed. She flattened herself. Then she darted like a blue streak the length of the verandah and up on to the rail.

But already the elusive red mocker was not there. In a sudden silence he had vanished. Very much puzzled Tabitha glanced about her, wondering where he could have disappeared to. A minute or two more and from the high top of a pine tree a safe distance back in the woods came his insolently vituperative *Chirr-r-r-r—chit—chit—Chirr-r-r—chit—chit—chit*.

Disgustedly Tabitha dropped down again to the verandah floor, marched into the house, and drank up the rest of the milk. After all these utterly new experiences and conflicting emotions she felt suddenly sleepy. A couple of hours later the Farrells, back from their fishing, found her comfortably curled up in her basket, while a bright-eyed Canada jay peered down upon her from the shelf above the fireplace.



The great owl, startled, tore himself loose, and soared away in unaccustomed panic.

THE FARRELS settled down to their old summer routine in camp—fishing, swimming, canoeing, botanizing—getting along well with the least possible amount of house-keeping and cooking because both were experienced hands. And Tabitha settled at once into a new routine—that was no routine at all. As it were in a day she felt at home in the woods. She was as affectionate as ever toward her master and mistress, but no longer in the least dependent on them. She scorned her saucer of milk and caught mice like an old hunter, though she had never before so much as smelt a mouse. She would pounce like lightning on a chipmunk, although the wary chipmunk was never there when she pounced. She would run up a tree as expertly and as fearlessly as a bob-cat, in pursuit of those tantalizing red



productions, Mr. Banton is the man who does the studying.

In the first place, screen styles must be sufficiently ahead of the mode to be ultra-new when the film is released—often several months after screening. Mr. Banton goes frequently to Paris. Hollywood, he believes, cannot create styles apart from Paris, London and New York. He keeps closely in touch with continental style trends, and from the styles inspired by the accepted couturiers forms his ideas.

These ideas he adapts first to the picture and then to the star. The dress must be "right," not only for the character but for the star who portrays the character; a sort of double adaptation.

The costumes designed for Sylvia Sidney to wear in the picture "Pick Up" do not include a single frock of sequins, beads, gold cloth or chiffon. She plays the rôle of a girl who works for a living, and her wardrobe was designed to reflect a girl in average circumstances. Her costumes, all in excellent taste and essentially becoming to Miss Sidney herself, were created in jersey, sheer wools, and flat crêpe.

On the other hand, the rôle enacted by Adrienne Ames in Maurice Chevalier's picture, "A Bedtime Story," presented opportunities for the full gamut of luxurious effects. With velvet, gold cloth, the new heavy, dull-surfaced crêpe, and massed tiny crystal beads—a favorite Hollywood fabric—Mr. Banton created a background of extreme continental wealth and sophistication.

He has never appeared on a foot of film. Yet, in creating "personality," he is, in his way, as great an artist as his actress clients!

Fabrics, he believes, tell so much! Yet the effect lies not so much in the material as in its execution into a completed gown. He doesn't agree with the accepted axioms—that organdie, for instance, is always ingenuous; satin, sophisticated; gingham, country-girlish. These familiar fabrics,

properly treated, change their personalities completely. How different from the usual picture of an organdie gown is the clinging, green and white striped organdie worn by Sari Maritza in her new picture, "A Lady's Profession!" One of Mr. Banton's favorite new luxury fabrics, Organza, is simply chiffon, starched!

On the other hand, even sequins can appear youthful and piquant as is shown in some of the models on this page.

Such shiny trimmings, by the way, Mr. Banton does not recommend for everybody. Plump people, particularly, he thinks, should avoid anything that glitters, whether in fabric or trimming. He himself prefers dull-surfaced materials even for the slimmest of the screen stars, and camera men dote on them! Anything that glitters is so difficult to photograph! The simple-seeming gown worn by Miss Maritza, trimmed with the Parisian border of tiny mirrors and bright-surfaced beads, is a triumph in screen designing. It is not the sort of gown many screen designers would dare to place before the camera.

THERE ARE few taboos for color on the screen. It is Mr. Banton's private code that players are keenly affected by the colors they wear, and he tries to dress them always in the colors they prefer. Even if a star is mistaken in thinking a certain shade unbecoming, he never insists upon her wearing it. He works most frequently in black and white, because those are the colors of almost universal preference among Hollywood ladies. He generally manages

somehow to let Helen Twelvetrees wear green at least once in every picture, and to put Miriam Hopkins in blue. They are the colors these actresses love most to wear.

Purple, lavender and violet he seldom uses, because it is impossible to tell without a screen test whether these shades will "go" light or dark. Yellow, orange and red all appear light on the screen, so that beige and grey are often substituted for them. Otherwise, the screen star's wardrobe is as colorful as any other woman's. Pastel shades are very prevalent, particularly pink and flesh tones.

● Left to right: Flower printed gold cloth, worn with a new skirt in black velvet, by Adrienne Ames. ● An exotic hostess gown shows sleeves and a neckline that would become any informal frock. ● Carole Lombard again in a romantic frock made of the new fabric massed with crystal beads. ● If you thought organdie had to be ingenuous—look at this sophisticated version of it, worn by Sari Maritza. ● A stunning evening gown in simple lines, wins novelty with its feather cape effect. ● A triumph of screen designing, this frock trimmed with a border of tiny mirrors and beads.

SHOULD COLOR photography come more into use, there is no doubt the movies would do much to spread the news of new colors as now they do of styles. Today, it is in the adaptation of fabric to line that Mr. Banton believes they influence fashion.

Millions of women seeing an idea simultaneously in theatres all over the continent must be affected by it. In this, he declares, there is no question as to the far-reaching effect of screen modes. The coq feather costume worn by Marlene Dietrich in "Shanghai Express" is generally admitted to have started the coq feather industry last fall. Ever since Carole Lombard appeared in puffed sleeves, they have been featured [Continued on page 78]





# Clothes and the Man

By CONSTANCE TEMPLETON



**M**OST MEN like to feel they have "a flair" for knowing what's what in women's clothes—a bit longer in the skirt, a little bow here, a bit of color there—now, wasn't he right about it?

Maybe he was, and maybe he wasn't—women have a flair for knowing which—but there is one man who is always right as far as several dozen of the world's best-dressed women are concerned. He is Mr. Travis Banton, Paramount Stylist.

The clothes which the screen stars wear in their pictures are not purely a matter of personal preference. They are the most important factor in the star's background. On them depends much of the effect of the character portrayed. Wealth, poverty, naiveté, sophistication—such things are swiftly suggested by the fabric and cut of a gown. Every costume that appears on the screen has been carefully studied—from the fashion angle, from the personality angle, from the practical angle. For all Paramount

THE DAYS that followed were days of uncertainty and mental conflict for Mrs. Wilcox. With a man's irresponsibility toward the disagreeable, her husband had become remarkably adroit in evading the controversial subject when she would have reopened it, but she sensed the forced quality in his bluff humor with the young people. They, however, were all unsuspecting in their absorption in one another.

"Dad's wonderful these days," Iona remarked teasingly one evening at dinner. "I guess his mind's all cluttered up with fishing tackle and worms. You'd better get some tips from him, Norry. I understand the trout up at Reed Lake have very delicate appetites."

They all laughed, even Mrs. Wilcox behind the coffee percolator.

"When do we go, sir?" enquired Norwood, eagerly.

"Beginning of next month, my boy. Finest fishing for miles around. You can have your trips to Europe and South America, and the indigestion both mental and physical that usually goes with 'em, but give me Reed Lake with a good rod and the right bait and decent weather and I wouldn't change places with a king." Mr. Wilcox wore his patriotic support-home-industries expression.

"You're right there," agreed Norwood dutifully. He turned to Iona, regarding him quizzically across the expanse of white linen. "What about Reed Lake for our honeymoon instead of Paris?" he grinned. "Just our two selves, and you could play house."

Iona dimpled and made a face at him. "I'd make pancakes and waffles, and you wouldn't have to go to Europe for your indigestion," she replied. Then turning to her mother: "That's one thing I haven't inherited from you, mum, your culinary genius." She laughed. "I hope for both our sakes that Norry can afford a cook."

"Don't talk nonsense, Iona," Mrs. Wilcox said sharply, and felt that she was being unjust. Her nerves were ragged at the edges, and she had been losing a good deal of sleep. If only Alan would have it out with her instead of persistently dodging the issue. Suppose Norwood discovered their deceit when it was too late? He'd never forgive them, nor would she forgive herself. Surely, if she told him, his love for Iona would triumph over such an obstacle? But then Norwood's will was ruthlessly inflexible. If only she had somebody to consult, somebody unbiased. She knew what Alan would say, even if she induced him to talk—he had already said it that day on the piazza. She sighed, and pressed a hot hand to her aching temple.

"Mother, you look tired!" Iona reached over and touched her hand gently. "Your eyes are heavy; you ought to go right to bed." She regarded Mrs. Wilcox tenderly. "I've noticed you getting thinner lately, mother. I think you'd better see Doctor Belloc tomorrow. But go to bed now, dear. Norry will excuse you, of course."

"Certainly, Mrs. Wilcox. You look all in," Norwood said, solicitously.

Mr. Wilcox regarded his wife shrewdly. "Look here, Mabel," he urged, "don't you worry," and then caught himself up sharply. "I'll come up early tonight," he promised, as he escorted her to the door. When he joined his daughter and prospective son-in-law in the living room he looked older, and the forced jauntiness no longer characterized his bearing.

"Isn't he cute?" she breathed, "I'd like to adopt him."

"If you kids don't mind, I'll leave you, too," he said apologetically. "Feel extraordinarily knocked up myself tonight."

They smiled vaguely at him from the radio which was warming up, and he followed his wife upstairs.

Mrs. Wilcox slept better that night. They had found no solution to their problem, but at least she and Alan had discussed the matter from every possible angle, and they had finally agreed, as she knew they would, that nothing could be gained by exposure. But it had helped merely to talk.

"We're doing much the kindest thing for Norwood as well as Iona by letting them alone," Mr. Wilcox stoutly averred, as he snapped out his bed lamp.

Reed Cottage was a large bungalow built on a rocky prominence overlooking the lake. A tiny waterfall spilled itself into the lake from the face of the rock, supplying gentle music by day and a soft lullaby at night. On a gallery just above its restful splashing Mrs. Wilcox sat and read under a striped canopy on which the hot sun beat steadily. She had brought a pile of first editions with her, into which she—and Iona when she was not embroidering—dipped from time to time when nothing more exciting offered. Iona and Norwood, like a pair of water spaniels, spent hours daily splashing in the lake, and their joyous laughter soothed Mrs. Wilcox's troubled conscience.

She held an open book upon her lap, glancing idly from time to time at its printed page, while her mind plucked at her problem like a harpist at his strings. By and by, Iona joined her, flopping down, childwise, on the floor of the gallery, her feet tucked under her.

"Come on, Whiskers," she cried gaily, snapping her fingers at a large brown squirrel who, tail optimistically aloft, came running along the rustic rail. At sight of Mrs. Wilcox he paused momentarily, eyeing her suspiciously with his calculating stare, but finally deciding to risk it, he dropped to the floor and cautiously approached Iona. Delighted, she produced some walnuts and presented them. He cocked his head on one side, grabbed eagerly at the extended offering, and sat back on his haunches to nibble at it, while he appeared to be sizing up the whole situation.

"Isn't he cute?" she breathed. "I wonder if he'd come with us? I'd like to adopt him."

Mrs. Wilcox started; and "Whiskers," at the sound of approaching voices, scuttled off.

"What's the matter, mother?" demanded Iona anxiously. "It's only Norry and Dad. Your nerves are in a bad way, dear." She rose and bent over Mrs. Wilcox with a little proprietary gesture. "If you don't improve I shall take you to the specialist Norry's mother talks so much about."

Mrs. Wilcox recovered herself. "I'm all right, child," she protested. Then, "Who's that with your father?" she asked, and closing her book, turned to greet the men. They came through the bungalow to the gallery which was at the back of the house, and there was a strange young man with them. He was short and thin and freckled, with disfiguring red rims encircling his eyes. His hair was a peculiarly vivid chestnut, and dejection sat heavily upon him. Over his sagging shoulders a canvas bag was slung, and in his left hand he held a fishing-rod.

"Here's Tom McPherson, Mrs. Wilcox," Norwood sang out. "We found him round the other side of the lake. He's staying in the cabin down the road, and Mr. Wilcox insisted on his coming back with us." Norwood's voice held just the right degree of cordiality for the stranger as might be permitted one who was himself a guest. Norwood was always so exemplary. It was this correctness of his that made her feel that she herself did not seem to be playing the game.

"Yes, Mabel," cried her husband, appearing through the doorway with a string of trout. "I've told McPherson he must come in with us. Friend of Norry's always welcome, eh?"

"Certainly, Mr. McPherson, you must stay here," Mrs. Wilcox's heart suddenly yearned over the poor, dejected youth.

She surprised the pregnant glance that passed between Iona and Norwood. "I told you so," said Norwood's elevated brows. "Simply messed up his life."

Mrs. Wilcox and Tom McPherson took to one another on sight. Each sensed the other's mental perturbation, and once Mrs. Wilcox was tempted to confide wholly in Tom. Her better judgment triumphed, however, and she contented herself with skirting the

[Continued on page 36]

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. ELDRIDGE







They smiled vaguely and continued with their dancing.

# ADOPTED

By JESSIE MAY BURT

The story of a woman's problem  
that afterwards became a man's

wicker chaise longue, had been regarding the group paternally, and interjecting an occasional remark as the conversation flowed evenly about him. But Norwood's statement sent his gaze wavering over the undulating sward.

What Norwood had said was merely: "I wouldn't marry an adopted child for a million dollars," but from the intensity of his tone they knew he meant it. He had been talking of Tom McPherson's marriage which had flopped. Tom had been his college pal.

"I warned Tom before he married her," Norwood had informed them, "but he wouldn't listen to me. Marrying a girl from out of nowhere just because he fancied the shape of her nose! Ridiculous! Hadn't been married a year before he discovered she took dope." And then he had added the disturbing statement: "I wouldn't marry an adopted child for a million dollars."

At that Iona had risen with an impulsive gesture, and tossed her embroidery into her mother's lap.

"I'll say you won't, Norry," she laughed, "not while I'm around." She stretched out slim hands to her fiancé. "Come on, we've time for a game before supper. Get the rackets, honey."

But Norwood drew her down on the arm of his chair and held her there while he continued in his even tone to discourse on Tom's marital catastrophe.

Presently Iona shook herself free from Norwood's restraining arm, and stood, arms outstretched, like a bird poised for flight. Iona's quaint attitudes were peculiarly suggestive of wild things, both furred and feathered.

"Perhaps you're an adopted child yourself, Norry," she teased. "Perhaps your people found you on the doorstep, abandoned."

Norwood laughed and lunged at her, losing his balance as she eluded his grasp and took the white steps in a flying leap. He picked himself up and bounded after her, and their united laughter filtered back to the piazza as they headed for the tennis courts.

Mrs. Wilcox rose and came nearer to her husband. She dropped on to the orange cushions and faced him, her eyes

dark with dread. Mr. Wilcox chewed savagely on his cigar. "Well?" he said at length, his tone miserably belligerent. "Well?"

"Oh, Alan," her eyes welled suddenly, "must we spoil their lives? Must we tell him?"

"Tell him nothing!" Mr. Wilcox blustered. "I won't have that child's future blighted for a thousand Norwood Lancings. She's all we've got, and she's going to have fair play. I'll see to that." He searched his wife's face for approbation, but her eyes held only fear. Her mind was already busy with another awful possibility.

"You don't think she has any idea, do you?" she almost whispered, glancing furtively about her. "You heard what she said to Norwood. She was in fun, of course, but I've sometimes wondered—"

"Nonsense, Mabel," snapped her husband testily. "If Iona had any idea she wouldn't talk so lightly. No, my dear," in a gentler tone, "that child has no more idea than the man in the moon that she isn't our blood daughter. Nor has anybody else that I know of except the Lawsons, and they're too far away to make mischief if they wanted to, which they certainly don't."

He climbed slowly out of the chaise longue, for he was a heavy man, and began to pace up and down the piazza from which the late afternoon sun was steadily receding.

Mrs. Wilcox sat on, busy with suddenly awakened reminiscences. She was a young bereaved mother again, sorely bewildered amid a hundred and five orphans in the Partington Orphan Home, orphans dark and fair, large and small, plump little cuddlesome creatures and puny, ill-nourished newcomers. Then the matron had produced the hundred and sixth, a fair-haired mite with large wondering blue eyes. As soon as she saw her, Mrs. Wilcox's heart had leaped toward her. Her background, although sketchy, was so far satisfactory, and at nine months Iona had become Iona Wilcox, the adored child of a substantial home.

When Iona was two they left the west and came east to the considerable estate that Grandfather Wilcox had left them, Alan Wilcox succeeding his father as senior partner in the law firm of Wilcox and Lancing. Merville Lancing was Norwood's father, and Norwood himself had been promised a junior partnership on his marriage.

Everything had worked out so beautifully—until now Mrs. Wilcox's heart was as lead in her bosom. She watched Alan pacing uneasily up and down, chewing on an unlighted cigar, and she could not bring herself to interrupt him. Talking would do no good; and in any case, he was too perturbed to discuss the matter reasonably. She must get away by herself and think. Leaving Iona's embroidery on the chair she fled indoors.

**A**FTER Norwood's last remark Mrs. Wilcox sat and gazed steadfastly out beyond the white rail of the piazza, across the softly swelling lawns merging into the row of poplars that met the horizon. The blood raced wildly through her head, surging into her ears and temporarily deafening her. Her heart beat tumultuously under the printed silk of her dress, until she felt that her agitation must be apparent to them all.

When her heart quietened, and the blood receded from her ears, Norwood was still projecting his precise clipped sentences into the bright sunshine that bathed the piazza. Norwood always sounded so sure of himself, so self-reliant. He knew exactly what he wanted, and he usually managed to get it with no fuss and little effort. He was lounging in a basket chair, his dark head a foil for its orange cushions, and facing him on a low stool Iona sat, her delicately chiselled face bent over the pale blue bureau scarf she was embroidering. Occasionally she raised her head and glanced up at him with the quick little birdlike movement that characterized her.

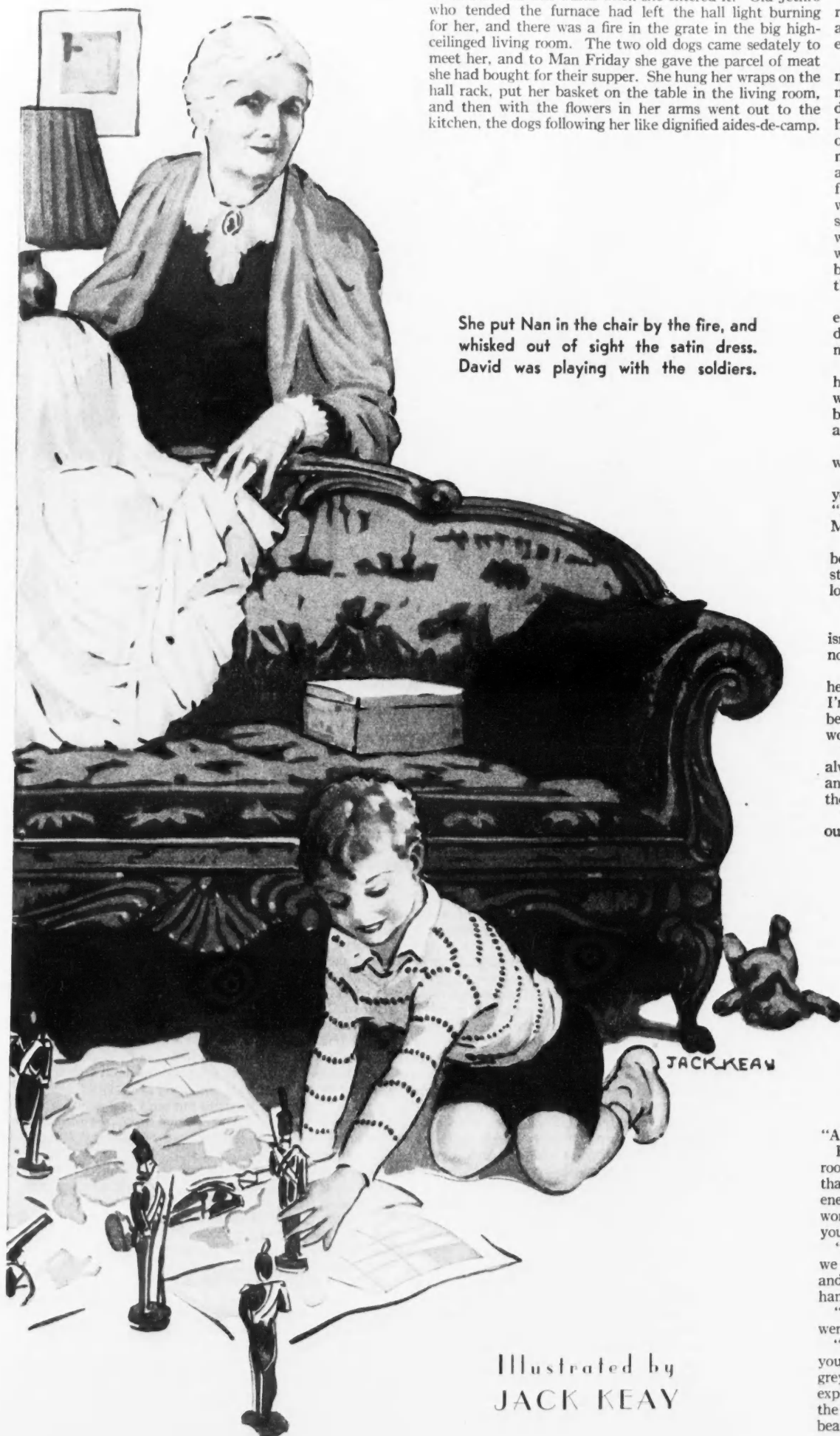
A few feet away Mr. Wilcox, stretched out in his wife's

But to Mary Fulton life wasn't rotten. Incredibly lonely, now that she was all alone in the home that had known so much of merry companionship, of all the joy and sorrow, pain and loss and ecstasy which make up life. Tragically lonely with only Man Friday and Lulu Belle to meet her at nights, their faithful bodies stiffening with age, their once glorious coats gradually grizzling.

Still, she had her quest. When that was gone . . .

THE HOUSE was warm when she entered it. Old Jethro who tended the furnace had left the hall light burning for her, and there was a fire in the grate in the big high-ceilinged living room. The two old dogs came sedately to meet her, and to Man Friday she gave the parcel of meat she had bought for their supper. She hung her wraps on the hall rack, put her basket on the table in the living room, and then with the flowers in her arms went out to the kitchen, the dogs following her like dignified aides-de-camp.

She put Nan in the chair by the fire, and whisked out of sight the satin dress. David was playing with the soldiers.



Illustrated by  
JACK KEAY

She put the kettle on, unwrapped the lily and set the pot in its green paper swathing on a saucer. The poppy she put in a slender silver vase, and going back to the living room put both blooms on the wide window-ledge there. Then she fixed the two bowls of food for the dogs, warmed her tiny teapot and steeped the tea. On the tray she had left ready with china and silver and linen she placed her supper, and as she carried the meagre load into the living room she smiled.

"Jim would call it a woman's meal," she exclaimed, regarding the thin slices of bread, the dish of apple sauce and waferlike cookies, "but one doesn't get very hungry, eating alone."

She put the tray on a low table beside her chair and set a match to the fire. A few moments later it was crackling merrily and sending sudden forked flashes of flame to create dancing shadows in the farthest corners of the dim room, to hiss and splutter and settle down to a soft singing as the old woman and the two dogs rested in its warmth. She might have sat for Whistler, though there was more of life and less of majesty in her, as, her tea over, she returned from the kitchen to settle down before the now quiet fire with the sleeping dogs at her feet. She was so quiet that she might have been sleeping, but she wasn't. Her eyes were gazing steadily into the red heart of the fire, and there was a far-away look in them as though the fire's glow were a bridge across which memory was leading her through years that had not been silent and companionless.

Suddenly Man Friday's ears became alert and his brown eyes opened. Then he rose slowly and walked toward the door. The bell rang—that decisive ring which bespeaks masculine presence.

The woman sprang to her feet and there was hope in the haste with which they carried her to the door. As she wrenched it wide some of the buoyancy went out of her body, and she seemed to droop again with new weariness, although her voice was cordial and steady.

"Why, how nice to see you, Mr. Agnew. Come right in where it is warm. Isn't that wind cruel?"

"One could forget there was a blizzard raging outside, you are so cosy here," he said, coming into the firelit room. "Man Friday and Lulu Belle taking good care of you, Mrs. Fulton?"

"Yes, indeed. Man Friday heard your steps and was up before you rang the bell. He may be getting old but he still guards me, don't you, old fellow?" and she caressed the long silky ears.

"You aren't nervous, staying alone nights?"

"Oh, no. Nobody would bother an old woman, and there isn't anything here that would tempt burglars. No, I'm not nervous, Mr. Agnew. What makes you ask?"

"Well, some of us aren't any too happy about you being here all by yourself," he began, flushing a bit. "I know I'm treading on delicate ground, but those of us who have been your neighbors here for a good many years have been worrying about you. We . . ."

"Now if you aren't all kind," she interrupted him. "Jim always said what a privilege it was to have real neighbors, and now when I'm alone you are proving it by taking thought for me."

"You mustn't be hurt or angry or think we are busying ourselves with things that don't concern us," the man went on, a bit awkward after her thanks, "but—well, the truth is, Mrs. Fulton, we have been seeing you, some of us, down town selling your shoe laces and . . . and things and . . . Well, you know we aren't just curious, but we are concerned. There wasn't any probate of Mr. Fulton's will in the papers and knowing you were doing what you are . . ."

Her old face lighted.

"Why I couldn't be hurt or angry at such thoughtfulness," she said, her voice trembling. "I—I do thank you and—I'd like you to understand. There wasn't any probate of Jim's will because everything we had was jointly owned, and his insurance being made out to me there was no need for a will. Jim took care of everything, always. I have more than enough to keep me in comfort the rest of my days—"

she broke off when she saw the man's bewilderment as his eyes went to the basket of shoddy wares.

"Ah, yes, that," she exclaimed softly.

For a long moment there was complete silence in the room. A slight color had come into the old face—softer than that caused by the flailing wind, and her eyes brightened and grew wider until the man who watched and wondered caught a sudden glimpse of the lost loveliness of youth.

"You've been a neighbor so long—you know how happy we always were here, Mr. Agnew, Jim and the children and I. You remember what a fine lad David was, how handsome he looked in his uniform."

"I do indeed," said the man. "I remember the day he went away, so smiling and proud of those wings of his."

"Ah, yes, those wings," whispered the old woman. "Do you know that from the first day he came home in his grey-blue uniform with those wings on his breast—I can't explain it, but I was afraid. I didn't let him know it, but the wings seemed symbolical to me as though they might bear him from me for all time. And [Continued on page 80]



# The Stone Was Gone!

An Easter story of a quest  
that had a triumphant ending

By  
NORMA  
PHILLIPS  
MUIR



THE DOOR had to open such a little way to admit her that the searching wind scarcely sent a shiver down the ranks of wrapped plants. She was just a wisp of a woman—tiny, old, utterly spent. The wind had whipped rare color into her face, but she seemed ineffably weary. It was an effort to lift her basket to the counter.

From among the shoe laces, safety pins and pencils she rescued her purse, and then raising her tired eyes to the salesgirl she smiled gently.

"Why lilies?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon?" said the girl.

"Why lilies?" repeated the old woman. "You know, 'In Flanders' fields the poppies grow, between the crosses row on row that mark their place . . . Don't you think the poppies coming up year after year above those thousands of graves mean immortality to the wives and mothers of the men who lie beneath them, just as much as lilies do?"

The salesgirl looked bewildered and a little frightened.

"It's always been lilies for Easter," she hazarded.

The old woman nodded.

"I know," she agreed. "I want a lily—one with three blooms, a bloom for each of . . . Three blooms, please," she concluded brightly. "And, have you any poppies?"

"Not plants. Cut flowers. Hothouse," said the girl.

"I'd like one poppy, the very nicest one you have, please."

The girl brought it, a bit dubiously, and its flame and

black made an audacious splash of color amid the plenteous pastels of the other flowers. She made separate parcels of the two purchases and watched carefully while the old woman moved her wares to one end of the basket to make room for the lily, the blue veins on her white hand showing up sharply against its thin transparency. With a quiet good night the old woman put her basket on her arm and

went out, the poppy held close against her body as though she would guard it with her own puny strength against the vicious probings of the wind.

"Life must be pretty rotten when you get to that age and have to sell shoe laces and safety pins or go hungry," said the salesgirl to her companion as the door closed on the frail figure.



# Women and the Relief Boards

Why are there so few women officially engaged in the work of feeding those on relief?

By HELEN C. JORDON

Milk is thrown away  
—children do without

RECENTLY a Montreal paper quoted prominent welfare workers in the statement that the children of that city are not, generally speaking, so healthy as they were formerly. While babies are responding to the care and protection of welfare clinics, the older children are less fortunate. Nutritional defects in patients examined by the Health Service of the Child Welfare Association increased from twenty-six to thirty-nine per cent during the years 1931 and 1932 and every type of physical defect showed some increase.

This condition was laid by the paper to a shortage of milk in the daily diets of the city's poor. According to child specialists, growing children require at least a pint of milk a day, and babies more. The minimum requirement for a family of five children is from six to seven pints a day. At ten cents a quart, the milk for such a family would cost about \$2.10 a week — a figure impossible for many families whose weekly food allowance scarcely exceeds this amount.

Yet, the paper contends, there is an overabundance of milk. Farmers cannot dispose of all their supplies to the big distributors, and the latter cannot sell all they receive from the farmers. Milk is poured down the sewers of many farms or fed to the hogs while the children in the cities go without. They are laying the foundation for weak bodies and impaired health in later life because they cannot receive the amount of milk which doctors say is necessary for their proper development.

A DEPUTATION of twenty-five women, representing the National Council of Women, recently waited upon Premier R. B. Bennett, with the suggestion that women be given a greater opportunity to serve in the administration of unemployment relief in Canada.

Representing the concerted opinion of women in every part of Canada, this deputation pointed out that the administration of relief was a field in which women were eminently qualified to serve; and that in the great majority of towns and cities, women had no part in this work at all. The delegation urged that a more prominent part be given to women in the administration of relief and the selection of foodstuffs.

Premier Bennett stated that it was not a matter for Dominion legislation but for provincial adjustment; and that each province must settle the question for itself.

THE FEEDING and clothing of families have been for generations woman's special province. Even today, when her interests and sympathies are widening in so many directions, her chief work remains in the home. Both experience and training have qualified her to understand the needs of growing children, the balancing of diets, husbanding of good health, and economical buying.

Can it be possible that the women of Canada are contentedly leaving their businessmen husbands to do for the State work which they would never entrust to them at home?

It is true that the administration of relief to those who cannot find work enough to support themselves and their families is, and has been, bitterly criticized. While death from starvation is little known in our country, health centres and social workers report an increasing debility that must in time make itself felt in the general health of the Canadian people.

Recipients of relief, so far from being grateful for the help meted out to them by the State, are often violent in their protests. Riots occur in the dining rooms of unemployed hostels. In one eastern city, joints of "relief" beef were hurled at the feet of contestants in the municipal elections from indignant voters who claimed them unfit for human consumption. Housewives at house doors listen endlessly to stories of misery, discontent and hunger.

How much of it is unavoidable? How well managed is the relief work carried out at such colossal expense to the taxpayer? How many women know anything about it?

Not long ago an average, well-to-do woman tried to find out what kind of food was being given to the unemployed of her city. By special arrangement with the authorities she had herself placed on the relief lists, and for a week fed her adult family on the supplies sent her from the depot. The food, she testified, was adequate and good.

Yet it must be remembered that there is a difference in feeding a healthy family for a week, and feeding, for month after month, without variation, men and children whose bodies are impoverished by cold and other hardships.

There is a difference between the food prepared in a well-equipped kitchen by a fairly expert cook, and that turned out on a second-rate stove, without condiment or proper utensils, by a woman perhaps unfamiliar with western methods of cooking.

Isolated complaints point to conditions that cannot be ignored. Philanthropic workers a little while ago stumbled on a sick man badly in need of eggs and milk. His pantry shelves were stocked with dozens of tins of canned beans, doggedly sent by the City Relief Department in spite of his wife's protests that he could not eat them. How many such dollars are hoarded uselessly in the homes of destitute people?

The superintendent of a downtown settlement was asked by her foreign women to do what she could to get them some olive oil. They didn't know how to cook without it. The Canadian food given out in the breadline was strange to them and made them ill. Often they threw it away and went hungry. Children refused to eat it.

THE PROBLEM that confronts the unemployed is not the mere getting of food, but the continuance of life and the bringing up of their families; not a question of mouths only, but of digestions; not so much hunger as health. These are the problems that women understand, and that Canadian women should be answering for their penniless countrymen.

The cost to the people of Canada of federal, provincial and municipal relief work in 1932 is estimated at approximately \$81,000,000—all of it not yet paid for. In addition to the deficit, expenses for 1933 are already piling up to a figure exceeding that of last year.

Can this money be spent to better advantage?

The National Council of Women seem to think that it might be, with the co-operation of experienced women housekeepers.

How then can women co-operate more than they are doing?

In answer to the Ottawa delegation of the National Council, Mr. Bennett pointed out that the actual distribution of relief is not in the hands of the Federal Government. Even the money paid out of Dominion funds is administered by the provinces, usually through smaller local relief boards appointed by the municipality. These local committees are responsible for determining the bona-fides of the applicants, the amount of relief to be distributed, and the actual methods of distribution, either by food bundles or by orders placed on the local or government stores.

In some localities it is customary for two out of the seven members of the committee to be women. In a great many, the committee is composed entirely of men.

A letter to the *Edmonton Journal* a few weeks ago, from a man himself in the breadline, deplored the absence of any women in the relief department of that city. "It is sufficiently humiliating," the [Continued on page 74]



An open letter to Canadian women from a mother; a statement that demands an answer



## "I am a Canadian Mother"

*Editor's Note—For obvious reasons the name of the mother who wrote this powerful yet poignant letter, must remain a secret. But the facts are as stated and the situation authentic. Your comments, suggestions, and ideas are invited for a symposium of Canadian women on the whole question brought up on these two pages.*

I AM A Canadian mother.

The most noble calling in the world is mine. I am exalted by the greatest of emotions many times multiplied. I am self-sacrificing, self-denying, tolerant, broad-minded, gentle, tender, strong, brave, circumspect, long suffering, heroic.

I am a Canadian mother and my country honors me. At banquets I am reverently toasted by Canada's noble sons. When danger threatens, courageous men risk their lives for my protection. In storms at sea strong men stand aside when lifeboats are lowered that I may be saved. A day has been set aside that I may be remembered. Carnations by the millions are distributed to be worn as a token of my spiritual worth. Sermons from coast to coast are based on my virtues. Songs are inspired by my name. I am a Canadian mother.

My country realizes that my children are its greatest asset. My country knows that the wisdom and intelligence I exercise now in teaching and training my children contribute much to their usefulness but a few years hence, and that the foods used in body-building now decide whether they shall become a burden or an asset. My country knows this and spends time and money to send out useful information to mothers within its borders. I am a Canadian mother and the recipient of more free advice than any other mortal on earth.

If I raise up fifteen sons for my country on a working man's wages—while my neighbor raises one on a large income—I get fifteen *Mother's Books*, a picture of my large family in the paper, and a few lines about my loyalty and devotion to my country.

When depression comes, my country rushes to the rescue. But when the S. O. S. goes out, do Canadians cry "Mothers and babies first?" Is my name exalted when it appears on the relief list? Hardly.

I am provided with groceries. No milk. To growing children milk is essential for the growth and strength of teeth, bones and finger nails. Everybody knows that. As one expert puts it, to cut down on the milk supply is similar

to cutting off all food; in the latter case, ultimate death is sure, while without milk ultimate sickness is certain. Yet my children were denied milk.

When I appealed for milk for my twins I was allowed two quarts a day. Of this the babies took two thirds of a quart each, and I fed the rest to my other five children, a teaspoonful at a time, as a medicine. In Canada.

We are allowed no butter at all, no meat but fat pork for beans. I copy from our bill: 1½ bags of flour, three pounds of shortening, one pound of tea, ten pounds of sugar, one gallon of molasses, ten pounds of beans, four pounds of pork, six pounds of broken codfish, ten pounds of rolled oats, two boxes of yeast cakes. This is the allowance for a family of seven for one month. We are nine.

No butter for many months! Yet Canadians gasp because the Russians are allowed so little.

No meat for growing boys and girls. The cereal was so coarse that it caused the children to break out in hives. My request for a finer cereal that costs the same and goes farther was flatly refused by the committee.

We cannot have salt, or oil, or matches. We are not allowed any soap. Soapless baths for many school children and a pair of babies. Soapless washings even for the babies' daily wash. And I am a Canadian mother.

We are allowed no clothing. I have gone barefooted. I have no garment that will reach below the knees, those donated being of ancient vintage. One thin blanket and a heap of children's coats are my bed covering.

Without oil or matches, we are without light in case of croup or other sudden illnesses. No allowance is made for doctor's attention or medicine.

I keep house with no floor coverings, no dishes but odds and ends. One knife goes the round for necessary cutting at table, one cup with a handle and one without, and a few mugs serve for drinking, plates, platters and vegetable dishes to put our daily ration of pork and beans upon.

This is not hardship. But try keeping house without needles and thread and pins, brooms and clothes pins. Send children to school without books and scribbles and pencils, and keep them clean without soap or toothbrushes. Of course, ink and envelopes and stamps are not necessary, nor are magazines and newspapers.

My children are starving and cold. That is fact, not theory. True, they have bread. They need meat and milk.



They need carrots and tomatoes, beets and cabbages. They need fruit. Canada is a rich country, an agricultural country and a cattle-raising country. And her children are suffering for food, suffering a lack that the future can never remedy.

There is nothing but the impossibility of getting work to keep us from making a living, so I am not ashamed of our position at all. We are ordinary people and managed until last spring without relief. I've kept the children clean—and cannot manage to do so now as I would like. They are nearly always leading their classes, their marks in different subjects are usually above eighty-five—often ninety-eight and a hundred. I feel sure they should not be allowed to have their future ruined by undernourishment. Not that any child should, but I've been told mine can never amount to anything because we are so poor.

The honor and glory we read about are all a myth. Who wants to starve and freeze for honor and glory? Personally I wouldn't change places with anybody. I could not narrow life down to tenderly caring for one body. I've been living several lives at once too long. And the joy there is in children—pent up joy, released by a pretty picture, a flower, or a toy! Who knows ecstasy but children? Children enjoy objects for what they are, not for what they cost.

My children are beautiful. All children are beautiful. My children are intelligent and clever. Nearly all children are. So Canadian mothers do not look to their country for reward. We have not all life has to offer, but we have the best.

However, our children are not for us alone, nor for us always. Unless Canada feeds her children with food intelligently selected, she will have her people fairly divided between invalids—those now starving, and attendants—those now fed.

There is a way out. Few men with families would fail to provide food if given a few acres of waste land and had the money they are costing their country invested in a cow, a horse, hens and a plow. The plan has worked satisfactorily elsewhere.

[Continued on page 74]

that tongue of hers, and probably not relishing the experience.

A second glance, though, and I was not so sure. He was lying back in his chair, and there was still the assured, insolent, easy attitude about him. He was listening to my aunt, and that was about all. The two of them seemed to be at loggerheads, and my aunt was trying to move him, in vain.

Once again I grew hot and angry, crouching there in the dark. There was altogether too much hole and corner work about this business. I felt like a small boy left out of the councils of his elders, and watching the development of events in whose shaping he has had no part. I renewed my determination that this was going to stop, and as I did so somebody whispered, "Mr. Burt!" almost into my right ear.

I was beyond any surprise by this time. Improbability had succeeded wild improbability in these last hours with such bewildering speed that I doubt whether the moon itself, sliding down to me out of those stormy heavens,

the wind whistled drearily round the house, I could hear my heart flutter with excitement, but that was all. I was huddled on my hands and knees, a loaded rifle at side, gaping stupidly at an empty window; I, Burt Hewetson, free, white, thirty-four, and presumably of sound mind.

Then a face appeared in the oblong—appeared for a flash, was gone again, and then reappeared, this time to remain. It was the girl, Elise, Caesar Harg's daughter. I could see her white face against the blackness.

"Mr. Burt!" she said again, very softly, and I could hear the fear in her voice.

I moved cautiously into the deeper shadow, still with half an eye on the other window.

"Well?" I asked. "What is it?"

"What are you doing there?"

I did not reply directly, for this was no place for lengthy explanations. In any event they might have been difficult.

"Get back out of that window!" I told her. "This isn't a job for you." But it did not seem possible to frighten her.

"Why?" I asked. "What have they got against me?"

She didn't answer, and I heard her breath catch in a sob. Then, suddenly, she vanished, and I heard the sound that had snatched her back into her hiding place. It was Jason Harg's chair being thrust back over the floor of the other room. I moved back cautiously, so that I could see within. Harg had got up and was facing my aunt, who had also risen. He was blatantly pleased with himself over something, while my aunt was white and angry; she was speaking passionately, with quick gestures of her slim white hands. Finally Harg put his head back and laughed at her, so that I could hear him through the glass. Whatever she had said he had met it with contempt, and now he took her by the elbow, still laughing, and guided her toward the door.

I ducked back into the shadow, for the front steps were right before me. In a moment Jason came out there with my aunt. She was still protesting vigorously, and he was still full of his great rumble of a laugh. I heard her say as they stood momentarily on the top step:

"Very well, Jason. Then it's the police, is it?"

"Police?" Harg said amusedly. "Not it, Phemy. Ye don't dare. D'ye want the whole business dragged up—Tom Hewetson, an' what he did, an' what ye did yourself, an' all that? Because that's all it'll be, Phemy. I've got me evidence, an' so's Silva. D'ye want this young spriggins o' yours here to know he's the son of a—"

"How much will you take to go away?" My aunt interrupted him, and I fancied there was desperation in her voice.

Harg laughed again, fatly. "How much? Why, nothin' at all, Phemy. I'll go, when I'm good an' ready, old girl, an' that's not yet awhile. I've plenty to do before that. An' now good night t'ye; it's time ye were abed. I'd offer to escort ye home, but I've other business here. Run along, now!"

My aunt Euphemia stood quite still for a second, with the light from the hallway falling on her thin, aristocratic features. Then she suddenly fetched Jason Harg a slap across the chops I could hear from where I lay, and without another word to him was off down the steps and gone into the wind and beginnings of rain.

I chuckled. There was no resisting it. My aunt's tartar reputation had not belied her, after all. Jason Harg had gone too far with her, and I was wholeheartedly glad to see him getting something for himself in this spirited manner. I meditated seriously on the possibility of giving him some more—a 30-30 slug amidships, for instance. However, I held my hand, which was foolish.

Harg stood on the doorstep and I could see his face. It was not a pretty sight. The false bonhomie had left it, and there was no laughter about him now. He was cursing bitterly, and, to judge from what I caught, in half the tongues of the Orient.

Then he stopped all of a sudden, went indoors, and slammed the door behind him with a crack you might have heard down in the States.

I got to my hands and knees again, and made to turn back to the window; and as I did so a stunning blow descended out of nowhere on the nape of my neck, flashes danced before my eyes, and with a great roaring in my ears I lapsed into oblivion. [Continued on page 30]



"How much will you take to go away?" said my aunt, desperation in her voice.

would have done more than inspire me with a mild curiosity. Still, I don't mind admitting that this voice, coming suddenly from the dark, made me jump out of my skin.

I whipped round, rifle in hand. I was in a recess of the house wall, shaped like an L. The longer leg was the main façade, with Harg's lighted window not ten feet from me; and in the shorter one, on the same floor, was a dark oblong, so close that I could have reached out and touched it. It was from this that the voice had come.

"Who's there?" I demanded huskily.

For some time—a good minute—there was no further sign. My aunt and Harg continued with their confabulation,

She reached up her hands and grasped something with each of them. I made out, with another thrill, that the window was heavily barred.

"Mr. Burt," she said, "you must go away from there! You're in danger."

"I know that," I said shortly. "I'm trying to find out how—"

"Get away—get home!" she said. "They'll kill you."

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY DAVIS



# STRANGE GIRL

By R. V. GERY

An enthralling mystery story  
which concludes next month



I ducked back into the shadow  
for the front steps were right  
before me.

**BURT HEWETSON** an adventurous sailor, comes back to his home after six months travelling, to see his old aunt Euphemia. With him is Spike Murphy his servant. Everything is changed at home. Burt finds his aunt terrorized by a swaggering stranger, Jason Harg, who, with a frightened young girl, has moved into a deserted old house a short way along the coast of the Bay of Fundy.

Burt tries to find out from his aunt why Jason Harg is there and she confesses that he has some forty-year-old secret of hers which she will not divulge. That evening somebody sends a bullet after Spike and misses him by a few inches. Burt determines to go to the old Bowers place where Jason Harg is living and find out what the trouble is. Suddenly the maid Abigail rushes in. "She's gone. Mr. Burt; Miss Euphemia's gone."

**I** CAUGHT at Abigail's shoulder and shook her. "Now!" I said. "What's all this? The truth, mind!" I am afraid I was a little discourteous with the poor woman, but perhaps I am excusable. The sight of that window—my aunt Euphemia's window—with a knotted sheet hanging from it, coming immediately on top of two separate and well-conceived attempts to put an end to Spike and myself, was enough to upset anybody.

However, I got little out of it. All Abigail could do was blubber hysterically and deny any knowledge of my aunt's movements; and after a few minutes of cross-purposes, I dropped her and bolted downstairs again to Spike.

"Come on!" I said, and we ran out into the windy dark. I wanted to have a look at the foot of that improvised ladder.

It hung to the ground, and while Spike guarded my back against further attentions from the marksman, I made a hasty inspection. It was hasty, because a glance showed that as far as footsteps were concerned we were going to be out of good luck. Immediately under my aunt's window the grass ran straight up to the wall, and there was no trace whatever of her movements once she had let go of the sheet.

I gave it up and returned to my original plan. "We'll go and have it out with Harg," I told Spike. "Miss Euphemia's off somewhere, and heaven knows where; but Harg's at the bottom of things, of course, and we'll twist it out of him somehow. Keep an eye lifting for our friend with the pistol, Spike; he's hanging about still, as likely as not."

We moved off in the darkness, keeping to the fields and away from paths and roads. It was nearing eleven, as I

made it, and blowing up for a stormy dawn, cold and blustery from the eastward. Dark, too, which was just as well, I thought.

The puzzle had more pieces to fit into it now—and they seemed little more hopeful than those that had already been handed me. Now somebody, Silva on every theory of probability, had tried deliberately to kill Spike first, and then, I thought, myself. That was war. Jason Harg, it seemed to me, was a man of action, and believed in hitting first and hitting hard. Understandable, so far as it went.

I think my main reaction to the whole business just then was one of puzzled indignation with my aunt. It was bad enough for this Jason Harg to come thrusting his way in here, with his domineering manners and his gunmen—and presumably his desire for the Hewetson pearls—but why all the secrecy on the part of Euphemia Hewetson? And why in tunket, as Spike would say, that knotted sheet from her window on a stormy night? Why? That question, at least, I gave up.

We approached the tall irregular mass of the Bowers' house. It stood in the middle of its great garden, not deep in trees as our own was, but staring blankly out over the barren marshes. The river ran within fifty yards of it, and there had been, I recalled, a quay like our own there, and boathouses. It was there, no doubt, that Jason Harg kept the speedboat which was another angle of the mystery that fairly bristled about him.

Neither Spike nor I said a word, even in whispers, during our stealthy Indian-file walk. At the edge of a big ragged shrubbery that ran to within fifty yards or so of the house itself, I stopped and let him catch up with me, and together we reconnoitred the place.

It looked forbidding enough, looming there a black mass against the sky. One window alone, on the ground floor, was lit, a steady point of yellow—Harg's own room, I made no doubt. There was a gravel drive to our left,

sweeping up to the front door, and for a moment I considered walking brazenly up to it and demanding speech with Harg.

Only for a moment, though. Then sanity took hold of me again—as far as sanity may be said to have had any part in the night's work. I turned to Spike.

"You stay here," I told him. "Don't move away. I'm going to do a bit of prowling."

He was doubtful, I could see, of the propriety of letting me go unattended; but he growled assent, swung the shotgun over his arm, and I left him standing in the shelter of the bushes, while I crawled forward across the open grass.

It was an eerie sensation, this stalking on hands and knees up to a house one had known since childhood. As a boy I had been in these grounds again and again; into the house, too. I was trying to remember, as I inched along, what that room was with the light in it, and came to the conclusion that it was old Bowers' study when he had the place. Probably Harg was using it for something of the same purpose now.

By and by I was within twenty feet of the wall. Like plenty of houses hereabouts—like our own for that matter—it rose sheer from the trimmed grass lawn, without flowerbeds to hinder my view. I could see the lamp on the desk now, but nothing else clearly. I dropped flat again and wormed my way forward again; then I raised my head very cautiously and found that I was looking straight into a room. Looking at Jason Harg—who was sitting in a great armchair, talking to my aunt Euphemia.

Once again things whirled before me kaleidoscopically. Here was the explanation of her nocturnal adventure, then; but why the secrecy, the sheet ladder, the . . . ?

I stared at the two of them for a long minute. It was impossible to hear what they said, but my aunt was very much in earnest. I imagined, looking at her for that instant, that Jason Harg was finding out a thing or two about



# 21 delicious soups to choose from''

*Each one has its own special  
delight to the appetite!*

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AND KEEP WELL

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Springtime's tenderest asparagus shoots in fascinating purée. Strictly vegetable. Even richer served as Cream of Asparagus.

## Bean

The old home favorite even more delicious and more satisfying.

## Beef

Solid food in tempting soup. Hearty pieces of meat blended with vegetables.

## Bouillon

Limpid, amber-clear beef broth delicately flavored with vegetables. For the sick-room, too.

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All the tonic goodness of crisp, snow-white celery, captured for your delight. Strictly vegetable. Makes wonderful Cream of Celery.

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Rice, celery, diced chicken in a soup which no appetite can resist.

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## Pepper Pot

A man's soup! From an old Colonial recipe. The real, famous Philadelphia Pepper Pot, with macaroni dumplings, potatoes, spicy seasonings and meat. Just taste it!

## Printanier

Exquisitely blended chicken and beef broth with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice.

## Tomato

The glory of the tomato, in the most popular soup in all the world. Strictly vegetable. Pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a purée enriched with golden creamery butter. Especially delicious prepared as Cream of Tomato.

## Tomato-Okra

Southern Gumbo style. Tomato Soup with fresh sliced okra.

## Vegetable

Best-liked hearty soup all over the United States. It's a luncheon or supper, with its 15 vegetables, invigorating broth, alphabet macaroni, barley, fresh herbs.

## Vegetable-Beef

And here's that fine old-fashioned favorite—vegetable soup enriched with tender pieces of beef.

## Vermicelli-Tomato

The tangy flavor of cheese and bacon imparts an irresistible sparkle to this tomato purée, garnished with vermicelli.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



# Keep Watch On Their Eyesight

A child's eyesight in adult life will depend upon your supervision during childhood



**W**ATCH a lively group of young children of pre-school age at their first attempts at elementary handiwork. Watch them squirm, climb out of their chairs, and even their facial muscles and their tongues assist as they bend over their tasks. Here in the making is co-ordination of brain and muscle. There is an underlying reason for their clumsy inaptitude that few of us recognize. It is the accommodation of their eyes for the first time to work that is close at hand. As a consequence, many of them are bending close to their task or adopting Nature's way of momentarily improving the vision, that of squinting.

The young child's power of working the two eyes in unison is not in reality as great as we think. How many mothers realize that a young child's visual ability is slowly developed? Just as bodily muscles at first can perform only the larger, clumsy movements, such as uneven attempts to walk, to sit, or to rise, before smaller movements can be performed with precision and grace, the infant eye at first can only accommodate itself or focus to certain larger focuses and distances.

A baby's eyes seem to move flexibly and at will over a wide range, yet nevertheless the ability to see accurately comes slowly and at short focus, even later. This development of vision extends over early childhood and even into the classroom. Upon entering school your child finds it taxing to concentrate for any extended period upon the difficult new task of focusing upon print close at hand. It is fatiguing because it calls for a new and unnatural focus or accommodation. When we realize this, how much more ready we should be to protect the young child from undue strain in early school stages and from premature criticism for so-called inattention. That there are schools both public and private which are persistent offenders in overworking children's eyes, is pointed out by an expert of the American Better Vision Institute.

By **NANCY WOODS WALBURN**

"The muscular weakness of children is so apparent that ample allowance is made in the physical tasks that their young bodies are expected to perform," he says; "but that children's eyes are equally incapable of performing the work which would be expected of a mature person is far too frequently disregarded. The fact that a child's vision appears to be more distinct than that of an adult is due to the flexibility of the lens of an immature eye and only adds to the popular misconception. That the vision of children is more easily fatigued to the point of injury by continuous application to mere objects, there is not the slightest doubt."

Your boy in the early grades of school may be listless and inattentive merely because his books require too much effort of visual accommodation. It is so much easier to look out of the window and far away. And before we censure him we must remember that it is rebellion at civilization's insistence on the short-focused use of the eyes which follows in the form of many ills—chronic nervousness, indigestion, nausea and headaches.

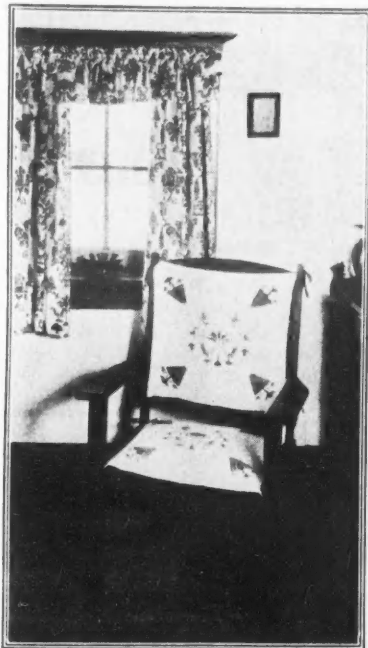
"How can I protect my child's eyesight so that his eyes may serve him well as an adult?" is a question on the lips of the enlightened mother. Start him not only in school, but from birth, with eye protection. Just as you protect his bone structure with proper food, sun and mineral oils, from an eyesight specialist you should learn your child's state of visual health early in his life. The modern mother no longer delays until her boy or girl has limped, visually speaking, through several years of school, getting the habit of failure and inferiority before it is discovered by his teacher that he can't see the board or his lesson book as can the other children.

Mental impressions rely upon the distinctiveness of the

picture we see, and if our vision is blurred and indistinct the mental reaction is also affected. A boy or girl may not realize ocular defects for years. There are no standards for eyesight by which a child may judge his own. His "young eyes" may not have the vigor that his adults expect as a matter of course. He is taken to gymnasiums, to swim, to ride, to jump and to dance for the co-ordination of his other physical muscles, while the exquisite mechanism of his optical muscles is left to "sink or swim" in an overtaxed continual use, and often misuse.

Testing your child's sight at an early age is the biggest single service you as a parent can give to your child's vision. Thanks to a new test-card device, this can now be done accurately with young children who can neither read nor write. This Symbol E Chart is played as a game, the same poses being taken by the children as they see on the chart. Remember that the child cannot pick up small letters as readily as can an adult. The New York State Commission for the Blind says that a child at thirty feet reads what an adult can read at twenty feet, and that this should be considered normal vision. There may be, however, other factors that only an eyesight specialist can detect. In a group of 982 children of pre-school age, over twenty per cent were found to have eye defects. Since their eyes were tested before school and kindergarten, a large percentage of these minor difficulties thus caught early in life were cured.

A child from a family in very poor circumstances in a small city complained of severe headaches. The school nurse after examination recommended a visual examination by an eyesight specialist, also glasses. There was no money available, and the child lagging behind in her school work grew so sensitive and worried that she refused to attend school at all. From a woman's organization in the county, funds were secured, the child treated and glasses fitted. With ability to study without discomfort and pain, the girl soon regained her interest in her [Continued on page 40]



# The Care of a Hardwood Floor

Properly cared for its beauty lasts a lifetime

By MARION J. KERBY

**W**HAT should be done with floors that are stained and dirty?

"Wash them!" suggests the ever helpful male, but sometimes that is not the right answer.

Lumber companies point out that a great deal of time and money is spent in drying floor boards thoroughly before they are distributed to contractors and builders. Why then, they ask, should women spend more time and much labor in scrubbing water back into them? In wooden floors, particularly, scrubbing water-soaks and wears away the fibres of the wood, carries dirt and odors into crevices, and ultimately does shorten the life of the floor. Long ago, washing went out as the ideal floor treatment, and waxing came in.

This is especially true of hardwood floors. Properly cared for, their beauty lasts a lifetime and gives a setting of distinction and cleanliness to the whole house. Nothing in furniture or furnishing can overcome the first impression given by a soiled or shabby floor—the floor is the first thing the eyes rest upon, before ever the feet are allowed to venture into any hall or room.

When the floors are kept in good condition, the wax treatment is very little trouble. Moreover, it actually preserves the floor and lengthens its life.

A good wax, being hard and resilient, protects the floor from the dints and scratches of feet and furniture. Dirt seldom penetrates beyond the shiny surface, and is easily removed without harm to the wood. For floors in good condition, wax companies recommend a thorough waxing with a good paste wax once every three months, or

so, and a weekly polish in between times with a liquid wax. These liquid waxes are cleaners, too, designed to remove the dust and dirt pressed into the surface of the harder wax finish.

If, however, the floors are in bad condition, they should be completely refinished, and this process depends on the sort of finish put on them in the first place.

New floors may be finished with wax only, built up coating by coating from the wood; or they may be shellacked before the first coating of wax is applied; or they may be oiled. Oiling is not usually recommended, as it will in time darken the wood and leaves the surface of the floor always a little sticky and attractive to dust particles. The shellacked floor naturally attains a high polish more quickly than a floor that is only waxed, and is often preferred for this reason. It may, however, have these disadvantages: if water soaks through to the shellac, it will perhaps turn white; and in doorways and passages of much traffic, the shellac finish will wear off in "patches." These calamities can only be remedied by refinishing the entire floor.

**TO REFINISH** soiled floors, first remove the wax surface with a good wax cleaner. Most of the dirt should come away with it, being simply absorbed in the wax and not on the floor at all. Bad stains, however, may have to be scrubbed—with a stiff brush, and not water, but the wax cleaner taken from a saucer. Sometimes steel wool is used for this, but it is not recommended on account of its cutting or "gouging" the wood. With a good cleaner, a scrubbing brush is claimed to be all that is necessary.

When the wax has been removed, the floor should be carefully wiped over with a damp cloth—not a wet one—

in order to remove all the loose threads of dust or bristles.

If the floor has been shellacked or oiled, it should now be well sanded. Indeed, the sanding is a good thing in any case, as it smooths possible scratches and evens up the boards.

Open joints, or cracks if there be any, may be filled in with some kind of crack filler or plastic wood. This is a preparation which looks like putty and is as easy to handle, but it dries to a hard, woodlike substance, which in a good quality will not crack or dry out. It is sold in colors to match different shades of wood, and in the finished floor is indistinguishable. Crack filler needs about twenty-four hours to harden before the wax or shellac is applied.

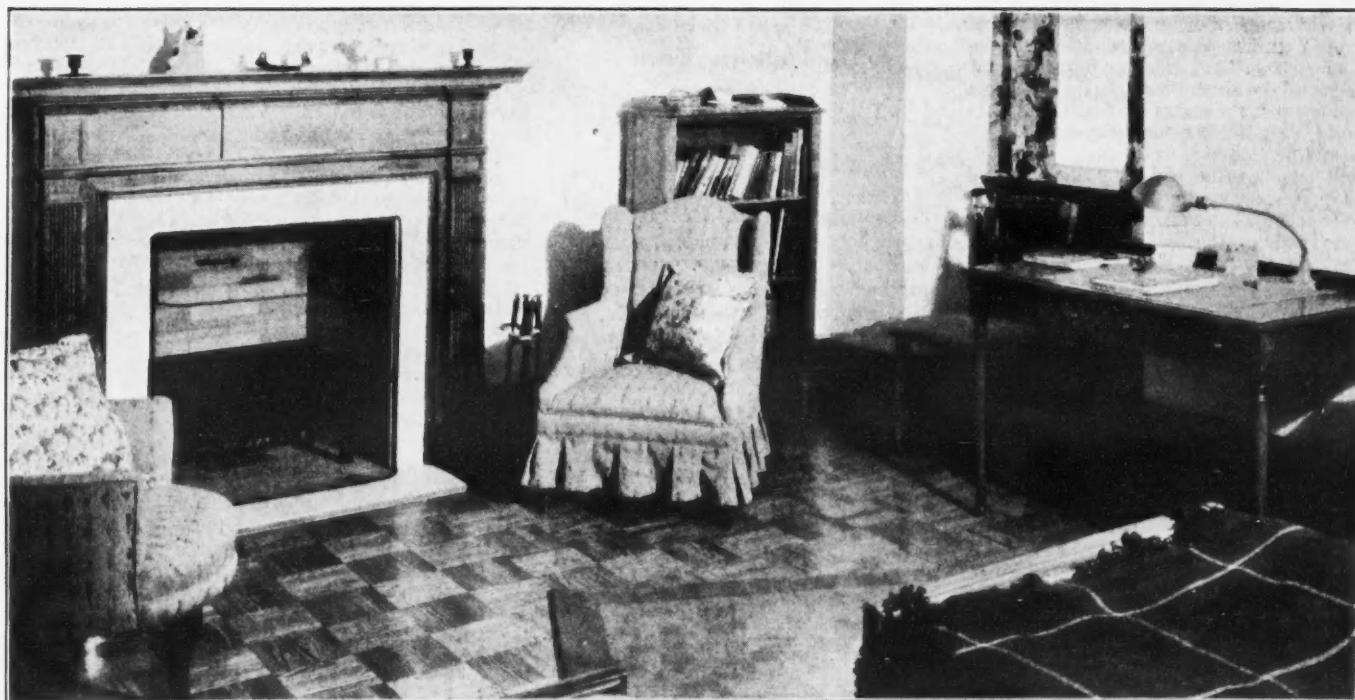
Hardwood floors are not always stained before waxing.

The finer grades, such as white oak, good red oak, maple or the red birch heartwood, are usually finished in the natural color. Sometimes, however, in poorer grade floors, staining is advisable in order to even up the color.

For the grades in hardwood flooring are differentiated chiefly by the matching of the wood. First-grade flooring is carefully selected to be of an even color, and free from knots and blemishes. Fourth grade, on the other hand, is made up of all the individuals. Since it is equally serviceable, it is often preferred for its warmness of color, in sunrooms, or boys' rooms, billiard rooms, or summer cottages, or is used in parquet patterns with the finer grades. In any case, stain is used on it to avoid "spottiness" and to tone down color contrasts.

Both shellac and stain should be thinned slightly when used under wax, and sanded lightly before the wax is applied. Over these undercoatings, two coats of good wax should be all that is necessary to give a good, [Continued on page 39]

Red oak cellized blocks make an effective flooring in the University of Toronto Women's residence.



Courtesy of the R. Laidlaw Lumber Co., Ltd.



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For the sake of your hands—for the sake of your kitchen and bathroom equipment use Bon Ami always. It comes in two handy packages to suit your taste—an economical, long-lasting *Cake* and a convenient, sifter-top can of *Powder*. Many housewives like to keep both *Cake* and *Powder* always on hand.



*"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"*



# "Poisons accumulate in the body *daily*..."

declares DR. GUDZENT  
of the University of Berlin

"CONSTIPATION is one of the commonest of all ailments. It has a serious effect on the health."

An authority very famous in Europe makes that statement . . . Dr. Friedrich Gudzent of Berlin, specialist in diseases of nutrition and metabolism. He says:—

"When food wastes are retained in the body too long, poisons develop which filter into the blood and spread through the system. This . . . leads to headaches, coated tongue, bad breath, loss of energy, poor appetite, drowsiness . . ."

Can constipation be corrected? He says:—

"The usual cathartics and laxatives will not cure constipation. Today this trouble is overcome by natural means . . . such as *fresh yeast*. Fresh yeast softens the wastes in the intestines and stimulates the intestinal muscles, leaving them toned up. This brings about easy eliminations and benefits digestion."

If you are troubled with constipation, Fleischmann's Yeast will actually *strengthen* your intestines—restore healthy bowel movements normally.

And as stagnant body wastes, thanks to yeast, are carried out of your system regularly, your appetite should improve—"pep" should come back—unpleasant skin blemishes should in most cases very quickly disappear.

All, remember, because your system is no longer flooded with the poisons from an unclean, inactive intestinal tract!

Won't you act now to secure the benefits that come from eating fresh yeast? Just eat three cakes a day, starting today.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains. Eat one cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or in water (a third of a glass). For booklet, write Dept. C-4, Standard Brands Ltd., 802 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.



"The great doctors are right  
in prescribing fresh yeast . . ."

"A little while ago I developed a bad case of constipation," writes Miss Felicity Ross of Toronto. "I was actually sick with indigestion and headaches. And diets, pills and laxatives had no effect. A friend suggested trying Fleischmann's Yeast. After a few weeks, I found the sluggishness clearing up . . . and I was free of indigestion again!"



## Important!

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors advise.



BUY MADE-IN-CANADA GOODS



## Tabitha Blue

(Continued from page 11)

and mistress always stepped aside politely for him to pass, she concluded that he must be in some mysterious sense overlord of the island, to be treated with such deference. But she presently perceived that this deference which he exacted came to an end at the threshold of the bungalow.

One day the porcupine came crawling with great deliberation up the verandah steps, and fell to gnawing with his great yellow teeth at the edge of the front door. Immediately Linda Farrell appeared from the kitchen with the broom in her hands, her sleeves rolled up, her brown arms covered with flour, and a white smudge on one side of her nose. "Well, if this isn't too much! You clear out of this!" she cried, laughing, and slowly but very firmly swept the protesting porcupine out across the verandah. He squeaked and grunted angrily, erected all his quills, and struggled to dig his claws into the smooth boards; but the long, stiff bristles of the broom baffled him, and inexorably he was propelled down the steps and rolled over and over on the ground. With a final flourish of the broom, which covered him with twigs and leaves and dirt, Mrs. Farrell ran back to her kitchen, exclaiming "That for you and your impudence." The crestfallen porcupine retired and climbed up into a tree to grumble over his wounded dignity; and Tabitha watched him triumphantly from her perch on the verandah railing. It was a great relief to her to find that within the bungalow at least, her mistress still held undisputed sway.

After this Tabitha went about the place with all her old confidence. To be sure she carefully avoided the porcupine, but she did so with a haughty disdain. She hunted mice as usual. She chased squirrels and lay in wait for chipmunks and once in a while succeeded in pouncing upon an unwary chickadee or long-legged sandpiper. And again as usual, she spent many sunlit hours on the log by the riverside, vainly attempting to capture a minnow.

AND THEN at last came the day of her great adventure, for which all her experience of the wilds had been sharpening her instincts and her faculties. Her master and mistress were away up river on one of their canoeing expeditions. She was out on the end of the log, futilely fishing as usual. Down the river, sluggishly swaying in the current, came an old tree-trunk with several limbs upthrust. Somewhere high above the island a steep bank had crumbled away and launched the ancient tree into the water. As it came past the end of the wharf the gentle eddy which dwelt behind the wharf caught it and persuaded it in to shore. It caught and hung on the end of the log, almost motionless for a moment.

Here was Tabitha's opportunity. If she could only get farther out into the stream perhaps she could grab some of those exasperatingly elusive little fish. She sprang upon the trunk and ran along it to the outer end. Here she was indeed in the thick of the minnows. She could see them darting hither and thither below her very nose. Tense with excitement she lunged at them again and again, plunging her right fore-paw, with claws outstretched, deep into the water. Meanwhile the trunk swung and swung, almost imperceptibly, till once more it was in the grip of the current. Then Tabitha woke up to her peril. Wildly she raced to the end of the trunk. But the gap was already far too wide for her to jump. And she had no idea of swimming. It never occurred to her. She climbed frantically up one of the branches. The trunk slowly turned, and plunged her into the water. She scrambled back to the trunk again and stood there meowing piteously, her eyes fixed upon the

receding shore. And slowly the old tree carried her off down the quiet river.

IT WAS about four hours later, in the afternoon, when the voyaging tree, borne over to the northern shore by some whim of the current, came to rest on a jutting sandy beach at the foot of a wooded promontory. Tabitha, her blue fur by this time dried and fluffed by the careful toilet which even her alarm could not prevent her from making, gained dry land by a prodigious leap, raced across the beach, and headed upstream in the direction which instinct told her led toward home. She was in a tremendous hurry to get back to the bungalow. She had not gone much more than a mile when she found her way barred by a deep, sluggish stream some fifty feet across, with swampy shores, flowing in at right angles to the main river. She turned and followed up along this stream for perhaps another mile, picking her way with difficulty through swamp and dense alders. Then, realizing that she was getting farther and farther away from home, she gave up in deep disgust, and hastened back across country, finding her way by that sixth sense which no one can explain, till she came out once more on the strip of beach beside the stranded tree-trunk. This old tree now seemed to her the one remaining link with home, and she felt a little less lonely and deserted as she sat down on the bank and looked at it. Having assured herself that it was not going to float away again and leave her, she realized that she was hungry. She jumped up and prowled off among the trees, suddenly grown sly, secret and vigilant as any hunter of the wilds. When she had satisfied her hunger—an easy matter enough since the woods thereabouts swarmed with deer-mice—she found a deep dry hollow under the roots of a pine-tree on the point overlooking the beach, and curled up comfortably to sleep, confident that her master and mistress would come and find her on the morrow.

On the morrow they came not, nor for many a morrow thereafter. They sought for her diligently, indeed, all over their island and up and down both banks of the river for several miles, and at last gave up the search. They decided that some passing eagle must have swooped down upon her, set his strangling talons round her throat, and carried her off to his eyrie. And Linda Farrell, with a few tears, thrust the padded travelling basket away out of sight.

Tabitha now settled down philosophically to the life of the wilderness. Her hunting

range was the whole well-wooded point and for a mile back to the shores of the swampy stream. But her lair, to which she always returned as to a home, was the snug retreat under the roots of the pine, where she could comfort herself from time to time with a glance at that old stranded tree-trunk on the beach.

Tabitha never went hungry. Besides the

## Landscape Gardener

By Helen Dickson

I cannot dip my brush in glowing colors,  
And wake blank canvas into vibrant life....

Massing cool blues and greens with amber splashes,  
And reds with purples in harmonious strife.

I cannot capture thought in chiselled marble,  
Nor mold my fancy in cold, toneless clay;

Nor cast in bronze, nor grave in burnished copper  
The shape of shadows in the light of day.

But as my medium I have chosen gardens,  
Formed pictures out of all the flowers that blow;

Set rocks, pools, arches in an ordered showing;  
And God has taught my pictures how to grow.

ever-present deer-mice, she varied her diet frequently with a chickadee or a downy woodpecker or a plump thrush, and once in a while succeeded in capturing a big ruffed grouse. But she never managed to catch one of those exasperating Canada jays, or "Whiskey Jacks", which mocked her derisively and lost no opportunity of squawking a harsh warning to other quarry when they saw her just about to pounce upon it. She soon learned to ignore the Whiskey Jacks, as she did the squirrels; but she hated them virulently. She learned to catch an occasional rabbit by lying in wait for it beside one of the runways—and then she feasted till she grew tired of rabbit meat.

One day when she was hunting far inland toward the edge of the swamps, on a sudden, rounding a turn in the runway, a frantically leaping rabbit collided with her, knocked her clean off her feet, and raced on. She picked herself up like a flash—to find herself confronted with the fugitive's pursuer, a slim, snaky, tawny little beast about half her size, with a cruel, triangular head and eyes that flamed crimson with blood lust. For just a second the eyes seemed to hesitate—not with fear, but with amazement, for they had never before rested on any creature like Tabitha—and then their owner, swift as a striking snake, hurled himself straight at Tabitha's throat.

That second's hesitation had been just enough for Tabitha and that mask of hate had been just sufficient warning of the deadly peril that confronted her. Crouched and tense, her head drawn back between her shoulders and the fur of her neck suddenly erect like an immense blue ruff, she met the attack with bared teeth and claws. The weasel's head eluded her jaws and his fangs buried themselves in her ruff, seeking, after the manner of all weasels, to sever her jugular. But those murderous fangs were baffled for the moment by the length and density of the fur. And while they struggled to penetrate it, Tabitha clamped her teeth

in the back of his neck, set her fore claws in his shoulders, and wrenched him loose. The strength in his slim, whipcord body, as it lashed and writhed about her, might have daunted her had she not been quite beside herself with fury. But throwing herself down on her side, while holding him inexorably with her teeth and fore-claws, she doubled her hinder claws almost up to her chin and raked the whole length of his body. These long, ripping slashes, lightning swift, she repeated half a dozen times, till the weasel straightened out, disembowelled. She cast the body aside, sprang to her feet, and growling savagely, started to devour it. But the tough, rank and stringy flesh was detestable to her. She spat it out disgustedly and stalked away, still growling in her throat at the memory of that unprovoked attack. Had she known the prowess of the weasel, that deadliest and most implacable of killers, she would have walked on air with triumph. Never had she been so near death. But she took her victory as a matter of course.

IT WAS Tabitha's inexperience in the ways of the wild which led her to try conclusions with the great horned owl, that winged scourge of the night; and her supreme self-confidence, rooted in that inexperience, which brought her off again the victor. It was a still moonlight night, and the low moon silvered the quiet reaches of the river and sent long black pencils of shadow through the dreaming trees on the point. Full of mice and sleepy after a very successful hunt, Tabitha was just turning into her lair under the pine roots. She heard, above the tree tops, that ominous *who-hoo, oo-oo* which strikes terror in the hearts of the furred and feathered folk. It struck no terror into her heart. She had heard it often before, and had never been able to find out what it meant. Now she ignored it. She crept lazily into her retreat.

Just as she was disappearing, a wide-winged, pallid shape swooped noiselessly down, two enormous, palely-luminous, staring eyes glared into the den, and a pair of huge reaching talons clutched at her swiftly. All they grasped was the tip of her tail. But that they held fast; and the wide wings flapped heavily as they strove to pluck her forth from her retreat.

Instantly there came an explosion of fierce spitting and snarling from within the den. A pair of round eyes as big and savage as his own, surrounded by a huge ruff of fur, popped up at him; knife-like claws ripped down his legs; piercing teeth bit deep into the back of one of his bony talons; and a screeching, clawing bundle of fury shot out of the hole. The great owl, startled and appalled, tore himself loose and soared away in unaccustomed panic. To have the tables turned upon him in this fashion was a novel and painful experience. And Tabitha, again unaware of the magnitude of her victory, but in a very bad temper because of her sore tail, crept back into the lair to nurse her wrath.

IT WAS almost continual fine weather now, game was abundant and diversified, the hunting was just strenuous enough to keep her in prime condition, and for several weeks Tabitha was contented with her lot. In fact she was having the time of her young life. Then all of a sudden she grew restless and uneasy. She did not know what she wanted. The hunting, even of rabbits, lost its zest for her. When driven by hunger she would merely lie in wait for wood-mice, the easiest game to procure. The impudent Whiskey Jacks could cock their black heads and flirt their trim fawn-grey wings almost in her face. They could squawk at her derisively, and she would hardly bother to spit at them. She went prowling around among the trees seeking she knew not what, and occasionally giving vent to a yearning yowl. And then, one never-to-be-forgotten day, she found what she was looking for.

A great, fierce-looking animal, unmistakably a cat of sorts but much larger than herself, reddish-tawny in color, with short, stiff hair, sharp-pointed ears, and a thick, stubby tail, had been glaring at her with

Continued on page 38

## RAIN

By Patience Eden

The brook has risen from the dead  
And leapt beyond his narrow bed,  
Black-muscled, arrogant and strong,  
He runs where shallow sands belong;  
The grass, as crisp as burning hair,  
Grows limp with gratitude, and where  
The dusty clumps of mullein-weed  
Stand whistling in the hurried greed  
Of swollen water, is a tide  
Which takes the meadow at a stride,  
And reaches sudden hands to clutch  
The foot-bridge.

Will he dare to touch  
The boulder squatting like a sphinx?  
That heathen god who never drinks  
But bears the sun and wind alone,  
A hard and self-sufficient stone?  
Tomorrow's brook will be subdued,  
And grumble in a turgid mood,  
None but the grass will give him praise  
Rejoicing that the rains could raise  
Him leaping from his narrow bed  
In resurrection from the dead!

As Madonna more stirringly Beautiful  
than *nine years ago*.. Lady Diana Manners says  
*"I depend entirely on the creams I chose then"*



### In 1924

Lady Diana Manners, when she first appeared in "The Miracle." Famed as the most beautiful woman of English aristocracy, Lady Diana said: "I know that every woman can effectively accomplish loveliness by using Pond's Two Creams."



### Today

Loving audiences are again spellbound by the still beauty, more moving than ever, of Lady Diana Manners, now Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, as she plays the famous rôle of Madonna in the recent London revival of "The Miracle."

**C**ONTRARY to common belief, women on the stage seek the simplest methods to care for the skin." Lady Diana Duff-Cooper speaks with disarming British candor.

"After all," she declares, "good care of your skin consists only in cleansing it thoroughly with a pure cream, and *always* protecting it."

That surprises you. As you look at the exquisite loveliness of Lady Diana's complexion, you imagine that she uses many secret and expensive formulas for beauty.

#### Uses Just Two Creams

"It was in America when I first opened in 'The Miracle' that I discovered Pond's Two Creams. From that time on I have been positively devoted to them.

"I use Pond's Cold Cream *constantly*

(day and night and always after exposure) to cleanse my skin—and it removes make-up perfectly! Also when one's face feels tired a generous patting of Pond's Cold Cream revives and stimulates it.

"And the Vanishing Cream is a hope fulfilled. I should feel lost without it! It is such a glorious foundation for cosmetics. And never do I expose my skin in any climate without first smoothing it on. It is the most enchanting, most protective cream I have ever known. I am always preaching its wonderful efficacy."

Lady Diana Manners adds: "I am delighted with Pond's new Face Powder. Almost unbelievable . . . so exquisite a powder at so moderate a price!"

Lady Diana Manners uses Pond's Cold Cream — "To cleanse the skin thoroughly of all foreign particles after every exposure.

"To remove all traces of cosmetics from face and lips."

She uses Pond's Vanishing Cream: "Always as a foundation for make-up. It's simply perfect and holds the powder like nothing else.

"Before every sport and every exposure.

"To smooth chapped and roughened skin if I have been careless.

"Almost every day to keep my hands and arms soft and white."



Pond's Famous Creams and New Face Powder

Many titled Englishwomen use and praise Pond's simple way to beauty. Among them:

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TUNE IN on Pond's program every Friday, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra . . . WEAF and NBC Network



— It's got to have line and cut, and a certain quality of rakish self-possession. — Green, white and black straw, the crown pierced with a straw feather.



— With Pan's music floating in through your window, put on your new spring hat and walk blithely out to greet April sun. Beige felt cleverly pleated and worn with a tiny veil. Hats by Jean Patou.

## Can You Live Up to Your Spring Hat?

It all depends, says Annabelle Lee, on the mood of your own springtime—and that depends largely on diet and exercise

**T**ODAY I saw a portly gentleman leap a puddle. He sprang high into the air and landed, teetering upon the extreme muddy edge, proceeding on his way with an expression of ecstatic satisfaction on his face. And then I knew that what the dappled skies and pulsing earth had tried to tell me, was true—spring had come to stay!

For spring's a state of mind as well as a season of the year, and when you're feeling that way you do jump puddles, and climb hillocks and run with the wind. It's a pathetic thing when April comes and there's no response stirring within you—no desire to run and leap and put on new clothes. A pathetic thing indeed—like standing on the edge of a dance floor, with the couples dipping and swaying around you, and you not able to capture the lilt of the music.

Of course, the first thing a woman does when her ears barely catch the sound of Pan piping sweetly from the melting snows of the mountainside, is to buy herself a new spring hat. It's her gesture to the world that she knows spring's on its way; and from then on she walks gaily through the days watching eagerly for the first yellow crocus to push its head above the earth. And so, you see, the gallant little spring hat is a symbol of other things besides mere fashion. Although, mind you, it's got to have line and cut, and a certain quality of rakish self-possession so that it can be worn with an air. For it's got to express that new sunshiny feeling you have in your heart that—well, things aren't so bad after all, and life's pretty good to be giving you days like these.

So on with the Easter bonnet, tilted this season provocatively over one eye, displaying a smooth wing of hair—or curls if your nose turns up; eyes bright with anticipation—haven't you ever heard that one gets what one expects?—and a lovely flush in the cheek! And don't you dare say that it can't be done. For it can—even to the lovely flush. Just see if you don't agree with me, after you've finished reading this.

First, look yourself over with a critical and unprejudiced eye. There's no better time than the turn of the year for this. When the season's well under way, winter or summer,

there doesn't seem to be either the time or the urge, and you become so accustomed to seeing the same reflection day after day that it comes as rather a shock to notice that your skin is inclined to be muddy, your eyes certainly not crystal clear, and your hips have a suspicious bulge that refuses to be wished away. So give yourself a thorough mental examination and discover just whereabouts you stand on the health chart. Overweight? Underweight? Skin blotchy? Feeling depressed? And if any of these are the case—why? Once you've got the cause defined, then your job is simple, and it doesn't need a doctor to tell you what to do.

This business of health, you know, is a surprisingly commonsense affair. Its three essentials are: Correct diet, sufficient exercise, and right mental attitude. The last is naturally influenced by outside circumstances, although even this can be cultivated—and, indeed, there is no better method of cultivating it than by following the principles of the first two factors, diet and exercise. So let's up and at 'em. Promise yourself that you're not going to be content to look on at the dance this spring. You're going to be right in the middle of the floor, twirling around with the gayest and youngest of them, filled with the intoxication of being perfectly normal.

Thanks to dietetic experts, we all have a pretty shrewd idea of what we should or should not eat. The trouble is, we simply will not make the stern initial effort to adjust our diet. We go on eating starches and fats and sugars, consoling ourselves with the misguided thought that they're nourishing—and then we wonder, on a fair sunshiny day like this, why we can't feel sunny inside. We know we ought, for the youngsters are winding their tops and baseball bats are emerging from dark cupboards. But, try as we will, we can't hear Pan's music.

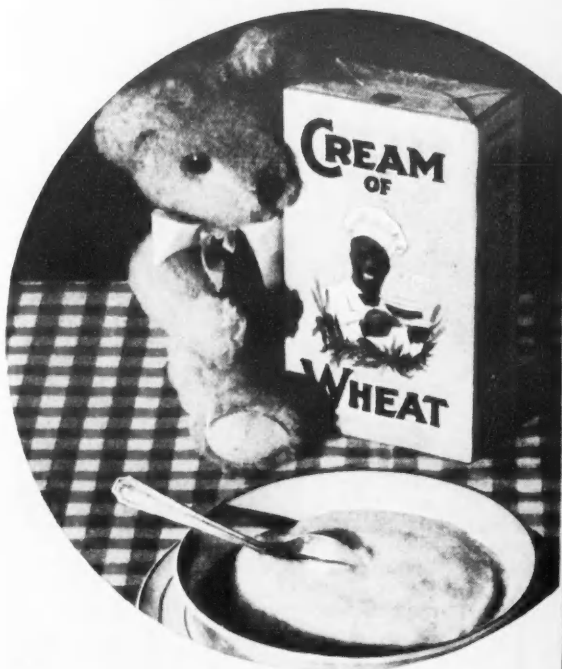
Think back a little and you'll find the reason. That bridge the other night—didn't you eat four pieces of that so divine fudge, and after a pretty substantial dinner, too? At luncheon today, haven't you used up last night's leftovers, creamed, and with a generous serving of pie, because—well, it would undoubtedly only otherwise be wasted? You did and you have—or other things quite as bad. Of course, it wouldn't be human not to indulge your sweet tooth occasionally. But do remember that if you partake of a tea made sumptuous with your favorite chocolate cake, you must in common duty to yourself eat less of starches and sugars at your evening meal.

It's all simple as A. B. C. Scientists, doctors and people-who-know have proved for us that too much meat is bad. Meat once a day, they say, is quite [Continued on page 34]



— Tilted provocatively over one eye, displaying a smooth wing of hair — or curls if your nose turns up. — Red felt with black piqué trimming.

NEVER SOLD LOOSE IN BAGS...  
ONLY IN THIS BOX  
Made in Canada from Canadian Wheat



Research gives new  
emphasis to a vital need  
no wise mother will ignore

● They're so active, so independent . . . mothers sometimes hesitate for fear of pampering them. But children from 1 to 6 years do honestly *need* special care.

For these are the most dangerous years in all childhood, official records show. *Twice* as hazardous as those that follow!

It's a time of spendthrift energy. In playing—in growing—science finds that a youngster of 5 uses up energy as fast as a laboring man. Yet, *unlike grown-ups*, a child can store up less than half his energy needs for a single day!

Think of that when you plan your children's meals. At breakfast, give them Cream of Wheat, which is outstanding for its special energy value. Doctors have been recommending it for 37 years.

Delicious Cream of Wheat is not only extremely high in energy, but it digests with such ease that it releases its charge of energy for use *quicker* than any other type of cereal commonly served.

Thus it is particularly effective in preventing or relieving a dangerous condition of lowered resistance that often results *directly* from a lack of quick energy food.

Best hard Canadian wheat goes into the making of Cream of Wheat . . . and nothing else. Purified and sterilized, it comes to you in packages *triple-sealed* against the impurities which *taint* inferior bulk cereals in open bins and loose bags.

# Dangers press close when children are 1 to 6



The cost is surprisingly low. There are forty generous servings in every box at a little more than half a cent each.

Start your children off on pure, safe Cream of Wheat today. Continue it as part of their daily schedule all through childhood years. It will help them gain good solid pounds in weight *naturally*. It will help safeguard them from the overstrain that, often unsuspected, wears many children down.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

## FREE—A WONDERFUL CHILD'S GAME AND A BOOKLET ON CHILD FEEDING

All children love the H. C. B. Club with a secret meaning. It makes a jolly game of their morning cereal. All the material is free—badges, gold stars and big new posters with stirring color pictures of childhood heroes—Joan of Arc, Roland and Oliver, Richard the Lion Hearted. We will also send you a valuable booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

Mail this coupon to Dept. CE-2, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Child's Name.....

Address.....



## Strange Girl

(Continued from page 21)

I CAME to myself after an interval I have no means of computing. I was in the dark somewhere, with a head that rang and jangled, a vile thirst, and an ache in every separate bone in my body. I stirred painfully, to discover that I was lying on a bed, and was moreover securely strapped to it.

It took me a long time to gather my scattered senses and remember some of the events that had led up to my being where I was. Even when recollection did seep back to me it was hazy and blurred, a monstrous jumble of impossible happenings in the pleasant place I had learned to call home. For a long while I wondered dully whether the entire business was not a dream, a fiction.

However, the straps that bound me were real enough, as they soon proved by cutting my wrists very abominably. A few strenuous wriggles left me with the information that whoever it was had put me there had known his job very well. Movement was just, and only just, possible; but escape was hopeless. My captors had seen to that.

And from there remembrance returned in a flood. Jason Harg, the girl, my aunt, the scene in the room presumably somewhere close at hand; the dark little gunman Silva—for a wager it was he who had slugged me, incautiously looking for Elise Harg. Incredible folly, all my movements! I had walked straight into Jason Harg's arms, as surely and directly as if he had laid a deliberate trap for me.

Then another most disturbing train of thought took possession of me. What if he had? I recalled those two pistol shots—both of them fired by a man who was obviously familiar with his weapon, both of them at targets one would have imagined it impossible to miss; Spike over his lamp in the outhouse, myself and him in the bright library at home. If Silva had tried how close he could come to actual murder, he could not have made a better attempt.

And Jason Harg had known well enough—so this argument ran—that Spike and I were not the sort to lie down under this kind of thing without instant investigation. We should grab the first weapons we could find and come out looking for our assailant; and where should we look for him but under the lee, so to speak, of Jason Harg himself. Here, in other words, in this house. Very well; then here was the place to trap us.

And to hold me in play a while, what better bait than the girl in the window? That was the next thought to chase across my mind. Elise Harg, the man's own niece, another link with that past. A decoy? Had I fallen for the oldest of all fall games?

Then, blindingly, came the realization that the combination for that safe in New York would be gone. Harg would have had that, anyhow. That was what he was after. I could not get to my pockets, but there was no doubt in my mind that it was in Harg's hands now. And the scheme was, no doubt, to hold me prisoner here, while they made their getaway in that speedboat down coast to New York. Then, presumably, it would be a crack on the head for old Lethaby, and so, away with the pearls. Well, that was all very possible, but there were such things as telephones and police. My aunt would miss me, and if I knew anything of her, take steps to save those treasured jewels. Yes, that was certain enough; and then, hazily, there returned the recollection that Harg had defied her to call the police in at all. Defied her successfully, moreover.

I was still puzzling dizzily over that riddle when a step sounded outside the door. It opened, and Jason Harg came in with a lamp; the yellow Portuguese was with him.

He set the light down on a table and came over to me.

"Humph!" he said, after an inspection. "Come to, eh, Burt?"

I preserved silence; there was no particular sense in giving him the opportunity for any more of his ferocious humor.

He must have seen what was running in my mind, for he broke into a deep chuckle.

"Won't talk, eh? Well, I don't want ye to, boy. I'm to do the talkin' from now on—and ye'll need your breath bad enough, time the night's out. Eh, Joe?"

The last was to the Portuguese, who was standing by, hands in pockets, in much the same attitude as I had originally seen him in on the quay. He nodded, and again there was the ironic flicker of a smile on his cheeks.

Harg continued: "And now I s'pose you'll be wonderin', Burt me boy, just what's the meanin' of all this. Well, ye've a right to know, I reckon, before—before things start happenin' to ye. Ye might have asked your aunt Phemy if ye'd had time; she'd have told you, I make no doubt. But ye won't have time, Burt, so ye'd as well listen to me."

He sat astraddle a chair and hauled out another of his great cigars. When he had it comfortably lit, he turned to Silva.

"Joe," he said with a peculiar grin, "seems to me there's another party ought to be in on this. Tain't fair and shipshape otherwise. Better go down an' get 'em."

Silva looked at him a trifle doubtfully, it seemed to me; then he went out, leaving me wondering who this second person might be. I imagined, I'll admit, that it was the girl, and that for some reason best known to himself Harg wished her to see the discomfort of her father's enemies. Somehow or other, the idea was more repugnant to me than any of the mishandling I had had, and I struggled wrathfully with my bonds.

Harg let me struggle, doing no more than look down at me with a continuance of that grin of his. He was obviously enjoying himself, dramatizing his vengeance thus; the man was at heart a mountebank.

"Humph!" he said again. "Kick away, Burt! Ye'll not get out o' those lashin's. A seaman tied 'em, me boy, an' that'll appeal to ye, I've no doubt, seein' you're a bit of a seaman yourself, eh? Yachtsman, ain't it? Plenty o' money in your poke to go pleasin' about the world—Tom Hewetson left ye that, huh?"

We were getting nearer the outburst, I thought, with my father's name. But before Harg could go on there was a great sound of scuffling without, and in a moment the Portuguese had come back. He was not accompanied by any girl; but he dragged

with him, trussed even as I was, and scarlet in the face from fury, the last person in the world I desired to see just then and there—Spike Murphy. They had got him, too.

WELL, I don't know whether I'm to be blamed for it, but I nearly broke down altogether. Not so much, I think, by any very active dread of what might be about to happen to the two of us, in the hands of these inexplicable ruffians. The thing that told heaviest on me was that I, in my bull-headed conceit, should have led the unoffending Spike into this mess. I was sure, now, that the whole affair, Silva's cunningly missed shots, and Jason Harg's deliberate provocation in my aunt's drawing-room, had been carefully thought out. They had wanted to get us here, and here we duly were. Like a couple of silly sheep.

Silva dumped Spike on the ground, and Harg considered the pair of us for a while, puffing at his cigar. Then he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a watch—my watch, with the precious combination in the back of it.

"There ye are, Burt, me lad!" he chuckled. "That's what I wanted from ye, eh? Ye think so, do ye?"

He grunted the last question out, and then continued his malignant chuckling. There was an oily grin also on Silva's lemon-rind face.

Harg continued. "Burt," he said, "ye're nine different kinds of a puffed-up young jackass, if it's any comfort to ye. D'ye believe now that this thing here, an' the pearls—my pearls, Burt—are all I want of ye. If ye do, ye're out o' luck that's all. There's more than that, Burt, lots of it—oh, yes, by jiminy. Ye're goin' out, the pair of ye. I'm sorry for this pup that's with ye, but he'll have to take what's comin' to him as a friend of yours."

He broke off and the hint of a smile left his face. "It's forty years, Burt, me lad," he said slowly, "since Tom Hewetson played the dirty with me. Forty years, an' sixteen o' them I did in Manila jail over it. Rest o' the time I've been alookin' for Tom, I have, an' scrapin' together enough to find him. An' when I do find him, what do I get? Why, Tom Hewetson, an' here's the back o' my hand to him, has up an' died on me! Just like him, the scum!"

"That's enough!" I snapped. "You keep your foul tongue off Tom Hewetson, Harg! Deal with me."

He cocked his great mass of a head on one side. "Oho! Deal with you, says you! I will. Oh, by jiminy yes! Ain't that what we're here for now, quiet an' comfortable?"

He drew on his cigar, inhaling great

draughts of smoke. I believe he thought it was effective, this playing with us. And so it was; deucedly effective. I wanted to tell him to get on with it, to get it over, but with an effort I restrained myself. He shouldn't have that pleasure, anyhow.

"There was three of us," he continued slowly. "Four, if ye count Phemy there, and a gay young piece o' goods she was in them times. There was me, an' Tom, an' Caesar; four of us, out on the place they called Cain's Reef, and well it was named. An' what was we doin', says you? Why, pearlin', ye young jackass—pearlin', and a pretty job of it we was makin'. Ask Phemy else—but there, ye won't get the chance."

"Don't you be too sure, Harg," I said with a deal more resolution than I felt.

"Sure?" he asked. "Oh, I'm sure enough, Burt. Well, as I was sayin': there was the four of us, three men and a woman, with a bunch of Kanakas, hoistin' in pearls an' shell hand over fist, and not a body the wiser. There wasn't no inspectors them days; leastways not to count. Not like there is now. But it didn't do, Burt me lad, to leave the Spanishers catch ye at it. No, twasn't wise, not hardly."

"Yes, we'd pearls, a mess of 'em. Ye'll have seen the same pearls, or what's left of 'em, I make no doubt. They're in that box o' yours in New York, ain't they? Well, anyways, there they were, all shapes and sizes, plenty for us all to live easy all our lives, if so be we could get clear with 'em. Without the Spanishers catchin' us, Burt, d'ye see. Otherwise it was jail an' worse for the lot of us, sure's shootin'."

He paused again for the dramatic effect he was so fond of. "And what d'ye think happened then, Mr. Burt Hewetson? What d'ye think Mr. Tom Hewetson did to Caesar an' me? Sold us, by the Lord! Sold us to the Spanishers an' skipped out with the pearls and your auntie there! Left us to rot in Manila, the dirty dog! Sixteen years I had of it in the Don's prison there, an' Caesar too. He's dead now, Caesar is—the fever killed him after we got loose, an' that's his girl with me now. Ye knew that, I've no doubt—ye know everything, don't ye?"

He threw his cigar away and got up. "An' all the time Tom Hewetson was here, raisin' a family. Raisin' you, ye jack-anapes, to be a rich man's son—a pleasin' yachtsman, by jiminy! That's what Tom Hewetson did—"

"You're a liar!" I told him fiercely.

"Ain't, then! It's the truth. Ask Joe Silva here. He'll tell ye. Wasn't it Joe's dad that Phemy Hewetson slapped in the face in that same Manila years back, the same as she did me a while back, the hussy? Joe's a Portuguese, Joe is, an' they ain't the forgettin' kind. Nor me, neither. Mr. Burt Hewetson; nor me neither. I'm takin' me pearls back, and I'm takin' the interest out o' your hide, me boy. Gettin' away with it, too. Show 'em, Joe!"

He had been working himself up into a fury, and stood towering over us with distorted features and clenched hands. The Portuguese went out again for a moment, and came back with a couple of objects in his arms. One look at them was enough for me. They were pigs of ballast lead, weighing forty or fifty pounds apiece. As to their use, Harg soon disillusioned us.

"Them's the boys, Burt!" he said frenziedly. "One at the head, an' one at the feet, and a drop overside out there in Fundy. I don't figure you'll be seen awhile for a piece, somehow. An' you'll remember there isn't a soul knows you're here this minute. We saw to that, Joe Silva an' me. Oh, o' course old Phemy'll make up her mind sooner or later to get the fools o' police in. Let her! We'll be clear an' away by breakfast."

He looked at the watch. "One," he said to Silva. "We've time yet; I'm not trying that bar out there in the dark, not with this wind."

THEY WENT OUT, both of them, leaving us in the dark. I began to consider. There was the scheme, then, and it looked an uncomfortably good one. There was a lot

Continued on page 80

## Thoughts of a Child

By Virginia Coyne Knight

This world is but a star,  
A tiny spark,  
As all those others are  
High in the dark.

Perhaps in that round light  
Which burns so clear  
There stands a child tonight,  
As I stand here;

Pointing with upstretched hand,  
Her upturned face  
Looking to where I stand  
In my own place.

Within the pretty one  
That twinkles so,  
Do children laugh and run?  
"I do not know."

Is there no child at all  
To run and play  
Upon its little ball?  
"I cannot say."

"Child in another star,  
We are as you!  
And you are as we are—  
A round light, too!"

My voice goes on and on  
Above the hill,  
Although my voice is gone,  
It travels still.

And then I hear her cry,  
(Or think I might,)   
Child far across the sky,  
Goodnight! .. Goodnight!

Robert and Bridges off to the Boer War—was there ever a more effective "spectacle" than the departure of the troop ship? There is a rare sympathy between Jane Marryot and her maid, Ellen Bridges, in their mutual worry; but both husbands return safely. The Bridges, with their baby daughter Fanny, leave the Marryots, for Bridges has bought a saloon. However, as time passes there is a repeated meeting between the two families.

It is foolish to try and tell the framework of the story, for in its very simplicity it is too big a thing to handle in synopsis with any fairness to the picture. But through the pre-war years when the Marryots' boys are growing up; through the war, and the dizzying, hectic years afterward, we follow the Marryots and the Bridges until the last dramatic scene and the toast I have quoted above.

"Cavalcade" gives a poignantly beautiful picture of the real love and devotion of Jane Marryot and her husband—a love that grows through all the sorrows that come in everyone's life. The ecstatic love story of the one son and his bride who sail for their honeymoon on the *Titanic* and the hectic, impulsive love of the other son for Ellen Bridges, the maid's daughter who has become a popular musical comedy star, are etched vividly against the turmoil of the years.

And at the end, with the whole world talking—talking—talking about the chaos, Jane and Robert Marryot stand as they have stood every year since their marriage—and toast the future.

The cast is an all English one, with Diana Wynyard, as Jane, giving a glorious interpretation of all that is fine in womanhood. Clive Brook, Ursula Jeans, Herbert Mundin and Beryl Mercer are leads in a cast of 200 speaking parts.

Don't miss "Cavalcade," whatever happens.

WHAT A CONTRAST to see "The Sign of the Cross" a few days later! For here Cecil B. DeMille has outdone himself in trying to put on a spectacle, and has succeeded in making something that seemed, to this reviewer at any rate, in very bad taste.

Here we are told, in true DeMille style, the story of a Christian maiden—Elissa Landi—of unparalleled virtue and purity; of a Roman prefect—Frederic March—of mighty power and nobility; of a wicked Nero—Charles Laughton—and his unbelievably wicked wife—Claudette Colbert. In addition are thousands of hymn-singing Christians—who were certainly capable, according to this movie, of raising a terrific hullabaloo in the streets on the way to the arena—besides thousands of Romans, lions, holiday crowds and what have you.

Everything is so obviously "treated." Whereas, for instance, in "Cavalcade" the decadence of the aftermath of war was suggested by skilful scenes that flashed upon you and were gone. DeMille has wallowed

with almost childish insistence in scenes of Roman wickedness that only strike one as being silly. But most strenuously, surely, must the majority of us object to the scenes of torture, and those in the arena. Photographic detail make these repulsive without being effective. Very much like a man making ugly faces to scare a child.

And, of course, there's a DeMille bath—this time for Poppaea, wife of Nero. It is the size of a public swimming pool, and is filled with goats' milk, wherein my lady, in an elegant headdress, blows frothy bubbles, and smilingly commands one of her friends, who has a spicy bit of gossip, to "take off your clothes and get in here!"

Those of you who liked this film, won't you tell me why? There must be thousands who found it a worthwhile picture, but I cannot imagine why!

AMONG THE new English pictures are "This is the Night" with Ralph Lyn and Tom Walls, and "Magic Night" with Jack Buchanan. Although both are concerned with a particular night—the films are widely different, and show what a point of view can do!

"This is the Night" is a rollicking comedy in the popular English tradition. Tom Walls, as an engaging Irish policeman, sets out to unearth a gambling den above a restaurant where his sweetheart is check-girl. Ralph Lyn, as the comedy Englishman home for a holiday from Persia, and looking for a place to spend a merry evening, arrives at the restaurant, and is promptly enmeshed in the troubles of a young girl who is being blackmailed by the owner of the gambling den. There is a mad hour's entertainment that is all very good fun. If you like Ralph Lyn and Tom Walls, you'll enjoy the picture.

"Magic Night" is a musical piece that brings with it some very catchy songs that by this time are known everywhere through the radio—"Goodnight Vienna," and "Living in Clover." The story is the ageless one of a wealthy young man, living and loving in gay old Vienna before the war. (I know that with all the movie publicity Vienna has had, I will be bitterly disappointed when I actually visit the old city. For surely, in Vienna, laughing couples dance riotously through flower-decked restaurants; and ride over cobble-stoned streets atop swaying old carriages. If there are ordinary, cold-blooded restaurants, where folks sit more or less gloomily over their food, as is their wont on this side of the Atlantic—I'll shake Vienna's dust off my feet in disgust.) Jack Buchanan—the young man in the story loves a pretty girl who works with decorative effect in a florist's shop. But the man's father promises him to a princess; the war breaks out, and the young man is sent out of the country, leaving the pretty little girl to believe the worst of him. On his return, his fortune gone, he finds the girl has become a famous theatrical star who is still furious with him; but you know the rest. A routine musical comedy that is cut pretty much according to order. [Continued on page 73]

## PAPER LADIES

by Isa Grindlay Jackson

The ladies in the Fashion Books  
Are really too austere.  
Each individual lady looks  
So painfully severe.

They are so very straight and thin;  
Not one displays a double chin;  
Of course, they all are kith and kin,  
Or so it would appear.

In most unusual length of limb  
These ladies do delight,  
And all their feet are small and thin,  
No matter what their height.

The faces in the whole long chain,  
From Godey's to the Chatelaine,  
Are, to my taste, a little plain,  
And dreadfully polite.

I'm almost sure I'd rather not  
Such ladies' mien reflect.  
I know 'twould worry me a lot  
To be so circumspect.  
And, anyway, my bulges I  
Could never quite conceal so why  
Dame Fashion should I deify,  
And kinder gods neglect?

**Save half!**

**ALL 3 FOR 49¢**

MADE IN CANADA

2 full-size 25c tubes of  
**COLGATE'S RIBBON  
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A real 50c  
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**YES, SAVE half . . . a full half! And really save it!** Because this bargain is on items you *must* have . . . things you'd still be buying if they cost five times as much! That's why this bargain is different! That's why it's news! That's why it's so surprising.

It's a full dollar value for 49c . . . a tooth brush guaranteed to be worth 50c at any store, and 2 full-size tubes of Colgate's . . . 49c for all three!

It can't last, of course. You can see that, when even at the regular price of 25c for a single tube, Colgate's is always a big value in itself.

Get yours now, before the limited supply at your dealer's is exhausted. Stock up now for several months. Provide for the whole family. Your chance is now! Who knows when it will come again?

**LIMITED SUPPLY AT YOUR DEALER'S**



A page of monthly news and notes, of previews and reviews for movie fans everywhere



Diana Wynyard, the beautiful heroine of "Cavalcade," and below the Marryot family central figures in the story. A Fox film.



Jessie Matthews, the charming star of many English pictures. Her latest release is "The Midshipmaid," a British-Gaumont production

Evelyn Laye, one of the most beautiful of actresses is starring in "Waltz Time," the new British Gaumont musical romance.



"The Secret of Madame Blanche," a dramatic new M-G-M story starring Irene Dunne and Philip Holmes.

## AT THE MOVIES

By ELIZABETH HOPE

**W**ITHOUT A DOUBT, I have seen in "Cavalcade" the most inspiring and impressive film of my experience; and that sentence is written, not in a spirit of vivid enthusiasm but after slow, considered reflection.

It is a beautiful piece of work. Its theme is magnificent; its direction a work of rare artistic and dramatic consciousness; its lesson a universal one that should make the picture equally effective in any country. I imagine that, for many years to come, there will be regular revivals of "Cavalcade." It is a thrilling indication of just how powerful the movies can be.

This film, which is British in feeling, tradition and instinct, was made in Hollywood by the Fox Films. Probably, if England herself had attempted it, the story would have been sentimental; for this is a film no country could have made about itself. The play, "Cavalcade," by Noel Coward, as everybody knows, has been running very successfully in England, but I don't see how any stage show could equal the dramatic effects made possible by the screen. The Fox Company, I understand, sent a staff over to London to photograph the entire play with sound, and bring it back for help in making the picture—the first time this has ever been done in making a screen play from a stage presentation.

"Cavalcade" in two and a half hours gives an unforgettable bird's-eye view of the past thirty-three years, and told one the history of two English families—the Marryots and their servants, the Bridges.

It is not a spectacle in the ordinary sense of the word, for repeatedly the play unfolds through the most intimate little scenes, told with exquisite detail. Small vignettes of life, set against the sweep of history and seen through the eyes of a warm-hearted English lady, unfold with a rhythm and smoothness that carry us along to the triumphant end, and the glorious toast: "Let us couple our nation's future with its past. The glories and victories and triumphs that are over, and the sorrows that are over, too. Let's drink to our sons who made part of the pattern and to our hearts that died with them. Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that made a strange heaven out of unbelievable hell, and let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity and greatness and peace again."

THE STORY of "Cavalcade" is simple, yet it has in it the pattern of all life and all humanity. In the beginning of the twentieth century, Jane Marryot and her husband Robert are toasting the new century in their home, with their two small sons brought down especially for the ceremony; and the butler Bridges and his wife, brought up from "below stairs" to toast coming years, too. We see [Continued on next page]



## She DISCOVERED the Beauty of being Natural!

**N**ICE EYES. Nice teeth. Nice everything. But somehow men didn't take to her. They said her mouth was conspicuous. "Couldn't see her lips for the paint!" ... Then, as good luck would have it, she tried a different lipstick. A lipstick that accents her natural coloring... ending that painted look!

### Decidedly unusual

No man will tell you to your face that you have a painted look. Yet, without doubt, a painted look comes from all ordinary lipsticks. Tangee, however, isn't ordinary. Here's the proof. Tangee actually brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips... yet never paints them!

Tangee *isn't* paint. It's an unusual discovery. In the stick, it's orange. On the lips, your natural coloring! For Tangee changes instantly to the one shade of blush rose perfect for your complexion!

### Flatters lips with natural color!

Use Tangee. See your lips youthfully lovely; Satin-smooth... delicately scented. Fresh with natural color the whole day through! Tangee costs no more than ordinary lipsticks... yet it lasts longer. At your drug store or cosmetic counter.

### Tangee Rouge Natural, Too!

Tangee Rouge, too, changes to your natural shade *instantly*. Blends beautifully... heightens natural coloring... never makes your cheeks look painted!



### New Refillable Rouge Compact

Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on the lips. It gives the color most becoming to you. When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge. Comes in economical refillable compact.



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containing trial-size { Tangee Lipstick  
Tangee Rouge Compact

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Gradually straighten the knees, still grasping the feet with the hands.

The last is a wriggling exercise that helps sluggishness, reduces hip and abdomen fat.

8. Lie on the back, body straight. Raise the body, supporting it by the shoulders and feet. With the body in that position twist the trunk quickly sideways from left to right, and from right to left. Place a cushion beneath the shoulders, if you find the floor too hard for this exercise.

SO NOW you have a set of exercises before you, you have no excuse at all for putting off "feeling fit." Don't forget to breathe in great lungfuls of air throughout the day, and when you feel tired try stretching to relax your body. It's an instinctive action—like yawning. When you get into bed at night stretch each leg and each arm, languidly, and then stretch your body so that you feel your waist is pulled long and slim. A lovely sleep-provoking exercise.

Diet and exercise—and as a final fillip, I'd suggest your buying for yourself, at the same time you buy your new spring hat, those preparations you've been putting off getting. Maybe it's a nourishing cream or a muscle oil, or maybe it's a different shade of powder that you know will suit your skin better than the one you're using now. That spring frock or suit you're wearing probably requires a subtle change in rouge and lipstick. Study the effect of your reflection and see for yourself. And, if you find a change in coloring is required, don't say, "Oh, but I can manage without it." You can't. It is just as important that your make-up should blend in with your new spring personality, as that your ensemble should conform to the lines of fashion. Experiment in front of your mirror, and try different effects with make-up. Perhaps you've been using rouge when you are really the type to be quite pale—only your lips a vivid line of color. Perhaps you naturally possess a little color in your cheeks and think that is sufficient, when all the time it needs the least bit of accentuation in order to bring out the sparkle in your eyes. Perhaps your skin is inclined to be rather sallow. Then by all means stop using that yellowy cast of powder and get one that blends a subtle peach tone into its coloring. Maybe your eyelashes and eyebrows are weakly marked. Then get a good eyelash cream in a color most suited to your skin and hair tones, and touch them up just a little. You'll be surprised at the added character they give your face. There are all sorts of things you'll discover about your face if you study it intelligently.

And now with Pan's music floating in through your window, put on your new spring hat and walk blithely out to greet an April sun.

## Your Beauty Questions

**W**OULD you help me to find a suitable arrangement for my hair? The enclosed picture will reveal my features to you. My hair is thick. I now wear it up, with a bun at the nape of the neck. It waves naturally at the sides. Which is the more popular, long hair or short, do you think?

LONG or short hair is really not a question of popularity, for both are in fashion now. We have reached a stage where we can, fortunately, regard it purely as a matter of individual preference. I am quite certain that short hair would suit you, and if you feel you must have a change, I would suggest your having it cut. It would suit you very well if brushed straight back with no parting revealing half the ear. You can develop that natural wave of yours by having it finger-waved a few times and then keeping it in tip-top condition yourself by means of a waving lotion and net. You have a good hair line and your hair looks to be rich and glossy. The style of hairdressing I mean is something like that adopted by Miss Kay Frances in many of her films—waved and brushed straight back from the face.

Of course, if you prefer to keep your hair, you can get much the same effect by having it cut fairly short, shoulder length, and rolling it up into a roll at the back.

### Diet for Reducing

**MY TROUBLE** is overweight. I am thirty years old, five feet in height and weigh 145 pounds. I have tried to cut down on my meals but I am always hungry and am still gaining in weight. Is it necessary to starve oneself to reduce? May I eat meat? Would the following be too much food for one day?

**Breakfast:** Two slices of Melba toast

**Dinner:** One slice of Melba toast  
One slice of lean beef, pickles  
One cupful of cooked vegetables

**Supper:** One slice of Melba toast  
One slice of lean beef, pickles

I have a craving for meat, and it is the only food which will satisfy my appetite. I could eat it three times a day. Would too much meat make me fat?

FROM the menu you have given me in your letter, it would seem you are taking a rather unbalanced diet. Just because you are reducing doesn't mean to say that you must not eat balanced meals. A certain amount of milk, either skimmed, whole or evaporated, is necessary—two cupfuls a day is a good minimum amount; plenty of green vegetables, two or more servings, especially of the watery vegetables; two servings of fruit (these can be taken at breakfast and either at lunch or dinner); only one serving of meat, fish or a cheese or egg dish (avoid fat meat and rich gravy). If you take potato, have only one small potato in the day and no bread. Or if on the other hand you prefer to have bread, then take one slice of whole wheat bread and no potato. One egg also should be included in the daily diet. Butter is definitely fattening, but you need the vitamin A contained in butter, and this you can take by taking one teaspoonful of cod liver oil each day. If you feel you must have butter, cut down the portion you ordinarily eat to a bare minimum. Avoid salad dressings, gravies, fried foods, etc., and sweet foods such as preserved fruit, sugar, candy and cakes. Rich puddings, pastries and starchy foods are all fattening. Of course, you don't have to cut these out entirely from your diet but limit them rigorously.

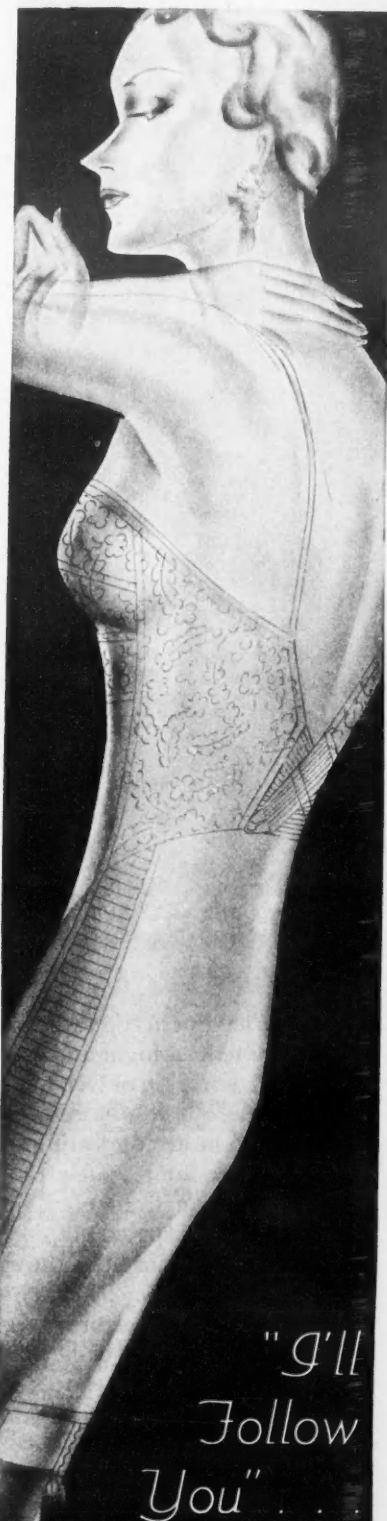
You will see, though, from the foods I have listed that you have quite a wide selection for your daily diet. The thing is to plan your meals in order to get the necessary vitamins, but also to cut down on the number of calories. No normal diet, whether it is designed to reduce or simply to maintain weight, justifies the eating of meat twice a day. My advice to you would be to see a doctor concerning your appetite for meat.

No reducing campaign, of course, is complete without exercise. If you are simply concentrating on your diet you cannot get the same results as you will if you combine both diet and exercise. I am sending you a sheet of exercises that are not too drastic and are planned to use the whole body in their performance.

I AM seventeen years old, have long, blonde hair, thin face, small eyes and mouth but, unfortunately, a large nose. Will you tell me the ways in which I may improve my looks?

### Consider Your Worst Feature

A GREAT MANY people change their appearance by the way they dress their hair. Others, more perceptive, can convey an impression of being very good looking simply because they have recognized the advisability of dressing up to their worst feature. In your case, you say, it is a large nose. Very well, then; you want to balance the lower part of your face with the upper.



Says MisSimplicity to the more or less elusive waistline. The cross-strap back (exclusive in MisSimplicity!) gives you a high bust and outlines your ribs so you may wear the belt of your frock wherever you choose—or none at all! Model illustrated, is of peach satin, fine lace and firm elastic.

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The next time you are tired, the next time you want to look especially lovely for a party, give yourself an Elizabeth Arden Home Circulation Treatment. First, cleanse your skin thoroughly, then protect it with a layer of Orange Skin Food. Now apply the tingling brown salve which Miss Arden calls Anti-Brown Spot Ointment. Almost at once there is a prickling sensation as the blood comes to the skin surface, charged with new health. At the end of one minute...two minutes...(longer, after your skin has become used to the treatment) remove the ointment and find your skin flushed and warm...ready to respond to a soothing application of cream and, afterwards, a cool patting with Skin Tonic. Best of all, you feel as waked-up as you look; with a special glow about your skin that lasts for hours.

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© Elizabeth Arden, 1933

## Can You Live Up to Your Spring Hat?

(Continued from page 28)

enough for the average person. Certain foods, they say, we must have. And when we study their charts we discover, without going into any painful vitamin and calorie business, that if we eat a minimum of starch foods and sugars, and a great deal more of fruits and vegetables, we shall be doing pretty much what they advise. And if you've tried it for a month or two, you'll know how fit a balanced, simple diet makes you feel.

So, as part of your "spring overhaul," plan to cut out the frills from your diet and eat the simple essentials. Include a salad each day in your meals. Have it for lunch, or plan it after the meat course for dinner, cutting down on the meat and potatoes, if you have had a starchy type of luncheon. Plan stewed fruit or fresh fruit for dessert with one of your meals. When you have a heavy or rich dessert, balance it with a light main course. If you introduce "dietetic" meals into your household tactfully, nobody will rise up and call you faddy. For there is such a way of breaking the family in very, very gently, and there is no reason on earth why spring tonic meals should be any less palatable than the meals to which they have been accustomed.

What could be nicer for lunch, for instance, than a fruit salad of sliced oranges, bananas, sprinkled with almonds, pears and peaches, sitting daintily on lettuce and garnished with watercress? Nothing unpalatable in that, is there? Watercress, incidentally, is an excellent health food. Analyzed, it sounds like the prescription for a spring tonic—sulphur, iron, iodine and phosphates. What more could one want to clear the blood? It is wise to add a little vinegar to the water when washing it. Try some time, as a change from the everyday breakfast, a salad of watercress and sliced orange, a soft-cooked egg, wholemeal muffins (for roughage) with butter and honey—a delicious meal!

An egg takes its place in the day's diet, even if you are a few pounds overweight. You need the properties it contains. Like-wise milk—never cut down on milk. A pint for every adult is recommended as the minimum daily amount. Much of it is taken in the form of milk puddings, sauces, cream soups, and so on, but you require this quantity of milk for the sake of its bone-building and teeth-preserving properties. If you feel that your figure cannot stand the consumption of a daily glass of milk, drink skimmed milk instead, from which the fat is removed but the essential properties remain.

THIS IS not an article on dietetics, so I am not going to go deeply into the details of what to eat and what not to eat. You know them for yourself. It's only that you need the urge of spring to make you practise them. But, please, may I just remind you—especially if you're all cluttered up inside—of the all-purifying powers of water? Two glasses upon rising, another couple mid-morning, and another in the afternoon will do wonders. Take also a small herbal dose of medicine each morning, if it is necessary. And you'll find that such foods as lettuce, cabbage, raw carrots, bran, wholewheat bread, stewed prunes and figs, raisins, nuts, dates, apples and fresh fruit, are good for what ails you if you work them into your diet.

But important as it is, diet will only half prepare you for the wearing of your spring bonnet. Throughout all the winter I don't suppose you've used the muscles of your body for anything more violent than a daily walk to the office or to the stores for shopping. Maybe I'm wrong; if I am, please forgive me. But I know how fatally easy it is to slip up on those "daily dozen" exercises.

But now, with the outdoors beckoning, and a brand new set of resolutions tucked up your sleeve—the bedroom's not so uncomfortably chilly these mornings either—now is the time to begin to loosen up stiff muscles and tone down the extra poundage you may have accumulated during the winter.

You know, this prejudice against early morning exercise is entirely a matter of viewpoint. It's all wrong to regard it as a painful duty to be got through with as quickly as possible, or, when the spirit weakens, not at all. Why, just the other day at a bridge, the conversation turned, as it so often does, to the woes of routine exercise. Everybody, it seemed, thought it was a revolting idea to waste the last ten minutes of sleep in physical jerks, and everybody said her piece about it, until one woman created a mild sensation by remarking, "Well, for my part, I'd as soon think of foregoing coffee with my breakfast, as my morning exercises. They're such fun!"

And they are, too, when you look on them from that point of view. It's thrilling to feel the stretching of muscles and sinews; delightful, that slitherly feeling of well-being as you begin to wake up inside. Try ten minutes of exercises like those I am listing below each morning for a week. Do them with zest and pleasure, and you'll never dream of wasting those precious ten minutes in sleeping.

The first exercise should always be deep breathing before an open window. It banishes the first yawny tired feeling. As a matter of fact, you needn't restrain yourself to doing this only in the morning. Try its effect as a freshener whenever you are feeling fagged.

1. Stand erect, place the hands lightly on the abdomen, and breathe in deeply. When the lungs are almost full, apply light pressure to the abdomen. Then exhale through the nostrils, at the same time relaxing the pressure of the hands. This is an excellent exercise for developing a flexible body and strong muscles.

2. Kneel on the right knee, place the hands behind the head, keeping the elbows well back. Stretch the left leg sideways so that the knee is straight. Bend the body over toward the stretched leg, return to an upright position and repeat several times. Then reverse the kneeling position and repeat the same movement, bending toward the stretched right leg.

Excellent for the waistline and for developing a graceful figure.

3. Stand erect, feet apart and arms stretched sideways. Turn the body to the right, keeping the arms in line with the shoulders and the knees straight. Bend down until the tips of the right hand touch the inside of the left foot. Return to position and repeat on the other side, touching the right foot with the left hand. This exercise should be done rhythmically.

And here's an exercise that will strengthen and harden the abdominal muscles—an excellent reducer.

4. Lie flat on the back, arms stretched sideways. Raise the legs as far over the body as possible; lower, and repeat several times. The legs must be kept together, and the knees straight.

Here is another exercise to take care of the abdomen and that aggravating roll around the hips:

5. Lie face downwards, perfectly straight. Raise the body by straightening the arms, so that the body rests on the hands and toes. Keeping the body straight, raise the left leg as high as possible, toe pointed. Lower, and repeat with the other leg.

If you ever get a stiff back, this is an exercise especially designed to loosen up the spinal column.

6. Lie on the back, arms outstretched. Raise the legs at right angles to the body. Keeping the legs together, allow them to swing first right and then left.

And here is a leg-stretcher for you, that also helps the abdomen and hips.

7. Lie on the back with the knees bent a little. Raise the body to a sitting position, using the hands to help you. Then bend forward and grasp the feet with the hands.

"Callow brute," muttered Norwood between his teeth, and turned his back upon him, to glare with burning eyes at a print on the wall.

Presently the doctor returned and addressed the stranger. "Boy," he announced laconically. "Both fine. Come up in half an hour."

"Thank God!" burst from the man's pale lips; then he grinned self-consciously.

Norwood displayed impulsive magnanimity. "Congratulations, old chap," he cried, grasping the other's thin knuckles.

"Thanks," returned the father. "That's the fifth, all boys."

Norwood readdressed himself to the print. It was an English sporting print depicting red-coated huntsmen and hounds. It was spotted with mildew and the gilt frame was tarnished, but by concentrating on the scene and counting and recounting the dogs and men Norwood felt he was retaining his reason. "Fifteen, sixteen," he counted. "Oh, and there's another little fellow behind that far horse."

He did not hear the man leave the room, nor the white-capped woman enter it, until she spoke.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lancing," she began gently—but he flung words at her, desperate, irresponsible words. She raised a hand to stay his wild incoherence.

"No, Mr. Lancing, your wife's all right so far. It's the child. She didn't live. We did our best—"

"Never mind the child," cried Norwood. "As long as Iona's come through, it doesn't matter about the child." He felt he ought to be experiencing more regret for the loss of a new little life, but the sudden relief at Iona's escape thrust all other emotions aside. "Can I see her?" he begged.

"I think so," she replied, "in about an hour, but she's very weak. We dare not tell her about the child, Mr. Lancing, so I must warn you to be very careful. The slightest shock would be fatal. We may have to keep the knowledge away from her for several days, if we can."

Norwood winced at the thought of Iona's pain when she knew the truth. He had been surprised at the intensity of her joy at thoughts of the coming infant, and now her arms would be empty. He turned back to the print as the nurse withdrew. He felt suddenly limp and weary now that the worst was over.

Several aeons later the woman returned and conducted him to a white cot and a white-faced wisp of a girl. She left them alone for a short while.

By and by Iona whispered: "Have you seen the baby, Norry? They say I can't have her yet."

Norwood's heart did violent things, but he forced a smile as he bent over her. "No, darling, they're deuced slow in these places. Have to rubber-stamp 'em and file 'em away until they're wanted. Last word in efficiency, you know, old girl."

Iona's face crinkled up in a weary little smile. "I want her so badly, Norry. I wish you'd speak to the nurse about it. I'm so afraid they might mix her up. If anything should happen to her I think I'd die."

Norwood closed his eyes and gripped her fingers until she gave a little cry.

"Norry, you're hurting me, dear. Whatever's the matter?"

He released her hands and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "It's just thankfulness, darling, that everything's all right," he told her, and kissed her as the nurse appeared in the doorway and beckoned him away.

"You'll come back and see me soon?" implored Iona, "and you'll see the baby next time." Her voice was weak, but her words were a challenge to the waiting nurse.

"My dear, I'll absolutely haunt the building until I get you home—and the baby," he added stoutly, and followed the nurse along the ammonia-reeking corridor.

She appeared sorry for him, and asked him to come and see some of the little newly-borns. He followed passively, not caring where he went. She called to one of the other nurses, who came to them with a tiny infant in her capable arms. His nurse

took it from the other who went away to answer the summons of half a dozen lusty pairs of lungs.

"This," said the woman, holding up the rosy mite, "is a little orphan born two hours ago."

In spite of himself Norwood was interested in the little pink creature. He gently inserted a forefinger in the curled fist. "Cute, isn't it?" he admitted. Then the full significance of the nurse's words struck him. "Orphan, you say?" he asked.

"Yes. The young mother died. She didn't want to live, poor child. She lost her husband a couple of months ago in an automobile accident. We were afraid at first that we might not be able to save the baby. The strange thing is that both parents were orphans themselves, and before she died Mrs. Barrow asked us to try and find a good home for the infant."

The good woman sighed, and turned away with the child.

Suddenly Norwood felt propelled by a force stronger than himself, ruthless in its intensity. "I say," he cried in an alien voice, "what sex is that youngster?"

The woman turned in surprise. "A girl," she answered, and paused.

For a moment Norwood hesitated, then Iona's last words strengthened him.

"Do you think," he said unsteadily, "that we might adopt her?"

"Why, of course, Mr. Lancing," she replied, smiling. The Lancings were well known in town. "It would be the most fortunate thing that could happen to the child." She came and stood beside him, and the baby gazed at him with wide, unnoticing eyes.

"Of course," Norwood went on nervously, "I wouldn't want Iona to know—ever. The disappointment would be too great. I don't think anybody had better know except you and me. Could it be managed, do you think?"

The woman was a head nurse and she thought it could. She would have to consult with one of the doctors, but in the interest, of a very sick patient not yet out of dangers she thought matters could be arranged.

Dazed, Norwood hurried home and telephoned his mother. Yes, the baby was a little beauty, a girl. Iona was progressing slowly, but they believed she'd pull through all right. He was going to snatch a bite to eat and hurry back to them.

For three weeks Norwood Lancing lived as a man under a cloud, reasoning with himself until his brain refused to function from sheer mental fatigue. He slept little and ate less. On Iona's return with the pink cherub that was to call him "father" he felt better, for his wife's unrestrained delight in the infant assuaged his conscience. "But for me, of all people, to adopt another man's kid!" he told himself miserably. "If only Iona knew, I wouldn't care." He listened to Iona and her mother striking off on their fingers the points of resemblance between Iona II and her supposed family. The same little fingers as Iona, the identical nose, Norry's eyes—he groaned—and ears like Mrs. Wilcox. He had not the heart to tell her. He felt it would kill her.

NORWOOD LANCING'S eyes were heavy with weariness and his shoulders sagged.

"You see how it was, Mrs. Wilcox, don't you?" he implored. He sat on the extreme edge of Alan Wilcox' grey plush easy-chair and his thin hands hung low between his knees. "What could a man do? I've carried this thing about on my conscience until I felt I'd go mad." He groaned while Mrs. Wilcox watched him, fascinated, a warm glow permeating her body. "You're the only one I dare tell," he went on. "You're so like Iona that it's the next best thing to confessing to her. You've got such an abundance of good sense, I know you'll tell me the right thing to do." He buried his head in his hands and waited.

Mrs. Wilcox rose and crossed the living room to where he sat. She put a loving arm around his bowed shoulders. "My dear boy," she said, a wealth of understanding in her tone.

He raised a white face to hers. "I did it

## Caution: To save lovely teeth—fight film

ONCE this tooth sparkled in a fascinating smile. Today its place is vacant. Film attacked it... covered it with germs which slowly, steadily destroyed it. Poor neglected molar! No use to resist against such odds. At last it had to be taken out.

### What is film?

Film is ever present—in every mouth—on every tooth—constantly accumulating. Sometimes it is invisible—more often it forms a yellow, ugly mask.

Film is soft and sticky. Food particles cling to it. The mineral salts in saliva combine with film to form hard, irritating tartar. This makes gums sore and causes them to bleed.

But film's greatest damage is done through tooth decay. In film are tiny, rod-shaped germs... *Lactobacilli*. This germ throws off enzymes which, in turn, produce strong acid. This acid eats away tooth enamel just as other acids burn holes in cloth or wood. Deeper and deeper goes the acid. Bigger and bigger grows the cavity. Finally the nerve is reached... the root canal infected... and unless repaired in time, results may well prove tragic.

### "What can I do to fight decay?"

Remember this: a clean tooth never decays. To keep teeth clean and free from film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because Pepsodent contains a special film-removing substance.

This film-removing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film-stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in

common use has gained wide recognition.

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it twice a day. See your dentist twice a year.

### See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. At noon—the film detector\* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p. m.—the film detector\* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p. m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

\* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

## Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE IS MADE IN CANADA



# Security

IN THE

## Extra Layers

OF DELONG DELNAPS



...and the Tapered Ends never show

You must have perfect protection every moment... night and day. Only with a napkin of DeLong's extra layers can you be certain. How much more comforting to know you are safe... safely protected and safe from glancing eyes. Delnaps Tapered ends are invisible... nothing can show.

Delnaps have "long-way absorption," an exclusive feature. They absorb towards the ends (not across)... last longer too... so much more economical. Delnaps gauze is different, non-absorbent. Won't chafe because they're softer.

Featured at Over  
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Ask for Delnaps by name... in the convenient Jade-green box. DeLong Hook & Eye Company of Canada, Ltd. St. Marys, Ontario.

DeLong  
**DELNAPS**  
WITH TAPERED ENDS



Therefore, expose all of your forehead in your coiffure. If you part your hair low down, it will tend to make your face look broader. Brush your hair back so that it swirls around and dips well over the temple and comes out softly on the cheek. The other side might either cover the ear or be brushed straight back. That depends on whether your ears are small and pay for showing. It might be effective if you cut a few little bangs to curl on to the temple, on the side on which the hair is parted. Have the hair softly in wide waves. You can do

this yourself if your hair is at all tractable by means of a waving lotion and a hair net. Press the wave in place each night with your fingers, and you can use pins to hold them in place.

If you use rouge you can give your face the appearance of greater breadth by fading it out well toward the ear and stopping short above the lip line in a shallow broad triangle. Pat some rouge just beneath the nose and it will tend to shorten its appearance. A little vaseline smoothed on the upper lid will make the eyes look larger.

## Adopted

(Continued from page 15)

subject. Iona and Norwood were swimming near the boathouse and Mr. Wilcox was fishing across the lake, so the two had the verandah to themselves.

With his hostess Tom was perfectly frank about his conjugal rupture.

"If you had it to do again, Tom—you wouldn't," Mrs. Wilcox suggested.

"Well, Mrs. Wilcox, I don't know," the boy replied slowly, carefully considering his words. He turned his light blue eyes upon her and smiled wearily. "Love's a funny thing, you know. I guess if Matilda were to come through that door at this minute I'd forget everything else but that I'm crazy about her."

"Crazy about her—yet?"

"Yes," he said simply, and for a while there was silence between them. Finally he broke it with: "Of course she's in a mental home now, and she may have to stay there for years, but if they can cure her for good she'll come back to me, and I'll make a home for her again."

"After all," he continued, as Mrs. Wilcox did not speak, "people make too much of the fact that she was adopted. The trouble with Matilda was that she got all her own way with her foster parents. Probably if her own people had brought her up they'd have knocked some sense into her, poor child. I blame the fact that she was adopted for our..." He made a wide gesture with his right arm, and shrugged his thin shoulders. He spoke with emphasis, as though to strengthen himself in his conviction.

Mrs. Wilcox sat still and pondered over Tom's reasoning. The boy's viewpoint was perfectly logical. Her heart began to feel suddenly lighter. After all, Iona's moral training had been of the strictest.

AT THE beginning of April Iona was wed, a fairylike, wispy creature in parchment satin and old lace. Mrs. Wilcox sighed with tearful relief as Alan drove her home from the station. Iona had looked very lovely in her soft blue cloth suit with its squirrel trimming, and the velvet béret to match her eyes. She had shed a few happy tears in her mother's arms before Norwood had drawn her proudly into the day coach. He was radiant, and she and Alan were the sponsors of his joy. At that moment Mrs. Wilcox regretted nothing—nothing.

By and by letters, hastily written, came from Paris and Rome and Vienna. Iona was enraptured over all she saw and heard. She praised the dapper little *sergents de ville* in Paris, the impressive architecture in Rome, the gorgeous Italian skies, and the operas which both she and Norwood had heard in Germany.

"Grand opera, eh?" chuckled her father. "Norry's undertaken her musical education. That boy's a marvel. He'll see that she learns to appreciate just what he appreciates and she'll like it, too. Always get his own way. Good boy, Norry."

Mrs. Wilcox answered him in a low voice. "That's what frightens me, Alan," she said. "He always has until—" She trailed off into silence. Then, "I wouldn't like to face him if he found out," she said.

"Your conscience is over tender, my dear," he returned, smiling happily over some nonsense in the letter he held.

When the honeymooners finally came back they settled down in a substantial brownstone-fronted house that belonged to Norwood's mother. It had been redecorated to harmonize with Iona's elfin loveliness, in soft greens and ivory and touches of pastel shades. They gave a dinner party for the four parents the week of their return.

"Norry's wonderful, mother," Iona laid Mrs. Wilcox's wrap on her pale rose and ivory bedspread. "He's so considerate and charming, and we agree on practically every point. When we were in Rome we saw a man awfully like poor Tom McPherson, and Norry said how he pitied Tom for not being level-headed enough to keep out of that mess. He thinks an awful lot of dad and you, mum. He says I've got your kind heart and dad's good sense." She smiled fondly. "He says you can always judge how a girl will turn out just by her family."

Mrs. Wilcox turned her head to hide the momentary distress that crossed her face. Then: "I'm so glad you're happy, darling," she said, forcing a smile. She kissed the radiant face and smoothed the fair hair lovingly. Even now, with the cords of her deceit ever weaving themselves more tightly about her, Mrs. Wilcox could not find it in her heart to regret her silence.

NORWOOD LANCING paced the hospital waiting-room like a man crazed. He made impetuous vows with himself that with Iona safely out of danger, it should be the last time. He dared not picture life without her, should the worst transpire. He saw her as she was eleven months ago, clinging to her mother on the station platform in her little blue béret with the soft grey fur caressing her flushed cheeks. He thought of her now, upstairs in that awful room, the air heavy with unfamiliar odors. He thought of her mother's hurried call to a dying sister out west, and of the frantic efforts she was now making to be with her daughter in her darkest hour. His mind hovered over his parents' home where an attack of the grippe held his mother a prisoner. He muttered incoherently to himself. "She must live, she must live," he told himself savagely. He cursed the matter-of-fact composure of the doctor who had passed him on his way upstairs.

"She'll be all right," he had been cheerfully casual. "It happens every day, you know. Nothing to worry about."

Norwood continued to measure the waiting-room carpet with slow, tortured steps. Presently a fellow-sufferer joined him, and they exchanged civilities.

"Nervous as a kitten every time," the other remarked unsteadily, his eyes twitching. He had pale-blue prominent eyes, Norwood noted vaguely, and a concave chest.

"Every time!" echoed Norwood. Man, I wouldn't go through this again for a million dollars. Last time for me, I assure you."

The stranger smiled wearily. "I know, old chap," he sympathized. "I felt like that the first time. Got a little used to it now, but it's a pretty anxious time."



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Saved both!

"I know now what damage underarm perspiration and odor can do!

"A ruined dress was bad enough. But it almost spoiled my life as well. Thank goodness, I discovered Odo-ro-no in time to save my other dresses—and my happiness."

Stained dresses and offensive odor are inevitable if perspiration in the confined underarm area is tolerated. Odo-ro-no is the one sure way to prevent it.

Odo-ro-no safely diverts this perspiration to surfaces where it escapes unnoticed. There's nothing greasy about Odo-ro-no. It protects your dresses completely. Keeps them—and you—dainty and sweet. You save money in clothes. Men remain devoted to your charm.

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**ODO-RO-NO REGULAR**  
for use before retiring—  
gives 3 to 7 days' complete  
protection. 35¢, 60¢, \$1.  
—with the exclusive en-  
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**INSTANT ODO-RO-NO**  
is for quick use—while  
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1 to 3 days' protection.  
35¢, 60¢, \$1—with ap-  
plicator.



**ODO-RO-NO**  
MADE IN CANADA

bob-cat, with a snarl, drew back into the shelter of the bushes.

In a moment or two Tabitha sprang from Linda's arms, raced up Ned Farrell's legs as if he were a tree, and draped herself about his neck like a fur tippet. Then she sprang down again and looked around anxiously to see if her bob-cat was sharing in this happy reunion. He was nowhere to be seen. She tore back up the bank, with an anxious yowl, to find him, and disappeared into the underbrush. Mrs. Farrell started after her, calling "Tabitha! Tabitha!" But her husband caught her by the arm.

"Don't chase her," said he. "Wait, and she'll come back."

"Oh, do you suppose she really will?" queried Linda, half crying.

"Sure," answered her husband, more wise than she in the ways of animals. "Can't you see she's got a lover and she must explain to him? She wants him to come along and be introduced. But he's just a wild bob-cat, and you can bet your life she won't get him out of those bushes."

From the bushes now came soft yowlings, and murmurs, and harsh protests; while the Farrells stood waiting there on the beach, Ned Farrell hopefully, but his wife with tearful misgivings. Being herself feminine and primitive, she could not quite share her husband's confidence as to the outcome of that parley in the bushes.

Presently Tabitha emerged from the covert; and to Farrell's surprise her wild lover came with her. He came out into plain view, and stood looking down at these two man-creatures beside the water. But there his heart failed him. He had always known man as his relentless enemy and, by

all odds, the most dangerous of all the beasts of the wood. Tabitha might be able to manage the creatures, but he knew he couldn't. He stood there, yowling; and Tabitha stalked down deliberately to the canoe, every now and then stopping to yowl back at him, half persuasively and half impatiently. It was quite incomprehensible to her that he should be afraid of her beloved master and mistress. Linda Farrell caught her up in her arms and held her fast, while Ned Farrell thrust the canoe into the water. "Hop in and let's be off," said he, "before the little hussy changes her mind."

As they paddled away, and the space of water widened between canoe and shore, the bob-cat came half way down the beach and yowled after them dolefully; and Tabitha put her paws on the gunwale and yowled back at him, no doubt trying to assure him, quite mistakenly, that she would soon see him again.

"We'd better get right home with her," said Ned Farrell, "and snatch a bite of lunch as we go. We daren't trust Tabitha ashore again with those potent arguments ringing in her ears."

"Oh Tab, Tab," said Linda, "I fear you have been most dreadfully indiscreet. I wonder what your kittens will be like!"

"The kittens, if any, will certainly be unique to look at, no doubt," responded her husband, bending resolutely to his paddle. "But they'll be wild as hawks, and savage as weasels, and in the end you'll have to present them to the Zoo."

"Nonsense," protested Linda. "I'll make them love me."

"Well," grinned her husband, "if you can't, who could?"

## The Care of a Hardwood Floor

(Continued from page 25)

lasting finish. When the wax is built up of wax only, three coats at least are needed, each polished.

### WHAT MAKES a good wax?

The object of this modern wax finish is threefold: To protect the wood from scratches; to waterproof the surface so that stain and odor-bearing liquids cannot reach the wood; and to provide a hard polished surface, to which dust and lint particles cannot cling. A good wax, therefore, must be pliable, bending under heavy blows without breaking; lasting, and not quickly worn or wiped off; and finally, hard enough to polish to a high gloss.

There are certain vegetable waxes which in a raw state look and feel like rocks. Most of them are tropical products, obtained from the stems of palm trees, and these are acknowledged to be among the best and most durable waxes for floors. They are so

tough and hardwearing, and take such a bright polish. By themselves they are too hard for ordinary household use, only melting or softening at all at a temperature of about 180 or 190 degrees. Good floor waxes are a combination of these hard waxes, with enough of a softer wax to allow a free and easy spread. Too soft a wax, though easily distributed, wears off as easily, and generally leaves a sticky surface that soon collects enough surface dust to dim the polish.

In applying wax it is important to spread it thinly, so that it will polish easily and evenly, and leave no lumps to gather dirt and dust. Both paste and liquid waxes are most easily applied on a fold of cheesecloth, clamped to a standard floor waxer and polisher. The cheesecloth may be washed out afterward in warm, soapy water.

Polishing brushes are carefully weighted to bring up the polish in as few and as easy strokes as possible, either on the paste or liquid wax. There are new liquid waxes on the market that do not need polishing at all. Spread it on the floor, let it dry for twenty minutes, and there it is!

Wax is equally effective on hardwood floors, painted floors, inlaid or plain linoleum or tiling. Floors of special composition, however, such as rubber or cork, usually need special treatment, readily described by the manufacturers.

## UNANSWERED PRAYERS

By Elizabeth V. Munro

I like to think  
That every little gift of life I craved  
And was denied,  
Has gone, some other lonely soul to  
cheer.  
That every wish  
I breathed to Heaven's blue and saw  
no more  
Has winged its way  
To some sad heart and wiped away a  
tear.

For only God  
Can know the things we need to fill  
our lives,  
And so it is,  
That when resentment burns within my  
soul,  
I try to think  
He sends the answers to my futile  
prayers,  
Where they will help  
Another weary one to reach the goal.

# When in PAIN remember this:

## ASPIRIN

DISSOLVES *immediately*



TAKES HOLD *instantly*

RELIEVES *at once!*

Time counts when you're in pain! You want the quickest relief that's safe! So stick to Aspirin—the tablet that gets to work—gets to the seat of pain—gets *action*.

Aspirin is absolutely safe—or doctors would not use it in their daily practice and endorse the general use of this remedy.

Aspirin has speed—or it would not be the first thing nearly everybody thinks of to relieve an ache or pain nor would it be the largest seller in Canada.

Remember these things whenever anybody tries to sell you something in its place. There is nothing quite like Aspirin. There is nothing that acts the same way; nothing that gives you the same measure of relief.

There are no ingredients in Aspirin to upset the stomach. There is nothing in Aspirin that will depress the heart. No ill effects from these tablets; you could take them every day in the year without harm to the system. And as often as you take them, you will always get the desired relief.

For headaches, colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, for periodic pains, stick to tablets of Aspirin. They cost very little, especially if you buy them in bottles of 100 at the new reduced price.

A box of 12 tablets to slip in the pocket; a bottle of 24 for your travel bag; bottle of 100 for economy. All sizes always on sale everywhere, and proven directions in each package.

## There's nothing like

# ASPIRIN

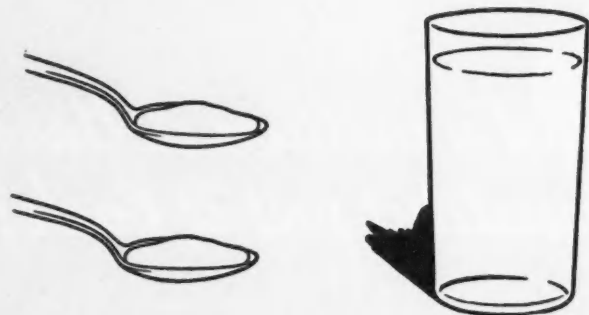
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# HOW TO TELL ACID STOMACH

## Almost Instant Relief This Way



**TAKE**—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

According to many authorities, some 80% of the people of today have acid stomach. This because so many foods, comprising the modern diet, are acid forming foods.

It usually makes itself felt in headaches, nausea, "gas," "biliousness," and most frequently in stomach pains that come about thirty minutes after eating. So you can easily tell if you have it.

### Now Quickly and Easily Corrected

If you do have acid stomach, don't worry about it. You can correct it in a very simple manner. Just do this. It will *alkalize* your acid soaked stomach almost immediately. You will feel like another person.

**TAKE**—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia with a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

# PHILLIPS'

## MILK OF MAGNESIA

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

**What This Does**  
That's all you do. But you do it regularly, **EVERY DAY**, so long as you have any symptoms of distress.

This acts to neutralize the stomach acids that foster your "upset" stomach, that invite headaches and that feeling of lassitude and lost energy.

Try it. Results will amaze you. Your head will be clear. You'll forget you have a stomach.

**BUT**—be careful that you get **REAL** milk of magnesia when you buy; genuine **PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia**. See that the name "Phillips" is stamped clearly on the label.

### ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



for Iona," he said brokenly, in an attempt at further self-vindication. "If you say I must tell her, I will. But you'll have to help me. I couldn't face her alone."

Mrs. Wilcox bent and kissed the furrowed brow. "Norry, my son," she said, her hand pressing heavily on his shoulder, "of course we mustn't tell her. Nobody must know, not even your parents." She paused as her quickened heart-beats unsteady her voice. The turn events had taken was almost overpowering. Presently she went on softly: "This will be a life-long secret between us. And I know of a truth, Norry—she spoke with marked emphasis—"that an adopted child will entangle herself in your

heart-strings just like your own, and if you and Iona should have other children the disclosure of our little deceit would only complicate matters for everybody concerned."

She felt a shudder pass through him, and then he reached up and put an arm about her waist.

"Thank the Lord I don't have to tell her Mrs. Wilcox," he breathed with infinite gratitude. Then he smiled. "After all, the kid deserves a chance. And, by George," he cried, with rising enthusiasm, "I'll see that she gets it!"

And it seemed to Mrs. Wilcox that sudden unseen presences hovered over them like a benediction.

## Tabitha Blue

(Continued from page 26)

pale, cruel eyes from the covert of a bush some thirty yards away. He thought she was a curious-looking animal, with her long smoke-blue fur and wide ruff, but he at length decided she would be good to eat. He bounded forth from the thicket, crouched low, and crept slowly and stealthily forward, his eyes staring straight into Tabitha's as she sat up and watched that sinister approach.

The bob-cat—or lesser lynx, or *lynx rufus*, as the scientific gentlemen are wont to call him—confidently expected that Tabitha, recognizing her peril, would wheel about and burst into frenzied flight. Then he would be upon her with that terrific, lightning rush which, in a short distance, few can hope to elude. But nothing was farther from Tabitha's thoughts than flight. She saw only a great big splendid cat—queer-looking, indeed, but wonderfully handsome. She fell in love with him on the spot. She gave a soft little yowl of welcome.

The bob-cat paused for a moment in his crouching advance. Then he rose to his full height. His sharp ears went forward. His thick stub tail stood erect. Why, the strange creature which he had been stalking was a cat—undoubtedly a cat, and moreover a very attractive cat, if somewhat odd in color and in hirsute adornment. The murderous glare in his eyes faded into interest. He trotted up the slope, murmuring in his throat, and broke at last into that harsh yowling which was the love song of his kind. It was about as melodious as the voice of a buzz-saw, but it was music to Tabitha's ears.

TABITHA WAS a young thing. This was her first love affair, and altogether intoxicating. The bob-cat was a veteran of many affairs, all fleeting. His sweethearts had invariably left him. And he had been well content to have it so, for he was a solitary beast and hunted alone. But this case was so different. Tabitha would hardly let him out of her sight. And presently he found that he did not want to be out of her sight. She was so utterly unlike all his former mates of a day that his wild heart was ensnared. He forgot to roam. He became, for the time at least, as monogamous as a wolf or a coyote.

Now began a very happy existence for Tabitha. She and her rough admirer hunted together, doing clever team work. One of them would chase a rabbit into the very jaws of the other; and by this kind of co-operation, or collusion, they occasionally managed to outwit even a striped chipmunk or a squirrel. Only the extremely wise Whiskey Jacks invariably eluded them, though continually taunting and defying them. This was because the jays went always in pairs, and one would keep watch

while the other baited the pair of hunters.

Presently they began to cover a wider range in their hunting, as game grew scarce in the neighborhood of Tabitha's lair. But the big bob-cat tried in vain to lure her away to another part of the forest. Always, when tired of the hunt, she would head straight back to her pine-tree on the point, from which she could look down on the stranded tree-trunk and make sure it was still there. And when Tabitha was definitely bound for home, the bob-cat, with a docility utterly foreign to him, would follow not far behind her. Strangely and suddenly had she come into his life, and he seemed to have an uneasy feeling that she might as suddenly and strangely pass out of it.

NEARLY TWO months had now gone by since Tabitha had drifted away on that vagrant tree-trunk. The Farrells were beginning to talk regretfully of their return to town. They had given up all hope of ever seeing Tabitha again. Several times they had marked an eagle winging high over the bungalow; and once Ned Farrell had taken a vindictive shot at him, hoping to avenge Tabitha's death. But the range was too long, and only a feather from the marauder's tail had come floating down to him. "I'd like to put a bullet in his gizzard," he muttered grimly.

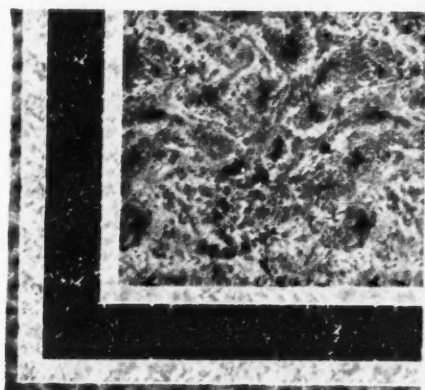
One morning the Farrells decided to make an all day trip far down the river. Hitherto they had been content to explore three or four miles in either direction, getting all the fishing they wanted at the mouths of spring brooks within that area. But a passing forest-ranger, who had stopped one day for lunch at the bungalow, had told them of a stream flowing in from the north some ten or eleven miles down, which had a stretch of deep dead water near its mouth. These dead waters, he said, were the resort of immense trout, true *Fontinalis*, running up to five or six pounds in weight, and only to be taken with a dry fly, preferably a black or white midge. They had long talked about the ranger's story, and whipped those dead waters in imagination; and now, with the day of their departure drawing near, they decided to put his tale to the test. Early one morning they set forth in their canoe, down along the north shore of the river.

Toward noon they came to the mouth of a sluggish stream. They turned their prow into it. Here was the deep and dark dead-water, just as they had been told. But the shores were swampy; and they were hungry; and they decided that the noon hour was no time to cast a fly anyway. They paddled on down the river for perhaps a mile, and came to a pleasant strip of beach with a big bleached tree-trunk stranded upon it. The stranded tree-trunk made a good landing place. They went ashore and pulled up the canoe.

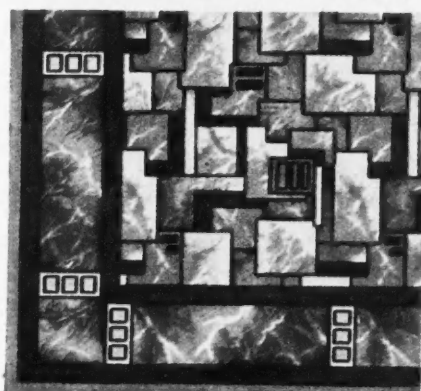
At this moment, out from the bushes fifty yards up the bank came Tabitha, with a big bob-cat behind her but only half emerging from the covert. Linda Farrell caught sight of her at once. She clapped her hands and jumped up and down in her excitement.

"Oh, Oh, Tab, my Tab, come here," she ran forward, her face radiant; and Tabitha, fairly hurling herself down the slope, leaped into her arms, meowing joyously. The

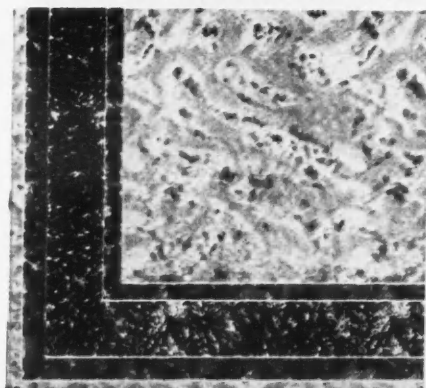
# When is a BARGAIN not a Bargain?



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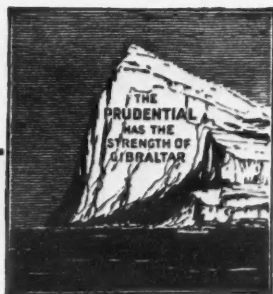
The idea is adaptable to individual needs. You can purchase with present funds an income to begin some years hence, perhaps making further purchases later as you are able. Two persons can buy a joint income to continue to the survivor after the death of the first.

Our Retirement Annuity policy enables you to secure these advantages by spreading your purchase cost equally from now to the age you choose.

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**THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY  
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EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President

HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.

## Keep Watch on Their Eyesight

(Continued from page 22)

school work. The headaches soon vanished and even her disposition improved. Very often public clinics which can supply care and operations free, have no funds for glasses. Curiously enough, their staff may diagnose the fault but not have the ability to carry out their own visual prescriptions from their own budget.

Every mother now knows that at birth no baby's eyesight is safe that has not had nitrate of silver injected immediately. This treatment has greatly reduced infant blindness. If a baby's eyes become red and swollen and discharge matter, send for a doctor or take the child to a hospital. Each hour's delay adds to the danger. Bathe the eyes every half hour with cotton dipped in boric acid solution—one teaspoonful of boric acid to one cupful of boiling water, used when still warm but not hot. Use a fresh piece of cotton for each eye and burn at once. This condition is contagious for every member of the family. Allow nobody to belittle such symptoms as a cold or to advise home remedies. Delay may result in blindness.

Passing over infancy, the eyes should always be shielded during a nap or sun bath, and at all times from the glare of the sun or the glare of artificial light. When we realize that whenever we view an object, we usually see this object by the light which is reflected from it to our eyes, we can readily see why the glare of too much light is painful to the eyes. We know now that it can be as harmful as insufficient light.

In children's diseases always follow the doctor's instructions for the care and protection of the eyes, particularly during measles. Bear in mind that during any convalescence a child's eyes have become weakened, and that prolonged use of the eyes at this time is dangerous to its future vision. A shock, a jolt, or strain or mimicry may be sufficient to change the muscular control of eyes that are already weak.

**FROM INFANCY** teach your child not to rub his fingers into his eyes. Foreign substance, if not skilfully and hygienically removed, can cause permanent injury. The old method of using a saliva-moistened handkerchief is to be avoided. The proper way is given by an eyesight specialist of the Better Vision Institute:

"If a foreign body gets beneath the upper lid, ask the patient to look down, then take hold of the eyelash with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Pull the eyelid downward and slightly away from the eyeball. Evert it by placing midway between the eyelashes and the eyebrow the tip of the thumb of the right hand, and gently making the same movement that would be required to turn back the edge of the cuff of a sleeve. During all of this, the patient must look steadily downward. If the particle rests on the under surface of the lid, it can now be seen and removed with the corner of a clean handkerchief or cotton on the end of a match stick. Saliva often contains an active germ and many eyes have been lost through saliva-moistened instruments. Flaxseed and the injection of other matter are equally dangerous."

In summer the full glare of the sun can rupture tiny blood vessels. These cases should be taken to the eyesight specialist. If only temporary congestion, cold applications alternated after an hour with hot applications may help. For eyes irritated and red from dust, wind or exposure, cold and damp compresses are helpful. In accidents, cuts or injuries may cause deep ulceration of the cornea. Only an eyesight specialist can detect the extent of the trouble. Points of scissors or forks or the

jab of a pin, if the cut is within the danger zone of the ciliary region, are highly dangerous.

The children's game most likely to endanger eyes, according to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness in America, is "peggy." This game employs a peg of wood, which after being hit goes directly toward the face. This game, endangering passers-by as well as participants, is forbidden on the streets in many cities. Bows and arrows, air rifles and other weapons are responsible for tragic loss of vision among children. The Society also urges that parents instruct their children, in cutting with a penknife, to cut away from the face. Any damage here is often followed by sympathetic inflammation of the other eye and probable blindness, as well as a visual defect in the eye really injured. In all cases of cuts to the eyeball, one should see an eyesight specialist or eye surgeon without delay. So sympathetic are the nerves of the eyes that if the sight is completely lost in one eye from any one of a certain group of causes it is imperative to remove that eye. In the case of one little boy who faced total blindness within a year if the lost eye were not removed at once, due to the objections of his parents a court order for the operation had to be secured. Otherwise his good eye would have totally lost its sight.

A disease said to be common among children is one that eyesight specialists point out may be reduced by the education of parents who properly supervise eyesight as the priceless heritage of their children. This which may permanently injure the sight is "phlyctenular keratitis." It comes indirectly from a physical condition in the bones or glands.

Experts have recommended that the near-sighted child must not be permitted to do close eye work until his condition is improved under skilled optical care. For the boy or girl with progressive myopia, in addition to this same optical treatment, the physical health must be built up. Outdoor life with long hours of rest and simple diet for the child should aid the oculist or the optometrist in his treatment.

**TAKE YOUR** children to the eye specialist as regularly as to a dentist. If eye glasses are prescribed, see that they are tested for changes in the vision, and also changes in the features. A school teacher reported to the Better Vision Institute recently that a boy was wearing glasses that he had outgrown. With the change in the size of his face they even handicapped his vision. Glasses now come in nonshatterable glass which makes it safe for any children wearing them to indulge in baseball and other rough sports.

There are thousands of adults who are handicapped for life by serious eye defects that in their childhood could have been caught and completely eradicated through simple, preventive recognition and treatment that the oculist or optometrist is skilled to detect and give. It is a tragic fact that there are hundreds of thousands of children who are needlessly totally blind. That blindness is progressive is one of its cruelties, and yet one of its saving qualities if action is taken in time. Eye surgery and optical skill have never been so highly developed as today for the protection and conservation of eyesight. When we fail to take our child periodically for eye examinations as a preventive measure, we are ignoring one of the biggest single factors that can protect and fortify the future powers of the child as an adult.

In the words of the specialist of the Better Vision Institute who with other public-spirited organizations are seeking to enlarge the public's information and concern over the conservation of sight: "A child temporarily in eyeglasses—and most children's eye troubles need only to be thus temporarily treated—his future sight is being ensured. Teach your child not to illtreat or misuse his eyes or to carry sharp or pointed objects near his eyes as he runs or plays. Upon his eyes his future depends."

# H O U S E K E E P I N G

Chatelaine's Department of Home Management

Conducted by  
**THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE**

Helen G. Campbell,  
Director





*Canada*  
takes pride in  
**AYLMER**  
FINE FLAVOURED FRUITS

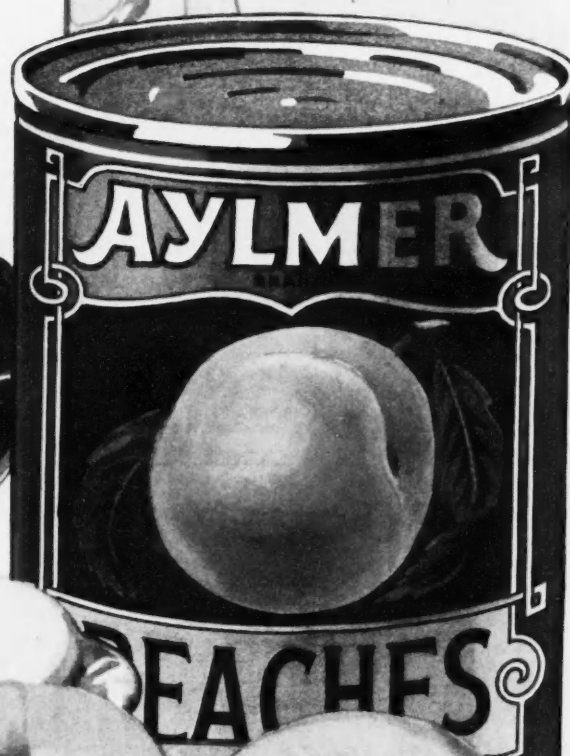
It's the crisp northern climate and mellow sunshine that bring out the full flavour and delicious goodness of Canadian Fruits. That is why they are considered so much superior to those grown in southern climates—that is why AYLMEF Fruits are famous for their unexcelled quality.

To Mother Nature (who supplies the perfect Canadian climatic conditions) goes the credit for flavouring AYLMEF Fruits so delicately and lusciously—but, it is the AYLMEF Canning process that brings out the full natural flavour.

To secure the very finest quality of Canadian Fruits obtainable, AYLMEF owns and operates several large fruit farms, thus assuring the high quality required of all AYLMEF Products.

AYLMER Fruits offer you wide variety at surprisingly modest cost. Serve them often . . . let them bring a dash of summer sunshine to winter meal times . . . a fresh, flavourful treat to awaken jaded appetites.

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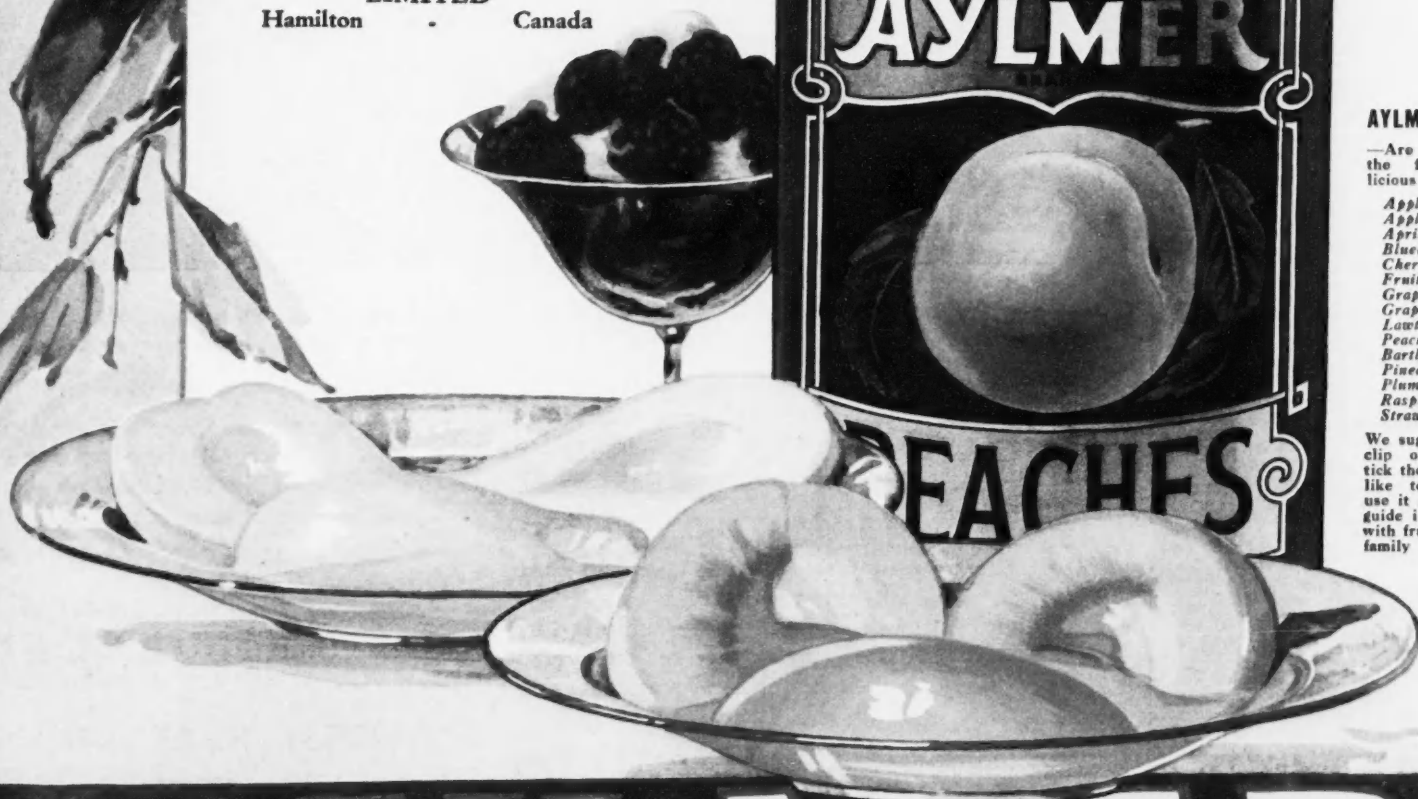


**AYLMER FRUITS**

—Are obtainable in the following delicious varieties:

Applesauce  
Apples  
Apricots  
Blueberries  
Cherries  
Fruits for Salad  
Grapefruit  
Grapefruit Juice  
Lawtonberries  
Peaches  
Bartlett Pears  
Pineapple  
Plums  
Raspberries  
Strawberries

We suggest that you clip out this list, tick those you would like to serve and use it as a shopping guide in stocking up with fruits the whole family will like!



**AYLMER**

you have a wide choice in style, size, color, price and other details. There are so many good makes on the market that you cannot go far wrong in buying the product of a reliable manufacturer, provided you select one large enough for your purpose and offering the features you've set your heart on. Closed and open elements have both proved satisfactory, so here again it is a question of individual preference. Look at the oven—and in it—and note where it is placed. The side oven is desirable from the standpoint of convenience, but if space is limited, you may want it under, or directly over, the cooking surface. Temperature and time control is standard equipment on many of the higher priced models, but you can have one put on a less expensive range. It's worth the small extra charge to simplify cooking and save uncertainty.

Gas ranges come in a variety of designs, finishes and sizes, and will give you quick and efficient service at reasonable cost. Consider the points already mentioned and you can find one to suit you, whether you are looking for a modest one or one with all the modern improvements. If gas or electricity is not available, there are dependable oil stoves you can count on to do a good job and an oil burner which can be attached to a coal or wood range and give splendid satisfaction. Gasoline ranges too are available and up-to-date ones can be used with comfort and safety.

Don't be tempted to stint in this matter of a range or to buy one too small to accommodate your needs comfortably, or to meet the extra demands of entertaining. Get the best you can afford; it is something you don't replace every once in a while, and a good stove is a joy for ever!

To the housekeeper nowadays the refrigerator is as important as the cook stove. A good one will save you money, for it prevents waste, and keeps food in an excellent condition. The selection is no trivial affair; consider well for if you buy the right one now, you won't have to settle the question again for many years. You can have one cooled by electricity, gas or ice, in a size to suit you; in the finish you like and at a price which is reasonable. Cost counts, of course, but proper construction and good insulation even more so. You cannot depend on satisfactory performance without that, and you must be sure of low temperature for perishable supplies. Make sure it is sturdy, well built and silent in operation.

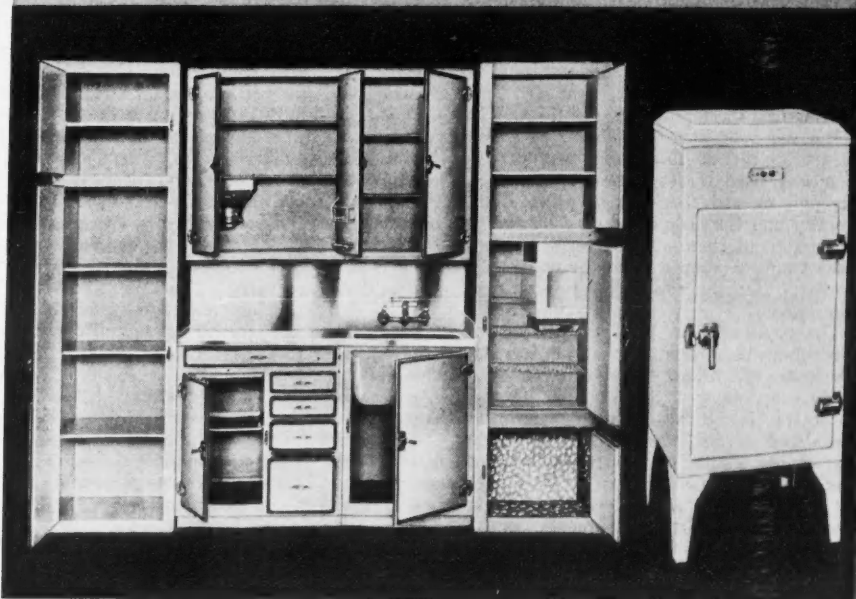
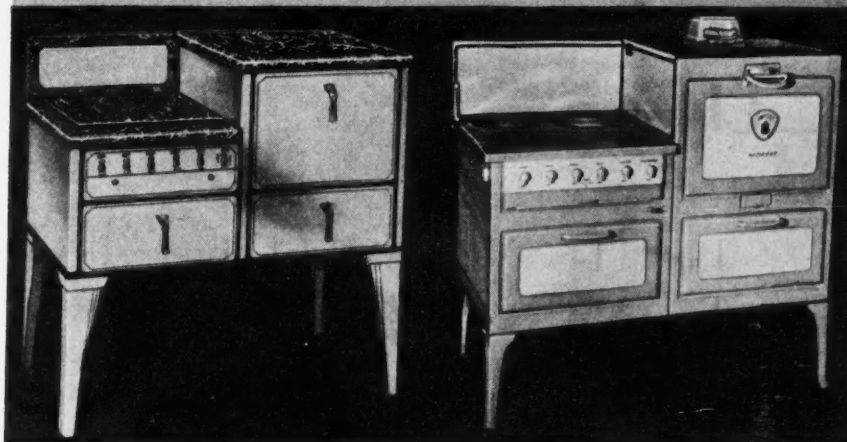
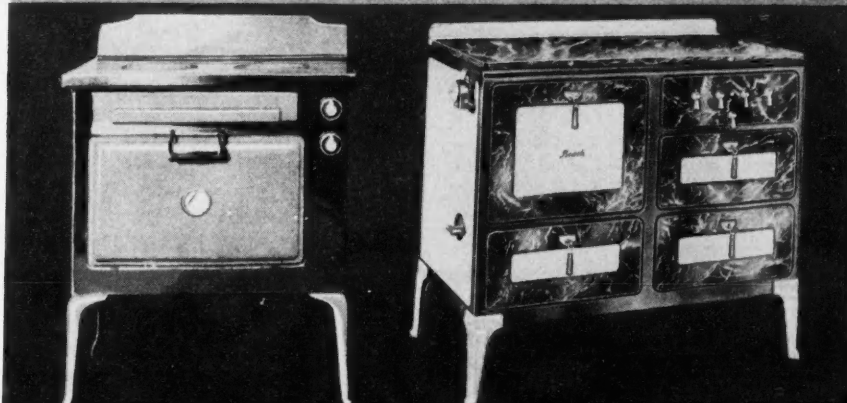
A POOR REFRIGERATOR is poor economy, and so is too small a one or one which does not bear the trade-mark of a reliable manufacturer. Open the door and get inside information as to the finish of the food compartment; see if it is easy to clean, spacious enough, and protected against outside temperatures by a tightly fitting, well-swung door.

Then the sink. You have to make up your mind about that according to your pocket-book, your space and your preference. But you can be sure of finding what you want in whatever material or design you would like to have in your kitchen. One drain board or two? You'll break fewer dishes with the double style as you have a place to stack them. But it takes up more room and you have to think about that. You can have a combination type with sink and laundry tub—excellent for the apartment or modest home—or the kind with a dishwasher fitted in at one end. Depends on your circumstances. Get a swinging faucet, then you can push it back out of your way and regulate the temperature of the water flow. A hose attachment with a fine spray is a great little gadget for rinsing dishes, cleaning vegetables and that sort of thing. Remember a sink will last for years, so don't cut down too much here. And do have it placed at the right height for you, in a good light.

You'll need to think of cupboard space and working surfaces, for any housekeeper feels lost without enough shelves and places to put things down. Up-to-the-minute kitchen units are made of wood or metal and may be grouped to fit any space. The manufacturer will give you advice and help in assembling what you require and in using your wall space to the best advantage. Many combinations of the units are possible—to suit any size or shape of room and you can achieve the compact convenience so desirable for efficiency. Then you have a place for things—food staples, linen, dishes, cleaning supplies and other odds and ends.

You'll likely need at least one porcelain-top table and they come in various sizes. Have a small one on casters to move about easily and save innumerable steps. And a step stool of sturdy construction will be a great convenience for reaching high shelves, putting up curtains or to use when you are preparing vegetables, making salads or doing a thousand and one other jobs which you can do as well, or better, when you are seated comfortably. A ventilating fan for the kitchen window is the enemy of cooking odors and poor ventilation. If you have used one you will feel you can hardly get along without it. The electric fan—the kind you can carry about—can be used to good advantage if you feel you can't afford the ventilator just now.

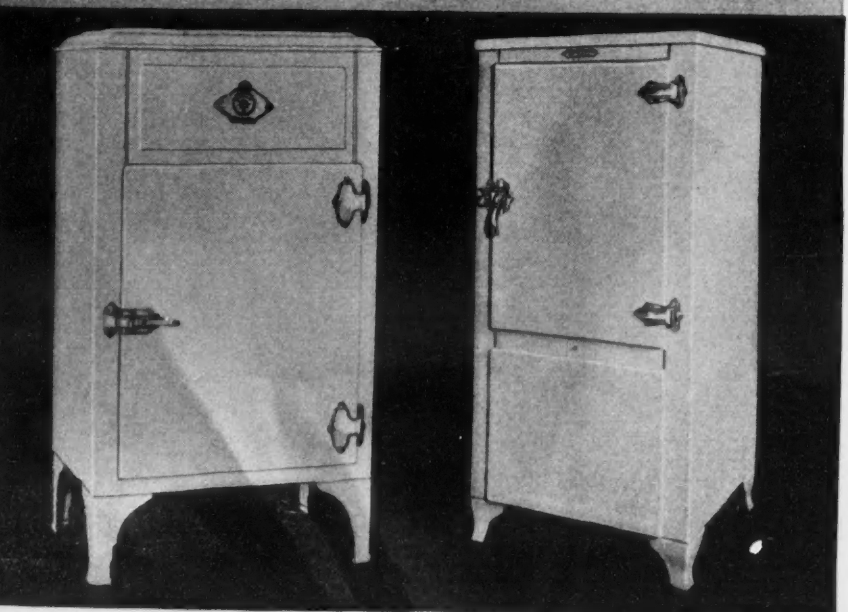
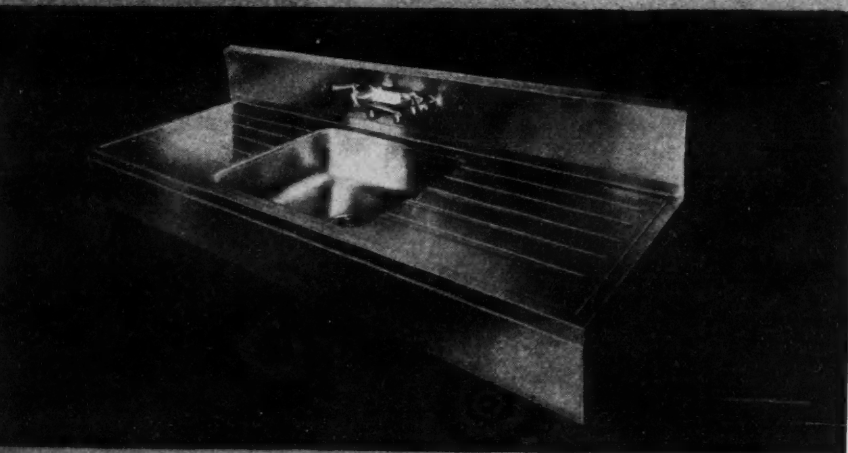
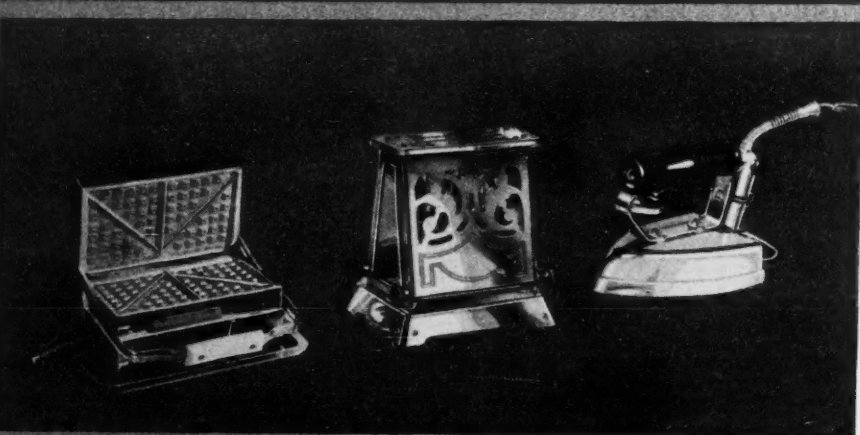
There are all sorts of electric appliances you will love to have: a mixer which beats, stirs or whips with ease and thoroughness, extracts the juice from lemons or other fruits and does a variety of odd jobs exceedingly well; a toaster to turn out crisp slices, browned just to your [Continued on page 54]



## Photographs on these pages

illustrating some of the equipment available for the new kitchen, were taken through the co-operation of the following firms. Beginning at top, left-hand page: **Aluminum utensils** the Duro Metal Wares, Ltd., and Aluminum Goods Ltd. **Cookie Press**, the Procs Mfg. Co. **Toaster and electric iron**, Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd. **Waffle Iron**, the Canadian Westinghouse Co. Ltd. **Monel Metal Sink**, International Nickel Company of Canada Ltd. **Refrigerator**, the Canadian Westinghouse Co. Ltd., and the Northern Electric Co. Ltd. **Electric Mixer**, the Flexible Shaft Co. Ltd. **Thermometers**, the Taylor Instrument Cos. **Rangette**, the Tudhope Metal Specialties Ltd. **Gas stove**, the Beach Foundry Ltd. **Electric Ranges**, the Northern Electric Co. Ltd., and Moffat's Ltd. **Kitchen Units**, the Ruddy Mfg. Co. **Refrigerator**, The Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd.





# That New Kitchen

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director, the Chatelaine Institute

**T**HERE IS as much thrill in furnishing and equipping the new kitchen as there is in assembling the trousseau. As much satisfaction in developing an attractive color scheme for this room as in settling on the bridesmaids' costumes. As much enjoyment shopping for the right range or refrigerator, or other pieces down to the last gadget, as there is in finding that "perfect duck" of an evening wrap. As much opportunity to exercise your good taste and practical common sense.

It is really much more important to plan a kitchen as near your ideal as possible than it is to arrange the kind of wedding you've dreamed of. Leave the big fashionable affairs to those with bulging pocket-books, but if you want to be thrifty, put your extra cheque into something special for the new home. And what better place to spend it than in your own little kingdom—the kitchen?

Nobody but yourself can plan all the details for you. And anyway you wouldn't want them to. It's your workshop and surely you have the last "say-so." But if this is your debut in the rôle of chatelaine, it will be wise to look about you and seek the help of those who can come to your aid: Mother, because she knows from experience what's wrong with her own kitchen and what she would have different; the manufacturers of equipment, many of whom have service departments for just this purpose; the shops which assemble and display these products and advise you in their choice; interior decoration departments with trained staffs who know how to get pleasing effects. Take advantage of their co-operation and apply your own good judgment in settling on what just suits your own particular taste and requirements.

Perhaps *Chatelaine* Institute can be of assistance. Our first advice is to study your room, its shape, size, the number of windows, the exposure, the amount of wall space. Then with pencil and paper, a list of essential equipment and another list of those things you would like to have, arrange and rearrange until you have a definite scheme. Is it a brand new kitchen or an old one that needs remodelling? Or is it an apartment with certain appliances already in place? Is it wired for electricity or piped for gas or is it in a section of the country where these conveniences are not available? You have to think of all these things in order to select and purchase wisely and, of course, you should consider the amount of money at your disposal, then make it go as far as you can.

So let's go shopping. Let's look first at the range for, of course, that is one of the essentials. Electric, gas or oil? If it's an electric stove you're after,

## Features of the April Institute pages:

### Title Page

Easter Lilies. Photograph by Alan Sangster.

### That New Kitchen

What a pleasure to plan it correctly!

### Beginner's Luck

It depends, after all, on careful planning and good management.

### The Perfect Omelet

Read the Institute's advice—and then astonish the family.

### Meals of the Month

April comes into the menus for every family.

### The Domestic Workshop

News notes for the kitchen.

# \$1000 FOR NAMES! *Another Mystery Cake*

First Prize \$250 • Second Prize \$100 • Third Prize \$50 • 60 Prizes of \$10 Each



"I use and recommend Magic Baking Powder because I know it is pure and free from harmful ingredients," says Miss M. McFarlane, Dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. Her statement is particularly interesting, for Miss McFarlane's opinion is based on a thorough knowledge of food chemistry—as well as on practical cooking experience.

## Here's Miss M. McFarlane's Recipe ... Can you name it?

½ cup butter  
1 cup sugar (granulated)  
2 cups pastry flour (or 1¾ cups bread flour)  
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¾ cup chopped walnuts  
½ cup strong coffee (strained and cold)  
3 egg whites

Cream butter thoroughly; add gradually sugar, creaming well with butter. (Note: —It is the thorough beating and blending of these first ingredients that lay the foundation of the final texture of your cake.) Measure dry ingredients—sift together twice. Add dry ingredients alternately with the strained cold coffee.

Beat thoroughly until all ingredients are evenly blended. Add chopped walnuts. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour batter into greased pans—filling only two-thirds full. Bake in oven 350° F. for 25 minutes.

### FROSTING

3 tablespoons butter  
1 tablespoon cocoa (dry)  
2 tablespoons strong coffee  
1 cup icing sugar (or more)

Cream butter with 2 tablespoons sugar; add liquid. Sift remaining sugar with cocoa. Add to butter. Beat till light and fluffy. Note: To have an icing with a smooth glazed surface, use liquid hot.

## Miss M. McFarlane created the Recipe for this MAGIC MYSTERY CAKE

Get busy . . . join the thousands of Canadian women taking part in these fascinating contests . . .

HOW about putting an extra \$250 in your pocketbook? Here's your chance. Name this Magic Mystery Cake. Perhaps you'll be the lucky winner of that first prize.

Miss M. McFarlane worked out the interesting recipe for this month's mystery cake. It's a recipe that's simple and economical. You'll like its delicious flavor, too!

Canadian housewives everywhere are going to be naming Miss McFarlane's Mystery Cake this month. Read the recipe. Then think of the very best name you can to describe it.

Better still—make the cake yourself, if you like. Then you'll know first-hand how good it is. And be sure to use Magic Baking Powder—as Miss McFarlane advises.

Other well-known food experts throughout the Dominion share Miss McFarlane's high opinion of Magic. In fact, the majority of them use and recommend Magic *exclusively* because it gives consistently better results.

Make up your mind to enter this Magic Mystery Cake contest right now. Try to win one of the 63 cash prizes.

### CONTEST RULES Read Carefully

- 1 Contest is for residents of Canada and Newfoundland only.
- 2 All you do is name the mystery cake. Only one name from each person.
- 3 PRINT at the top of your paper in ink (or typewrite) "Miss McFarlane's Mystery Cake." Under this, print your suggestion for a name. Then, in the lower right-hand corner, print your own name and address, clearly and neatly. Do not use pencil.
- 4 Do not send the cake itself—just the name and your own name and address. It is not essential to bake the cake to enter the contest.
- 5 Members of our own organization or their relatives are not eligible to take part.
- 6 Contest closes APRIL 30, 1933. No entries considered if postmarked later than April 30 midnight. No entries considered if forwarded with insufficient postage.
- 7 Judges: Winning names will be selected by a committee of three impartial judges. The decision of these judges will be final.
- 8 Prize winners will be announced to all entrants within one month after contest closes.
- 9 In case of a tie, the full amount of the prize money will be paid to each tying contestant.
- 10 Where to send entries: Address your entries to Contest Editor, Gillett Products, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2.

NOTE: Other Magic Mystery Cakes coming! Watch for them in later issues of this magazine.



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It depends in reality  
upon careful planning  
and good management

# Beginner's Luck . . .

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL  
Director, the Chatelaine Institute

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>Sunday</b> Sliced Oranges Prepared Cereal Bacon Toast and Marmalade Coffee	Cream of Tomato Soup Asparagus and Hard-cooked Egg Salad Rolls Chocolate Cup Cakes Tea or Coffee	Roast Beef (a thick steak rolled) Browned Potatoes Buttered Carrots Jellied Rhubarb Tea or Coffee
<b>Monday</b> Tomato Juice Choice of Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Jam Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Pear Salad Toasted Crackers Tea or Coffee	Clear Soup Cold Sliced Beef Hashed Browned Potatoes Harvard Beets Caramel Custard Tea or Coffee
<b>Tuesday</b> Stewed Prunes Hot Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Rolls Marmalade Coffee	Shepherd's Pie Mixed Pickles Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Milk	Dressed Spare Ribs Mashed Potatoes Peas (canned) Tomato Salad Baked Apples Tea or Coffee
<b>Wednesday</b> Orange Juice Choice of Cereal Bran Muffins (hot) Coffee Honey	Scrambled Eggs with Onions Celery Canned Peaches Tea Coffee	Liver and Bacon Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Cocoanut Blanc Mange Tea Coffee
<b>Thursday</b> Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Bacon Toast Jam Coffee	Cream of Corn Soup Tomato and Lettuce Salad Apple Sauce or Sliced Bananas Cookies Tea or Coffee	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Buttered Asparagus Jellied Prunes with Custard Sauce Tea or Coffee
<b>Friday</b> Grapefruit Cereal Plain Omelet Toast Jelly Coffee	Creamed Peas and Celery on Toast Fresh Pineapple Tea or Coffee	Broiled Whitefish Spinach Boiled Potatoes Rhubarb Crisp Tea or Coffee
<b>Saturday</b> Bananas in Orange Juice Poached Eggs on Toast Tea or Coffee	Vegetable Soup Cabbage, Apple and Nut Salad Fruits in Jelly Tea or Coffee	Tomato Juice Meat Loaf Creamed Onions Baked Potatoes Ice Cream, Chocolate Sauce Tea or Coffee

**L**UCKY YOU, April brides of 1933! Not only because "potatoes are cheaper," but because it's a great thing to set up housekeeping when finances are at a rather low ebb. Gets you into habits of thrift and good management which will stick through the years when you are building the family fortunes together.

It's the poor little rich brides of a few years ago who were to be pitied. Everything was too rosy. There didn't seem any need to economize or to think of anything but "keeping up with the Joneses." Home didn't mean so much anyway and they could always dine out. It was fine while it lasted—but then. Of course, when the time came these same young women rose to the occasion and took hold in earnest. But the retrenching wasn't easy, as they'll tell you now.

The bride of this April has the advantage of starting with things as bad as they will be, and when home is again the centre of interest. It's fashionable nowadays to don a kitchen apron and take this business of housekeeping seriously. To be called a good cook or a good manager is considered a compliment, for it's a matter of pride with this young chatelaine to run her home smoothly and economically, to entertain simply and graciously around her own fireside, and to serve her brand-new husband wholesome and attractive meals, so well planned and prepared that you would never know they were inexpensive.

She puts both her head and her heart into the job, and she is not entirely unprepared for it either. Perhaps she

has taken a course at a well-conducted cooking school or attended evening classes at the "Tech." Or she may have had some practice in her mother's kitchen, or in the tiny apartment shared with other business girls. But just the same it's all a bit strange at first and she wants advice until she gets on to the hang of the thing anyway. She's wise enough to make use of the information and help available from various sources, and she knows something about where to turn for it—magazines, service departments of commercial organizations, advertisements, particularly those which tell how to make use of the product.

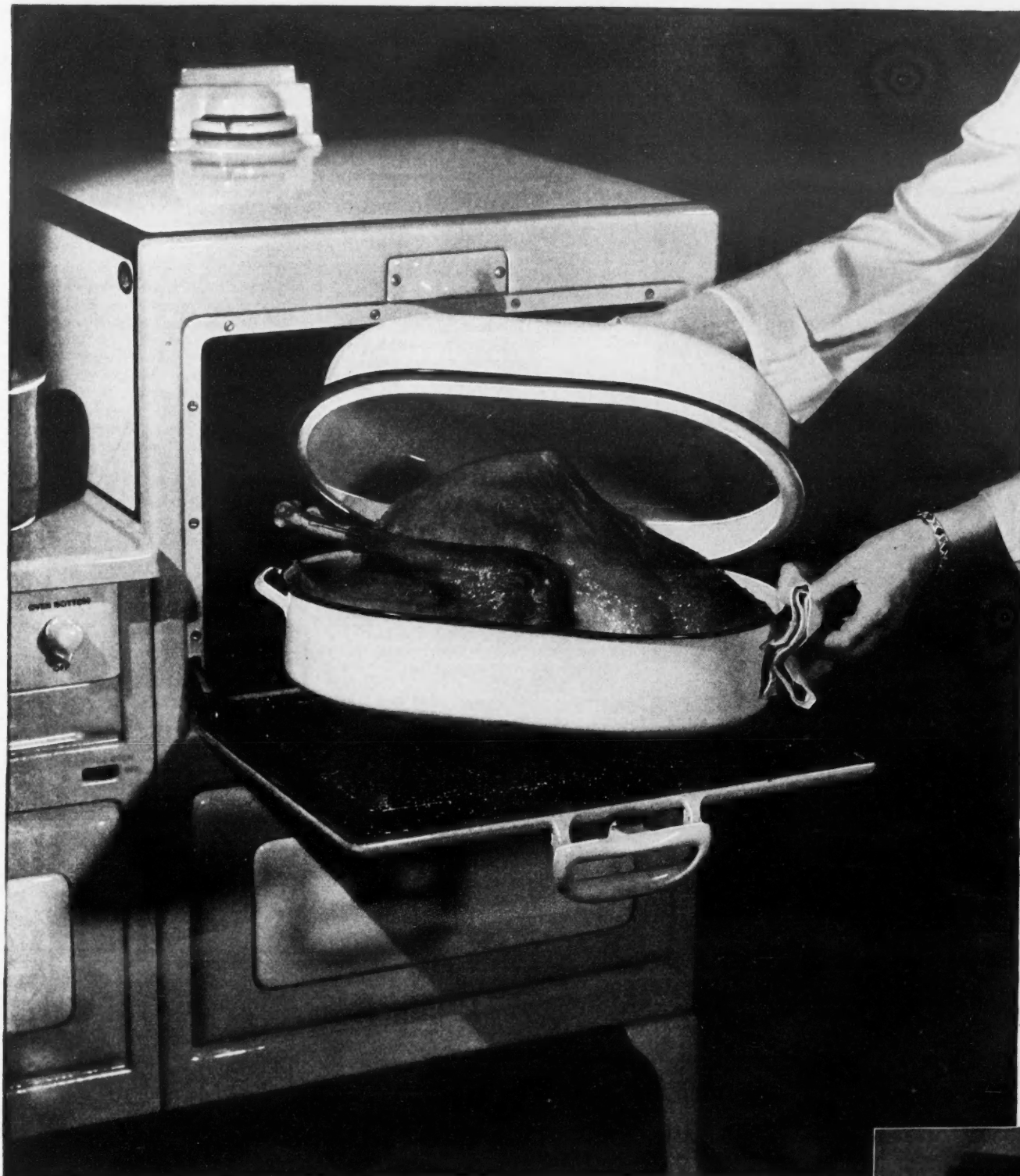
There is a lot to learn, of course; efficiency isn't an accident, but a matter of thought and foresight and industry. The three meals a day are perhaps her biggest problem, and here she is up against a triangle right away—planning menus carefully, purchasing her supplies in a way to get good value for her money, and using them to the best advantage. A perfect meal doesn't just happen; it has to be organized, balanced and all thought out. The absolute poem of a dessert will not make up for an underdone roast, or delicious soup excuse poor coffee. Remember, too, that the most elaborate menu or beautifully appointed table will not compensate for a listless companion, too tired to be charming.

It pays to plan in advance not only for one meal but for two or three days or a whole week at a time. You can make a better job of it when you consider each dish along with accompanying ones and think of each meal and each

day in relation to the others. Then, too, you are able to shop more wisely, to order ahead and avoid the worry of delayed deliveries, to allow time for long slow cooking of inexpensive cuts or less tender vegetables, to make more intelligent use of left-overs and to get things done without any last minute rush by preparing one course earlier in the morning to pop in the refrigerator until serving time.

It will be a well spent hour to sit down with pencil and paper, consult the menu page of the *Chatelaine* and adapt the suggestions to your own particular preferences and circumstances. If you do not care for pork chops, you may decide on lamb or sausages or liver and bacon, or something else which cooks by the same method and in about the same length of time. If you prefer cabbage to spinach, by all means have it, and if you like rice custard better than tapioca cream, serve that instead. Menus prepared by someone else are intended mainly as a guide; there is nothing hard and fast about them and, after all, it's your dinner, so please yourself about the details.

Whether you are adapting a menu or planning your own from start to finish, there are certain things to keep in mind. Cost, of course, and you have to ask yourself, "Can I afford to buy?" But an equally vital question is, "Can I afford not to buy?" And this brings us at once to the consideration of nutritive value. It is more important than ever to serve satisfactory meals these days, for John is working extra hard to make good at his job and provide for his family. Some foods are real essentials. Milk, [Continued on page 58]



This trade mark is found on the oven door of Moffats Electric Ranges. It symbolizes their four leading attributes—namely—Regal Quality, Long Life, Speed and Efficiency. Look for it on the range you buy.

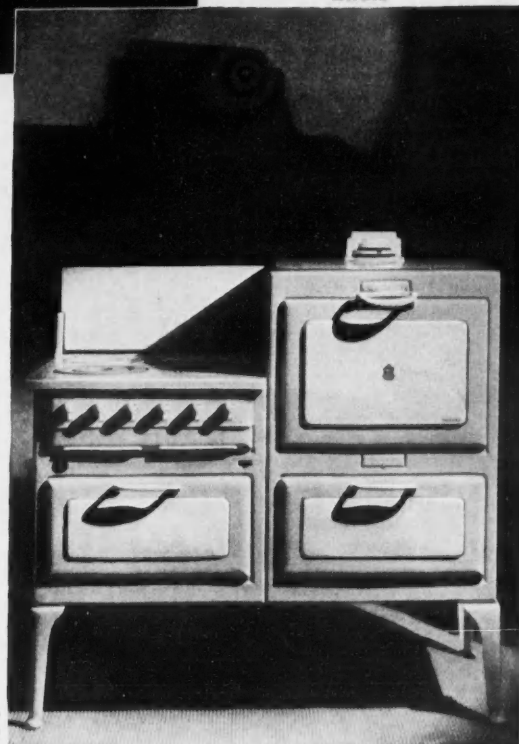
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## ECONOMY OVEN

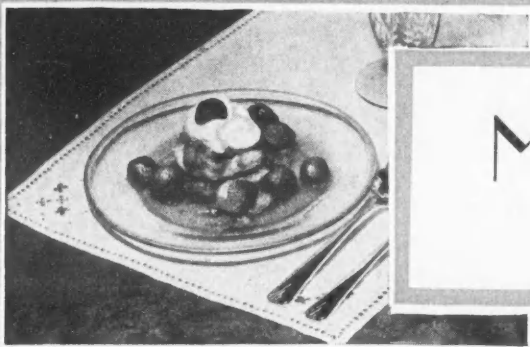
The most important part of any range is the oven. Can you imagine a better or more practical oven than this in which to do your cooking? No skimping here. Lots of room—"high, wide and handsome," as the saying goes. Spacious enough for the largest turkey, the biggest roast and to meet the most exacting demands. And think of the convenience and economy. Seamless and jointless, heavily insulated to give and retain maximum heat to save cooking costs and prevent wastage of valuable food due to shrinkage. The Oven Heat Deflector and the new combination grill and roasting pan, the perfect oven door seal with new Moffat copper buffers, the new self-latching door, the adjustable oven door spring, and, of course, the famous Therm-O-Matic Oven Heat Control, provide the touches of modern economy, utility and convenience for which Moffats New Beauty Electric Ranges are famous.

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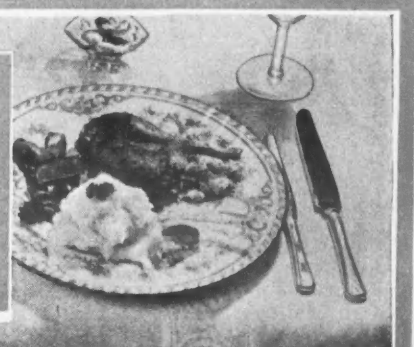






# Meals of the Month

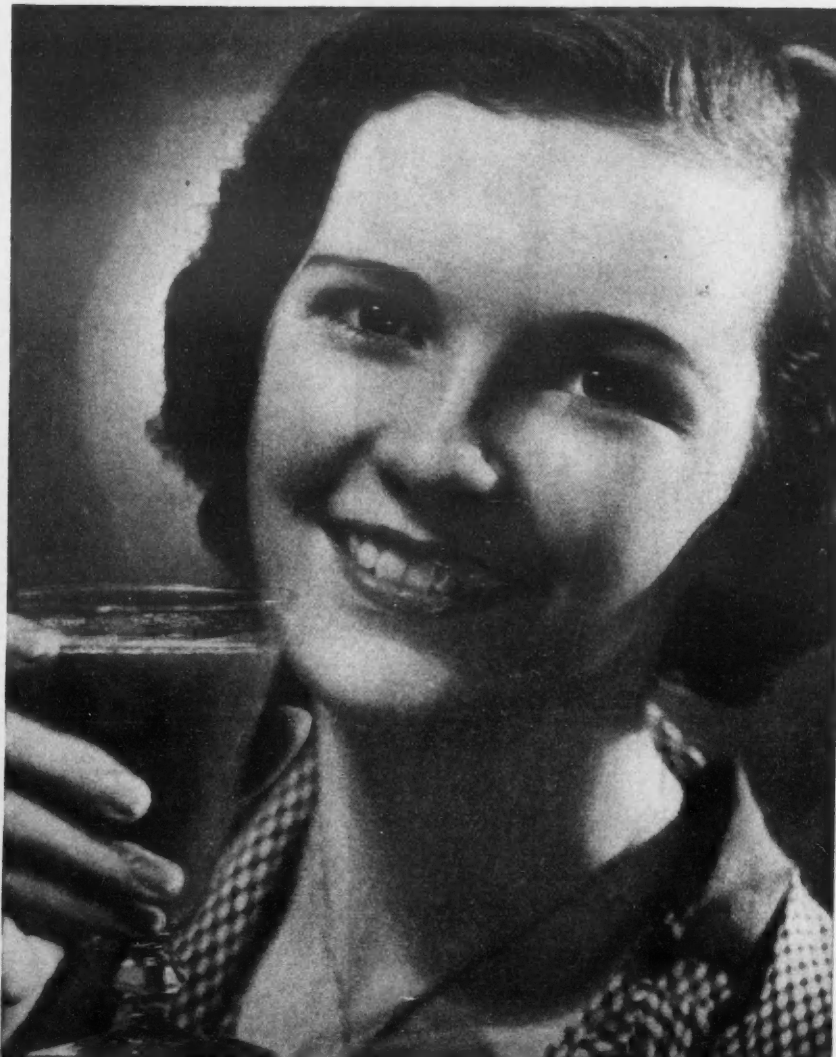
## Thirty Menus for April



BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1 Tomato Juice Cereal Plain Muffins Jam Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Pea Soup Cheese Wafers Canned Peach and Cocoanut Salad Pecan Roll Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Rhubarb Crisp* Coffee Tea	16 (Sunday) Sliced Bananas in Orange Juice Cereal Ham and Eggs Coffee Toast Cocoa	Assorted Fancy Sandwiches Celery Curls Pickles Olives Apricot Cream Devil's Food Hot Chocolate or Fruit Drink Tea Cocoa	Dressed Tenderloin Creamed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Lemon Sherbet Canterbury Tarts* Coffee Tea
2 (Sunday) Sliced Oranges Cereal Parsley Omelet Toast Conserve Coffee Cocoa	Molded Veal Loaf Mustard Pickles Potato Salad Stuffed Celery Caramel Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast Ribs of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Franconia Potatoes Buttered Carrots Diced Fruits in Red Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	17 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Cold Sliced Tenderloin Warm Potatoes Junket with Pineapple (from Saturday) Cookies Tea Cocoa	Bouillon (Vegetable Plate) Baked Stuffed Onions Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Stuffed Celery Salad Baked Apple Coffee Devil's Food Tea
3 Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toasted Rolls Honey Coffee Cocoa	Cheese Fondue Head Lettuce with French Dressing Canned Plums Left-Over Cake Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	18 Stewed Figs Bread and Milk Graham Muffins Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Noodle Ring with Creamed Chipped Beef Dill Pickles Stewed Rhubarb Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Riced Potatoes Cabbage Black Currant Roly-Poly* Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
4 Stewed Prunes Bacon Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Eggs on Toast Mixed Fruit Salad Nut Wafers Tea Cocoa	Beef and Kidney Pie Hashed Browned Potatoes Peas Lemon Soufflé Coffee Tea	19 Sliced Oranges Pancakes Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Head Lettuce Thousand Island Dressing Crackers Cheese Black Currant Jam Tea Cocoa	Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Scalloped Corn Grape Tapioca Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
5 Half Grapefruit Cereal Raisin Scones Jam Coffee Cocoa	Grilled Sardines on Toast Prune Whip Custard Sauce Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Casserole of Rice and Cheese Cabbage Diced Beets Buttered Asparagus Baked Chocolate Pudding* Marshmallow Sauce* Coffee Tea	20 Grapefruit Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Bacon Lyonnaise Potatoes Sliced Bananas and Cream Drop Cakes Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Veal Baked Potatoes Asparagus Fresh Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
6 Orange Juice Cereal Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Casserole of Corn and Sausages Brown Rolls Ice Cream Macaroons Tea Cocoa	Veal Steaks Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Fruit Pie (use canned fruit) Coffee Tea	21 (Friday) Apples Cooked in Syrup Cereal Soft-Cooked Eggs Toast Cocoa	Cabbage and Peanut Salad Hard Brown Rolls Vanilla Blanc Mange with Jelly Tea Cocoa	Cod Fish Soufflé* Potato Cakes Stewed Tomatoes Rhubarb Tart Coffee Tea
7 (Friday) Apple Sauce Milk Toast Bran Muffins Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Baked Eggs in Potatoes Oven-cooked Rhubarb Nut Loaf Tea Cocoa	Baked Halibut Hollandaise Sauce* Riced Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Apricot Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea	22 Stewed Apricots Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Cocoa	Mulligatawny Soup Scrambled Eggs Stewed Prunes with Lemon Wafers Cocoa Tea	Mock Duck Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Walnut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
8 Cereal with Chopped Figs Poached Eggs Toast Cocoa	Creamed Halibut (Left-over) in Patty Shells Fruit Jelly Whip (use Apricot Juice) Wafers Tea Cocoa	Baked Meat Loaf Parsley Potatoes Diced Turnip Chocolate Custard Coffee Tea	23 (Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Soft-Cooked Eggs Jam Toast Cocoa	Shrimp and Grapefruit Salad Hot Rolls Lemon Cream Cake Cocoa Tea	Roast of Lamb Mint Jelly Parsley Potatoes Peas Coffee Maple Bisque Tea
9 (Sunday) Tomato Juice Waffles Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Perfection Salad Brown Bread and Butter Sandwiches Fresh Pineapple Cocoanut Fingers Tea Cocoa	Consommé Mixed Grill (Lamb Chop, Sausage, Mushroom, Tomato) Potato Puff Spinach Ginger Cream Roll Coffee Tea	24 Cereal with Raisins Bacon Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Baked Sausage Rolls Chili Sauce Canned Pears Cake (from Sunday) Cocoa Tea	Clear Tomato Soup Cold Roast Lamb Creamed Potatoes Diced Carrots Rice Custard Coffee Tea
10 Orange Halves Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Potato and Onion Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Canned Raspberries Scones Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Browned Potatoes Sauer Kraut Banana and Nut Salad Sweet Wafers Coffee Tea	25 Tomato Juice Cereal Hot Muffins Jam Coffee Cocoa	Casserole of Lamb and Vegetables Mixed Pickles Fruit Jelly Whip Wafers Cocoa Tea	Grilled Steak Riced Potatoes String Beans Carrot Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
11 Grapefruit Cereal Coffee Cake Pineapple Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Cold Roast Pork Panfried Potatoes Mixed Sweet Pickles Stuffed Prune and Cheese Salad Tea Cocoa	Broiled Liver Fried Onions Creamed Potatoes Corn Raspberry Cup Cakes (Berries from Monday) Coffee Tea	26 Orange Sections Broiled Smoked Fish Toast Cocoa	Welsh Rarebit Waldorf Salad Cinnamon Buns Cocoa Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Chocolate Ice Cream Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea
12 Stewed Apples French Toast Corn Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Canned Chicken Haddie in Milk on Toast Jellied Rhubarb Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Lima Beans and Eggs with Cheese* Cole Slaw Stewed Tomatoes Peach Short Cake Coffee Tea	27 Prunes Cereal Toast Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Barley Broth Cold Pot Roast Panfried Potatoes Biscuits Honey Cocoa Tea	Baked Pork Chops Mashed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Fresh Pineapple Sponge Cake Coffee Tea
13 Sliced Bananas Cereal Whole Wheat Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Jam Tart Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew Dumplings Harvard Beets Brown Betty Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	28 (Friday) Grapefruit Cereal Coddled Eggs Toast Cocoa	Canned Baked Beans Brown Bread and Lettuce Sandwiches Canned Plums Cake Tea Cocoa	Broiled Smoked Fish Scalloped Potatoes Creamed Celery Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
14 (Good Friday) Orange Juice Bread and Hot Milk Toasted Rolls Wild Strawberry Jam Coffee Cocoa	Mushroom Omelet Toast Olives Celery Fruit Cup Pound Cake Tea Cocoa	Boiled Fresh Salmon Tartar Sauce French Fried Potatoes Peas Chilled Rice Mold Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea	29 Bananas Milk Toast Bran Muffins Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Sliced Bologna Mustard Vegetable Salad Plum Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Curried Kidney Stew Steamed Rice Pickled Beets Rhubarb Bavarian Cream* Coffee Tea
15 Cereal with Dates Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Salmon Salad (use left-over Salmon) Hot Biscuits Canned Pineapple Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Baked Hamburger Mashed Potatoes String Beans Cocoanut Cream Pie Coffee Tea	30 (Sunday) Chilled Orange Juice Cereal Eggs in Ramekins Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Canned Chicken Salad Radishes Finger Rolls Fruit Cup Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Baked Ham Mashed Potatoes Spinach Lemon Pie Coffee Tea

Recipes for dishes marked \* may be found under the heading "Special Recipes" in another part of this issue.





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**Libby's** gentle press  
**TOMATO JUICE**  
FROM FULL-RIPE TOMATOES...JUST THE  
FINEST PART OF THEIR JUICE

## A Perfect Omelet

(Continued from page 48)

be completely cooked on top of the stove if the pan is tightly covered to allow the steam to cook the top of the omelet. When cooked, the omelet is creased with a spatula or flat knife at right angles to the handle of the pan, the upper half folded over the lower half and the omelet rolled on to a hot platter without trying to lift it from the pan. If a hinged omelet pan is used, folding is quite a simple matter. Before the folding, any desired mixture may be spread on the cooked omelet.

The French omelet should be cooked slowly in a hot pan, turning the pan so that it will cook evenly. When the mixture is nicely set and browned on the bottom, roll it in the pan with the spatula and turn out on to a hot platter. Here again, fillings and garnishings may be chosen *ad lib* to suit any occasion or taste.

Omelets are at home on the breakfast table, at luncheon or supper, and are a great favorite for late refreshments. They are peculiarly suited to any season and during Lent are a veritable stand-by. Their convenience and quick cooking make them prominent in an emergency meal. Their digestibility and appetizing appearance recommend them in an invalid diet. And their wholesome goodness and valuable nutritive assets establish them securely in the normal diet of children and adults. So, all hail to the perfect omelet!

### Plain French Omelet

- 6 Eggs
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of water or milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonfuls of butter or other fat

Beat the eggs only until the yolks and whites are well mixed. Add the liquid and the seasonings. Heat an omelet pan or heavy frying pan, melt the butter in it, and when hot pour in the omelet mixture. Cook over low heat, lifting carefully from the sides to allow the liquid to run down until the whole is lightly cooked and of a creamy consistency. Increase the heat to brown the omelet, fold and turn out on to a hot platter. Serve at once, garnished as desired.

### Puffy or Foamy Omelet

- 4 Eggs
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of water or milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter or other fat

Separate the egg yolks and whites. Beat the yolks until thick and light colored, add the liquid, salt and pepper, and beat until thoroughly combined. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry, then cut and fold them into the yolk mixture. Have the omelet pan hot, the butter melted, and the sides and bottom of the pan well buttered. Turn the omelet into the pan, spread evenly and reduce the heat. Cook slowly, turning the pan if necessary so that the omelet will cook evenly. When the omelet is set, well puffed and delicately browned on the bottom, place it in a moderate oven until it is firm to the touch when pressed with the finger. Fold, turn out on to a hot platter, garnish as desired and serve at once. Six servings.

Continued on page 53

## You can build up ENERGY

Build up the nourishing value of your daily meals if you want to keep in the pink of condition. Be particularly sure that you get Vitamin B in rich measure—because that is the Vitamin that regulates your nervous and digestive systems—and the Vitamin which determines growth in children.

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FREE RUNNING  
**Purity**  
TABLE SALT  
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# A Perfect Omelet

(Continued from page 50)

## Tapioca Omelet

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of quick tapioca
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 3/4 Cupful of milk, scalded
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 4 Eggs

Add the tapioca, salt and pepper to the scalded milk and cook over hot water for fifteen minutes or until the tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add the butter and cool the mixture. Beat the egg yolks until thick and light colored and combine with the tapioca mixture, stirring constantly. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry, and fold into the first mixture. Pour into a hot buttered frying pan or omelet pan and cook over low heat until set and delicately browned. Place in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—until finished cooking. Fold, garnish as desired and serve on a hot platter

## Bread Omelet

- 1/2 Cupful of stale bread crumbs
- 1/2 Cupful of milk
- 4 Eggs
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter

Soak the bread crumbs in the milk for fifteen minutes. Separate the egg yolks and whites, beat the yolks until thick and light colored, add the seasonings and combine with the bread and milk mixture. Beat the whites until stiff but not dry, and fold into the first mixture. Cook and serve as puffy omelet.

## White Sauce Omelet

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 4 Eggs
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Melt the three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the flour and stir over moderate heat until the mixture is smooth and thick. Add the seasonings and pour on the milk very gradually, stirring constantly. Cook slowly, continuing to stir until the mixture thickens. Cool to lukewarm. Separate the egg yolks and whites, beat the yolks until thick and light colored and add to the white sauce. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold into the first mixture. Turn into a hot omelet pan, or heavy frying pan, in which the butter has been melted and cook as directed for puffy omelet.

## Spanish Omelet

Make a French omelet and serve with the following sauce:

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Tablespoonful of finely chopped onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
- 1 3/4 Cupfuls of canned tomatoes
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of sliced mushrooms
- 1 Tablespoonful of capers or chopped olives
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of cayenne

Cook the onions and pepper in the butter until lightly browned, add the tomatoes and cook until the moisture has almost evaporated. Add the mushrooms, the capers or olives and the seasonings. Spread part of this mixture on one half of a French omelet before folding and pour the remainder of the sauce around it.

## Vegetable Omelet

Make a puffy or foamy omelet, and while folding in the egg whites add cooked vegetables such as corn, peas, asparagus, mushrooms, celery or cut string beans. Or, make the foamy omelet and cook it as directed, then place the cooked vegetables, heated and lightly seasoned, or mixed with a cream sauce on one half of the omelet and fold the other half over them.

## Meat or Fish Omelet

Make any one of the plain omelets described above, and add to the uncooked mixture chopped cooked meat or fish, such as ham, bacon, tongue, corned beef, veal, chicken or flaked fish. Or, make and cook the omelet as directed, spread with the diced, seasoned meat or fish, plain or mixed with a cream sauce and fold the other half of the omelet over it.

## French Omelet Mornay

Make a French omelet, adding asparagus tips to the uncooked mixture. Cook as directed and fold. Pour over the folded omelet a hot, medium thick cream sauce, sprinkle generously with grated cheese and place under the broiler for a minute or two, just until the cheese melts.

This variation may also be used with the bread or tapioca omelet, but not with the puffy omelet which is apt to fall before completed.

## Savory Omelet

- 4 Eggs
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of water
- Salt and paprika to taste
- 1 Tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 Cupful of grated cheese
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or bacon fat

Separate the egg yolks and whites, beat the yolks until thick and light colored, add the water, the seasonings and the grated cheese and mix well. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold into the first mixture with the chopped parsley. Cook and fold as directed for puffy omelets.

## Onion Omelet

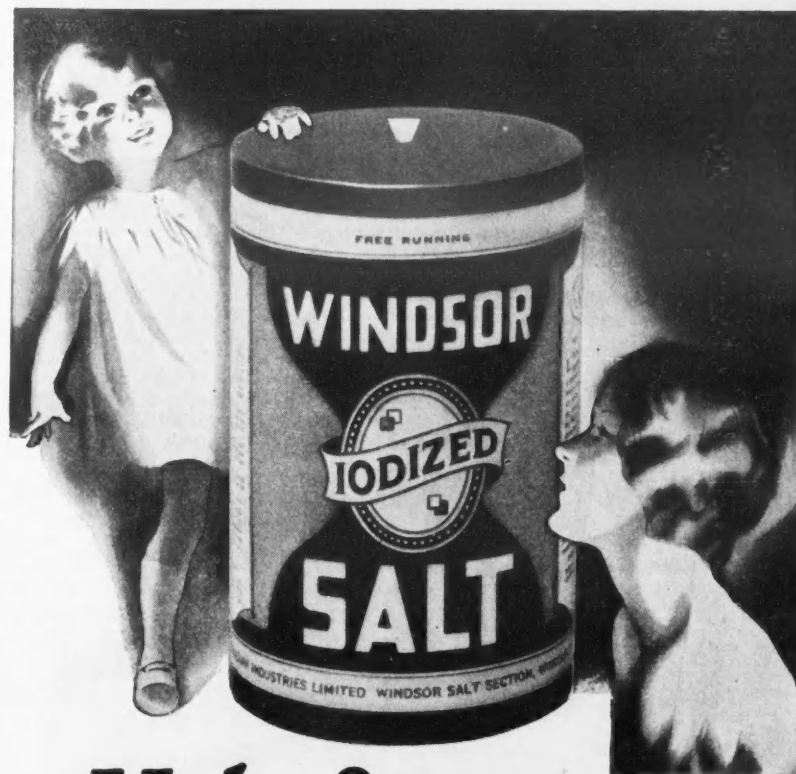
Make a French omelet or a tapioca or bread omelet and serve with the following sauce:

- 1 Bermuda onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 1/2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Egg yolk, beaten with 2 tablespoonfuls of milk
- Seasonings to taste

Peel the onion and cut into small pieces. Cook with the butter until lightly browned. Add the flour and stir until thoroughly blended. Gradually add the cupful of milk and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add a little of this hot mixture to the egg yolk which has been beaten with the two tablespoonfuls of milk, return to the first mixture and cook for two minutes.

## Sweet Omelet

Omit the pepper and one half of the salt from a puffy or tapioca omelet and add one to two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar. Cook as directed, spread with jam, jelly or marmalade and fold. Turn out on to a hot platter, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve at once. Jelly will spread better if beaten to the desired consistency before using. Apricot jam in an omelet is delicious, as also is orange marmalade.



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## The Domestic Workshop

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

IT WON'T be long now! Before you know it, you will be getting ready to open up the summer cottage. It seems early to be talking about that, in April, but you know how time flies. And when Easter comes, ninety in the shade isn't so far behind.

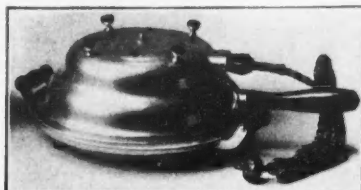
Remember last year, you said you wouldn't put up with that old stove another season? It made the place unbearably hot and you wondered why you ever left town. But the place isn't wired for an electric range, so what can you do about it? Here is the answer. An economical one, too—a rangette you can plug in to any wall socket and costs you a mere nothing to use.

It will mean cool comfort in your kitchen this summer and all sorts of good things to appease lusty appetites. No, sir, it doesn't take a back seat to any of its bigger brothers when it comes to broiling chops or steaks, baking cakes, pies, biscuits or cooking on top of the stove. Of course, you can't roast an eighteen-pound turkey or cook a dinner for the sewing circle, but you can prepare good meals for a small family—and keep cool doing it.

Superior Electrics Limited make these rangettes in two sizes, each with four elements, two on top and two in the oven. You cannot use them all top speed at the same time, but even so you can get along remarkably well if you are a good manager. Turn the oven on full, and give your roast a good start; then when it's nearly done, switch on the top element for vegetables and other dishes, while the meat finishes cooking in the stored heat of the insulated oven. Simple, when you get on to it; the directions will tell you how to make the best use of it, and you will be surprised what it will do. And how well.

Perhaps you will want to slip it in the back of your car and bring it home with you as an auxiliary to your range when you

biscuits with maple syrup or strawberry jam to top off with after a bowl of steaming soup and chops done to a turn. Home would be even homier than ever, and you would be proud of its spick-and-spanness, its trig appearance and its smart efficiency.



A double-duty utensil — broiler and grill combined.

DIDN'T YOU bless the stylist who gave us double duty frocks? Those lovely afternoon costumes that turned into the smartest of evening gowns when we removed the jacket or the cape, or the scarf. There was sense to them and no doubt about their popularity.

Double duty utensils appear to the thrifty soul who asks big things of her dollar. Here's a new one—as versatile as one could wish. It's a broiler if you place the top over the tray as you see in the illustration, or it's an electric grill when you reverse it to stand on its four sturdy little feet. Position is everything, you see.

It's easy to use—no trick about it. Simply plug in heat and then place the chops, or the sausage, or the bacon, or what have you, on the shallow pan and set the cover over them. Turn when they are nicely browned and finish cooking. Then bring them to the table in the same dish—it's a serving tray of ultra smart appearance, now.

Toast sandwiches in the same way to the degree of brownness you like best, and it is best to have the appliance at the table or near at hand when second helpings are in demand.

There are a dozen uses for this "Little Chef" as it is called—in the dining room, breakfast nook, at the summer cottage or in the sick room where it will heat water quickly and save many a trip to the kitchen.

Warren Electric Products Limited, who make this ingenious little appliance will supply at low cost a complete aluminum set of cooking utensils, especially made and adapted for use with the "Little Chef." This set includes a tea kettle and triune saucepans. So there is no need for an unbalanced meal with this very modern electrical labor-savior.

LOOKING ABOUT the shops for gadgets to make housekeeping easier, I found at least two which deserve honorable mention. There's a Tiffany Juicer which squeezes oranges, lemons, and so on, with the utmost dispatch and thoroughness—and strains the juice at the same time. It's a fine, upstanding little arrangement made of aluminum—unbreakable, rust-proof and the easiest thing in the world to operate. Easy to clean, too—and that's something.

Another "find" was the "Thrifty Coffee Dispenser," which does two things for you; preserves the strength, flavor and freshness of your coffee and measures it accurately. The glass container lets you see just how much you have on hand.



Ideal cooking equipment for the summer cottage or the one or two room apartment.

entertain. It's handy to have extra cooking space sometimes and it tucks away in a small corner.

Or if you are a business girl doing light housekeeping in one or two rooms, wouldn't you love something like this? Think of hot

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## THIS ELECTRIC RANGE

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LADIES! You don't know how your husbands talk about you when they're alone. Many a woman's culinary reputation has been made . . . or shattered . . . over broiling a simple steak.

Here's a range that will make *your* reputation secure—and scintillating . . . an electric range that broils steaks or chops to a tasty turn, that bakes cakes and pies, or browns a delicious roast, far better than even mother could. *And does it all at the same time with one burner.*

Have you ever seen, or even heard of, an electric range with an oven like this?

You'll make friends with this new Northern Electric-Gurney range, the moment you see it. And once in your kitchen, the friendship will become lifelong. The Northern

Electric-Gurney has been developed with just one object in view—to make good cooking easier, more convenient.

**For Instance**—The drop-front broiler, an exclusive Northern Electric feature, which brings the entire broiler grid into full view, and allows you to remove the broiling pan so easily with no danger of burnt fingers.

The combined oven and broiler burner which gives you both the steady, even temperature required for proper roasting and baking, and quick, intense heat for broiling.

The marbled cooking top, readily lowered over the burners . . . the full porcelain enamel finish, instantly cleaned with a damp cloth.

And, finally, *reputation!* Into the design of the Northern Electric-Gurney has gone over fifty years' experience in serving Canada's users of electrical equipment. *Any Northern Electric dealer will gladly show you this new range, as well as other Northern Electric-Gurney models.*

### Model 800 Northern Electric Gurney Range

#### WITH AUTOMATIC OVEN

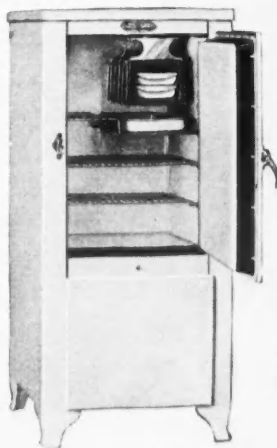
A full cabinet range, with 4-burner cooking top, size 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Top cover, beautifully finished in marble effect over sun-tan or green ground, makes handy table top when lowered.

Model 800 is equipped with automatic oven and the new drop-front broiler, with special high-speed burner which allows you to use both the broiler and oven at the same time. This exclusive feature is available *only* in the new Northern Electric-Gurney ranges.

Full porcelain ivory enamel body with black trim, make this a truly beautiful range. There are no crevices, no projecting bolts to make cleaning difficult.

The famous Gurney oven, size 13" x 16" x 20" is ample for even large families. The broiler is 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " inches high, 16 inches wide and 20 inches deep, and the warming oven only slightly smaller. Model 800 occupies a floor space 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long by 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide.

Northern Electric-Gurney models from \$69 to \$180.



Ask your dealer about the Northern Electric Refrigerator . . . that does its own remembering. No dials, no switches, fully automatic. Nothing to forget or worry about.

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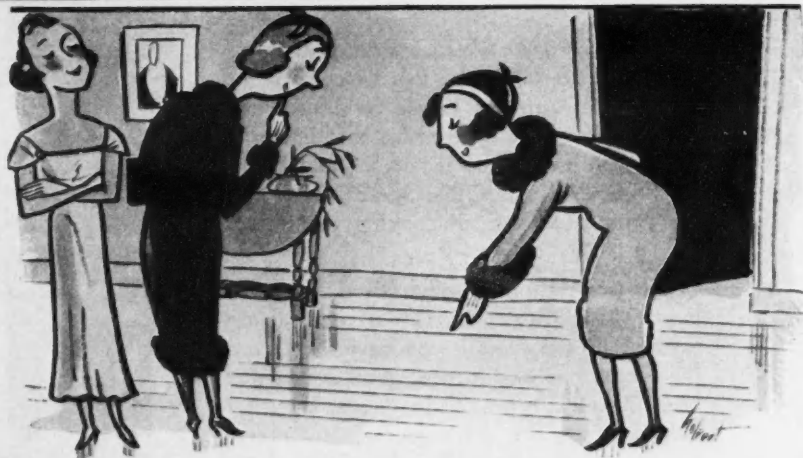
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NOW you never see a Smart Housekeeper down on her knees rubbing wax into a floor and rubbing lines of weariness into her face. Never! Doing your floors and doing them better than they have ever been done before is now as easy as sweeping . . . thanks to this new kind of polish. You just spread it on lightly whenever you have a minute to spare . . . then go about your business. And in 15 minutes come back and admire the lovely, lustrous sheen that your floor is clothed in. It looks like new and you may rest assured that neither heel-marks nor scratches will mar its beauty for some time to come. It's no trick at all to do your floors. So save your energy for better things and polish your floors this way. Just step into the nearest paint, hardware or department store and ask for a tin of this amazing no-rubbing floor polish that is MADE IN CANADA.

**new Old English**  
no-rubbing floor polish

DRIES TO A WONDERFUL SHINE IN 15 MINUTES



## That New Kitchen

(Continued from page 45)

liking; a percolator for perfect, fragrant coffee; a waffle iron if you have a yen for this delicious dessert or breakfast dish; a clock to make sure dinner is on time. And a number of other things in this line.

Among the smaller but so important essentials there is the garbage can and even that has been modernized with bright color and a foot attachment for opening the lid. And as for pots and pans their name is legion. Granite or aluminum? Either—whichever you like. Better still, some of each for different purposes. Bowls and other dishes of earthenware have a variety of uses, casseroles, pie plates, custard cups and so on, of oven-proof glass are suitable for cooking and serving. Refrigerator sets of

enamel, glass or those with gay decorations, save space and keep food well. Kitchen cutlery in stainless steel and chromium plate is a good buy and a set of saw-edged knives will be a boon to any housekeeper. An article in the December *Chatelaine* dealt with some of the newest gadgets which make work easy, and a tour of the housewares department of an up-to-date store will be a delight to anybody "kitchen-minded." Buy a set of standard measuring utensils first of all, then a good can opener; after that look over the rest and pick out the things you can put to good service. Don't clutter up the place with a lot of little tricks just because they are interesting, but don't deny yourself any worth-while little tool.

And that word "tool" reminds me to remind you of a hammer, a screwdriver, a wrench; you may not need them often, but when you do—well you need them right then.

It isn't possible to tell you about everything or all about anything in this article. But I hope it will give you some hints on selecting your kitchen equipment for the new home. And I hope you will have a good time when you go shopping!

## Home Discoveries

### Use for Old Oilcloth

Discarded table oilcloth makes a splendid wall pocket to hang on the door of your broom cupboard, to hold cleaning cloths, brushes, and so forth. Make good, generous pockets, tucking a pleat at the bottom of each. Bind with cretonne. It is easily cleaned.—Mrs. D. H. Barr, Elkhorn, Man.

### Mending Curtains

When window curtains are worn or torn, instead of sewing or mending with thread and needle, try putting a piece of curtain a little larger than the rent into cold celluloid starch, wring out tightly, put over the worn places and iron lightly until dry.—Mrs. T. Leslie, Peterborough, Ont.

### Ink Spots on Fingers

Ink is removed from the fingers in a very simple way. Wet the finger in water, then rub the phosphorous end of a match on it until the spot has disappeared.—Mrs. M. E. Cunningham, Melville, Sask.

### Removes Fat

To remove fat from gravy, place a piece of ice in the pan after removing the meat. The fat will at once adhere to the ice, and by moving it around a few times, all the fat will be quickly collected. The gravy must, of course, be heated before serving.—Miss Johnson, Dominion City, Man.

### Fruit Cakes

When cake making, if currants are put in the oven and warmed before being added to the cake mixture, they will not fall to the bottom of the cake while baking.—Mrs. F. M. Beven, Ancaster, Hamilton, Ont.

### Mayonnaise Substitute

A good substitute for mayonnaise can be made by rubbing down a dessertspoonful of mashed potatoes with mustard and salt to taste and a little cream instead of salad oil. Then add vinegar to taste.—K. Hurd, Woodmore, Man.

### A House Box

Do you have to remeasure windows, walls and floors every time you wish to buy new shades, paper or rugs for your different rooms? Let this be your last time. Buy a notebook and in it jot down every fact you know about your house. Keep each room

by itself and mark each measurement you take in its proper place. When you paper the hall, besides the room's measurements, record how much paper was used, its width, whether matching was necessary, its cost, and later its durability. When you paint, state the kind of paint used, the exact shade, the amount and cost and later how well it lasted. By taking a little time when you have taken some measurements or done some work, and writing your findings in its place, you will save yourself considerable extra work and prevent the danger of too much, or worse still, too little material to work with.—Mrs. D. McKee, Dundas, Ont.

### Airtight Jar Tops

When preserving fruit or pickles, you quite often find that you run short of tops for the jars. A good remedy for this is to pour a thin layer of melted paraffin over the fruit after it is in the jar. Then lay a strong piece of string right in on the hot wax with a fairly long piece at each end for lifting. When this is cooled, pour on the final layer of wax and let cool again. You now have an inexpensive and air-tight top, which can be opened at a minute's notice.—G. Morris, Osage, Sask.

### A Jelly Hint

If you want jelly to set quickly dissolve soaked gelatine in a small quantity of boiling water, then fill up with cold water. The jelly will set in about half the time.—Mrs. M. Walkem, Tottenham, Ont.

### From the Stock Pot

In making stock for soups, using chicken bones or any bones, I have found it much easier to put all the bones in cheesecloth bags, tie tightly, leaving plenty of space for bones, and cover with water. When sufficiently boiled, lift out bag and drain. If I want clear vegetable soup, I put the vegetables and all other ingredients in the bag with bones, then all I have to do is lift out the bag and season to taste.—Mrs. H. McIntyre, Ottawa, Ont.

### Pressing Hems

In pressing a hem after ripping, the crease can be completely taken out by pressing between two wet cloths. Using one on top is never wholly satisfactory.—Mrs. J. E. Sutherby, Warton, Ont.



## An April Shower Tea

An original way of making money  
for your church

By ANNE MARSHALL

**A** TEA is perhaps the surest way there is of making money for your church. But it must be an original tea, with the object well disguised beneath a genuine effort to entertain pleasantly. There should be an atmosphere of freshness and hospitality, and this can only be achieved when new ideas are encouraged by the committee planning the tea. Another thing: even teas—nice, chatty, sociable things that they are—are apt to pall when held too often. Rather concentrate on one that will be a real success, than run the risk of killing interest with too much repetition.

To be successful financially, a tea must be carefully planned. It must intrigue the hoped-for guests with its promise of novelty. The one to be described has been tested and found to be extraordinarily successful. Because it is a little different it naturally requires a certain amount of well-thought-out preparation, but the results are really worth while.

When one thinks of the month of April, there comes to mind at once the old rhyme:

*April showers  
Bring forth  
May flowers*

So let's plan an April Shower Tea.

A successful tea is one that has been well attended, the contributions good, and from which each guest goes home feeling that she was glad she went. To secure the large attendance a personal invitation is necessary, although a general invitation, too, can be extended to the public through the press. The personal invitation can be spoken direct to the person over the telephone, or by written invitation mailed or handed direct to your friend. As a large attendance usually brings good contributions, the personal written invitation will be dealt with first. The organization sponsoring the tea should send more invitations than the building can accommodate, for all will not be accepted. Members of the organization should hand to an appointed mailing committee a list of the friends whom they believe might attend; then this mailing committee should see that only one invitation goes to a home.

Invitations for an April Shower Tea can be very attractive indeed. They have got to arouse the recipient's curiosity—make her wonder what the affair will be like, and if it will be as nice as the invitation promises. Grey or green notepaper is used, the notepaper folded in half. The black silhouette of an open umbrella appears on the front fold. Silver raindrops cut from gummed silver paper, drip from its edge. The umbrella can be traced on with pencil and filled in solid with India ink, using a thin paint brush. The words "An April Shower Tea" are printed neatly on the front fold. The inside fold contains the formal invitation:

"The Women's Association of . . . . . Church request the pleasure of your and your friends' company at their April Shower Tea in the church hall, on Tuesday, April the twentieth, in the afternoon from three till six o'clock, and in the evening from eight till ten o'clock."

Enlist the aid of the very best writers to write the invitations.

The next thing to think about is the decorations. Children's ten-cent cloth umbrellas are covered with crepe paper in pastel shades of blue, mauve, yellow and pink. They look like roses when finished, for they are covered with three or four rows of deeply scalloped paper. The petals are stretched. Full directions for covering the umbrellas can be obtained from a Dennison paper novelty book. Wires are stretched across the hall and connected with the lights. The umbrellas are suspended by the handles; rain in the form of ribbon tinsel icicles such as are used on Christmas trees, dripping from them. On either side of the umbrellas, also suspended from the wires, is fringed pale green paper. The effect is really beautiful. The contribution basket can be a delightful thing, an umbrella suspended over it, and a huge yellow and green bow gracing the top of it. With palms, ferns and odd pieces of furniture lent especially for the occasion, a hall can be made to look most attractive.

The menu is planned next—a simple one which will be easily served and handled. Small sweet sandwiches, fancy cakes and tea, are perhaps most convenient.

To seat and serve a large crowd is the next consideration. About fifteen chairs around a card table is a suitable arrangement. They should be arranged so that each guest can see the artists on the programme which will be given for their entertainment. One lady on the committee, or asked by the committee, acts as hostess to this group. On her table she has her



silver tea service, cups and saucers, and a pretty plant. She goes to the kitchen for tea, cake and sandwiches when the time for serving comes. She tries to be as friendly as she would to guests in her own home. A committee, of course, has made all arrangements for the refreshments.

The programme is another part of the tea to plan. It must have variety, be of good

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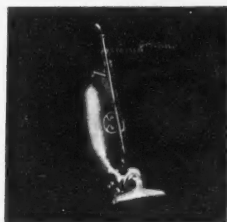
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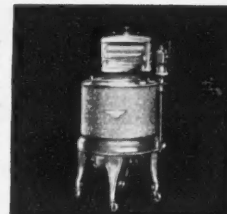
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Midland—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Midway—W. G. Helwig  
Milton—Merchants Brokerage Co.  
Mimico—Beach General Store  
Mitchell—G. Edgheffer & Son  
Napawan—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Neustadt—A. E. Welles  
Niagara Falls—Canadian Dept. Stores  
C. Wallace & Co.  
Newmarket—Toronto Jobbing Co.  
New Toronto—Kelli's Store  
North Bay—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Walker Stores, Ltd.  
Norwich—Pitcher Bros.  
Oakville—Lunau Dry Goods  
Oranville—F. T. Hill & Co.  
Orillia—Walker Stores  
Oshawa—J. C. Ward  
The Nelson Store  
Ottawa—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Murphy-Gamble  
Charles Ogilvy  
L. W. Bell  
J. A. Lalonde  
Owen Sound—Walker's Stores  
Palmerston—Shields & Co.  
Parkhill—White & May Co.  
Pembroke—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Penetanguishene—Phil. Charlebois  
Perth—A. E. Shaw  
Peterborough—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Richard Hall Ltd.  
Picton—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Pickering—M. S. Chapman  
Port Arthur—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Port Colborne—L. E. J. Hopkins  
Port Credit—Mrs. M. Buckley  
Port Elgin—The North Store  
Port Perry—F. W. Brock  
Prescott—Mrs. M. E. Lane, Box 351  
Preston—Set-Rite  
Ridgeway—The Jeffries Co.  
Sault Ste. Marie—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Austin's Specialty Shop, 133 Gore St.

Sarnia—Walker Brothers  
Walker Stores  
Seaford—MacFarlane's  
Shelburne—Norton Fisher & Co.  
Simcoe—Walker Stores  
Southampton—Walter J. Mohr  
Spencer—H. E. Baker & Co.  
St. Catharines—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Novelty Silk Shop  
Walker Stores  
St. Marys—White & May Co.  
Stratford—Canadian Dept. Stores  
J. J. Crossier & Co.  
St. Jacobs—F. E. Welker  
St. Thomas—E. McIlroy Silk Shop  
J. H. Gould  
Sturgeon Falls—Michaud & Levesque, Ltd.  
Sudbury—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Thessalon—Buchanan Bros.  
Tillsonburg—Walker Stores  
Timmins—Hollinger Stores  
Mrs. J. Pluta  
Tottenham—Miss V. Milligan  
Trenton—Couch Newton Company  
Tweed—Kerr & Co.  
Toronto—T. Eaton Co.  
The Robt. Simpson Co., Ltd.  
John T. Knight, 1428 Gerrard St., East  
Alexander's Store, 710 Bloor St. W.  
M. B. Allen & Co., 1330 Danforth Ave.  
The Stork Shoppe, 2474 Yonge St.  
The Stork Shoppe, 963 St. Clair Ave. W.  
Miss Ewington, 325 Jane St.  
J. H. Byers, 569 Danforth Ave.  
Chappell's, 318 Oakwood Ave.  
A. A. Denton, 1252 St. Clair Ave. W.  
Jackson's, 99 Main St.  
A. Aldous, 288 Eglinton Ave.  
Brown's, 226 Royce Ave.  
Mrs. Richardson, Kingston Rd.  
Boyle's, 1186-88 St. Clair W.  
M. Baxter, 540 Queen St. W.  
A. Gottlieb, 611 College St.  
Miss I. A. Corner, 244 Carlton St.  
Sharpe's, 653 St. Clair W.  
Walker Stores, 1170 Eglinton Ave. W.  
Muir & Co., 3188 Yonge St.  
H. B. Neiman, 571 Mt. Pleasant Rd.  
T. C. Pitt General Store,  
1190 Woodbine Ave.  
A. F. Armitage Children's Wear  
2454 Danforth Ave.  
Ritts, 976 Bathurst Street  
Mrs. C. Chapman, 1912 Gerrard St.  
Mrs. Cotton, 697 Mt. Pleasant  
Crane's, 1038 Pape Avenue  
Caldwell's, 675 Danforth Avenue  
J. Lipton, 918 Queen St. E.  
The Economic Store, 1221 Bloor St. W.  
Little Grey Shoppe, 332 Kingston Rd.  
Hornbush, 990 Bloor Street W.  
Young's, 3425 Yonge St.  
Hollyhocks, 1305 Yonge Street  
Osborne's, 1059 Gerrard St. East  
Sheffels, 2813 Dundas Street W.  
John Oliver, 377 Broadview Ave.  
The Bowers Shoppe, 532 Oakwood Ave.  
The Elaine Shoppe, 1590 Bloor St. W.  
Mrs. S. Hill, 3515 Dundas St. W.  
Unionville—Brown Bros.  
Wallaceburg—Stonehouse's  
Walkerville—C. H. Smith  
Waterloo—L. J. Kloppe  
Welland—Fashion Silk Shoppe  
Clark's, 48 East Main St.  
Weston—C. E. Grosskurth  
Whitby—Bell's Dry Goods  
Windsor—W. G. Cheshire  
Winchester—A. Sweet & Co.  
Windsor—John F. Burns  
Gray's Dept. Store  
C. H. Smith Company  
Sergeson Bros.  
Wingham—Walker Stores  
H. E. Sars & Co.  
Woodstock—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Walker Stores  
Wyoming—H. J. Parnall

## MANITOBA

Beimont—Castell & Phillips  
Brandon—Doigs, Ltd.  
Cardale—S. W. Smith  
Carman—H. S. Shilton Co.  
Cypress River—Mr. Jonas Anderson  
Dauphin—W. G. White  
Delafield—Henry Bros.  
Elgin—Anderson Mercantile Co.  
Hamiola—Dick's Shop  
La Riviere—J. H. Farney & Sons  
Morden—Henry Bros.  
Minnedosa—F. J. McDermott  
Morris—Jewel Stores Limited  
Neepawa—Jewel Stores Limited  
Norwood—W. A. Reid  
Oak River—E. H. Gilis & Sons  
Portage La Prairie—Ralph's Dept. Store  
Rapid City—Beatties Store  
Reston—G. S. Munro Co., Ltd.  
Rivers—Jas. A. McKenzie  
Russell—Smellie Bros.  
Shed Lake—H. B. Thornbeck  
St. Claude—Arbez, Ltd.  
Transcona—Transcona Merchants  
Treherne—Mrs. E. C. Daly  
Virden—7th Avenue Stores  
Waskada—A. Dalrymple  
Winnipeg—T. Eaton Co.  
Forsythe & Co., 559 Osborne St.

## SASKATCHEWAN

Anand—A. T. Forrester  
Arcola—Francis & Co.  
Birch Hills—H. A. Wilson  
Broadview—Mr. C. H. Clarkson  
Bruno—A. Bittel  
Carleton Place—F. MacRae  
Carleton Place—J. T. Elliott & Co.  
Ceylon—G. T. Kines  
Climax—Climax Trading Co.

Dodsland—Mr. B. H. Cortright  
Dorsey—J. E. Ouellet & Co.  
Edouard—F. T. Marks  
Western Supply Store  
Elfric—Laskin General Store  
Esterhazy—F. A. Clements  
Estevan—J. E. Loughlin Co.  
Fawn Lake—E. B. Smith  
Gull Lake—J. O. Hamby Co.  
Hepburn—Hepburn Trading Co.  
Herbert—A. H. Loepky  
Dorland & Co.  
Imperial—The Louis General Store  
Indian Head—The Western Fair  
Kamsack—H. Harvey & Co.  
Lindsay—Frank Robinson  
Maple Creek—Reesley's, Ltd.  
The Red and White Store  
Lloydminster—H. C. Messum  
Machlin—Machlin Trading Co.  
Major—W. J. Doyle  
Marmora—G. W. Stockton, Ltd.  
Maymont—N. Friedman  
Montmartre—A. T. Breton  
Moose Jaw—T. Eaton Co.  
Binning's Ltd.  
Moosemin—R. D. McNaughton Co.  
Neville—L. W. Fowler, Box 7  
North Battleford—Craig Bros.  
North Portal—R. H. Douglas

Ogema—E. L. Sier  
Oxbow—W. N. Alcorn  
Radisson—Y. W. Eddy  
Redvers—R. Curle & Son  
McDonald & Rutherford  
Regina—T. Eaton Co.  
West of England Dress Goods  
Nippon Silk & Products Co.  
Rosthern—Friesen & Co.  
Rosetown—Smith & Smith  
Saskatoon—E. B. Smith's Store  
Saskatoon—T. Eaton Co.  
Mrs. L. Paine, 515 Broadway  
Southey—Miss W. G. Longbottom, Box 15  
Swift Current—E. B. Smith's, Ltd.  
Tussock—P. A. Wiggins  
Watrous—Marcoe & Lerner  
Weyburn—McKinnons, Ltd.  
Whitewood—Whitewood Trading Co.  
Yorkton—Hudson's Bay Co.

## ALBERTA

Bassano—The McKee Stores  
Blackfoot—J. A. Macdonald  
Calgary—T. Eaton Co.  
Hudson's Bay Co.  
Webb's  
Nippon Silk Co., 119-8th Ave. W.  
Camrose—J. Lawrence & Co.  
Carleton Place—J. Lawrence & Co.  
Cardston—Laidlaw's, Ltd.  
Claremont—Clark Bros.  
Coleman—Red & White Store  
Edmonton—P. S. Passey  
Edmonton—T. Eaton Co.  
Hudson's Bay Co.  
Hanna—Stewart & Co.  
Innisfail—The Globe Store  
Lacombe—F. E. McLeod  
Leduc—Sheldon's, Ltd.  
Lethbridge—T. Eaton Co.  
Clarke & Co.  
Medicine Hat—The Tecu Store  
Olds—H. S. McIntyre  
Ponoka—F. E. Algar  
Peace River—Mrs. L. B. McLure  
Red Deer—The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.  
Roseland—Rosebud Trading Co.  
South Edmonton—Murray & Farrah  
J. J. Clarke, 9502 118th Ave.  
Strommers—Strommers Trading Co.  
Taber—R. H. Anderson  
Vermilion—Craig Bros.  
Wainwright—A. C. Armstrong  
Wetaskiwin—Brody's, Ltd.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

Courtenay—Laver's  
Cumberland—Mrs. B. Davies,  
Dunsmuir Ave.  
Duncan—Cowichan Merchants, Ltd.  
Hollyburn—Brook's Dry Goods  
Kamloops—Hudson's Bay Co.  
Kelowna—Pomeroy's, Ltd.  
Nanaimo—Malpas & Wilson  
Nelson—Hudson's Bay Co.  
New Westminster—W. S. Collier, Ltd.  
North Vancouver—The Stork Shoppe,  
125 Lansdale Ave.  
Port Alberni—Waterhouse & Greene  
Prince Rupert—H. S. Wallace & Co.  
Princeton—Princeton Dept. Store  
Salmon Arm—The S. A. F. Ltd.  
Vancouver—Mrs. Martha Allard,  
3006 W. Broadway  
The Baby's Own Shoppe, 6063 Fraser  
Ave.  
Errol—Woman's Shoppe,  
716 W. Broadway  
D. Sutherland's Dry Goods,  
3916 Hastings St., E.  
M. A. Rutherford, 4177 Main St.  
Osborne's Kerrisdale Dry Goods,  
2106 W. 41st St.  
Vernon—Hudson's Bay Co.  
Victoria—Hudson's Bay Co.

## P. E. I.

Charlottetown—Canadian Stores, Ltd.  
O'Leary—McWilliams & Turner  
Summerside—R. T. Holman  
Canadian Stores, Ltd.

## NEW BRUNSWICK

Blacks Harbor—Connors Bros.  
Campbellton—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Chipman—King Lumber Co.  
Cross Creek—Hurler Bros.  
Dunktown—M. H. Attridge  
East Florenceville—The Davis Co.  
Edmundston—Canadian Stores, Ltd.  
Fredericton—R. L. Black  
Canadian Stores, Ltd.  
John J. Weddall & Son  
Grand Falls—Isaac Dallen  
Harland—Keith & Plummer  
Harvey Station—G. W. Coburn & Sons  
Minto—F. H. Swift & Sons  
Moncton—T. Eaton Co.  
Newcastle—J. D. Creighton Co., Ltd.  
Perth—R. W. Estabrook  
Saint John—F. A. Dykeman Dept. Store  
Canadian Stores, Ltd., Charlotte St.  
Zeller's, Ltd.  
St. Quentin—Jos. Savoy  
St. Leonards—Miss M. A. Gervais  
Sussex—Sussex Mercantile Co.  
Woodstock—Miss Laura Balmain

## NOVA SCOTIA

Amherst—Canadian Stores, Ltd.  
Antigonish—Gregoire & MacDonald, Ltd.  
Aylesford—Louis L. Davidson  
Buctouche—Miss Maud Bourque,  
Le Parisien  
Dartmouth—Eaton Groceries, Ltd.  
Digby—Mrs. B. J. Roop  
St. Leonards—Miss M. A. Gervais  
Sussex—Sussex Mercantile Co.  
Woodstock—Miss Laura Balmain

Middleton—Fred E. Bentley & Co.  
New Glasgow—George White Book Store  
Canadian Stores, Ltd.  
North Sydney—Ingram's Bargain Store  
New Waterford—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Oxford—Davis & Swan  
Parrsboro—Watson Weaver  
Pictou—Margolan, Kitaeff & Co.  
Port Hawkesbury—J. J. Bourinot  
Stewiack—E. P. Crowe, Ltd.  
Sydney Mines—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Sydney—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Truro—C. E. Bentley & Co.  
Canadian Stores, Ltd.  
Westville—C. Harris  
Yarmouth—Everybody's Store  
Canadian Stores, Ltd.

## QUEBEC

Asbestos—J. H. Boudreau  
Beauveville—Est. Mr. Calus Roy  
Beauharnois—J. N. Marchand  
Berthierville—D. Tessier  
Cap de la Madeleine—Mad. Joseph Lapierre  
Charny—J. G. Brochu  
Caticook—Miss C. E. O'Neill  
Compton—Morris E. Couture  
Coutureville—Mr. A. Laplante  
Cowansville—E. A. Bonnette  
Deschambault—Normandeau & Carrette  
Drummondville—H. Brodeur  
M. J. Hervie  
Farham—Bunn's 5c. to \$1.00 Store  
Granby—Granby 5c. to \$1.00 Store  
Hemmingford—O. Lacasse  
Hull—J. Plamondon  
Iberville—Mad. Omer Mailhe  
Joliette—G. C. M. Coutu  
Mad. Camille Coutu  
Knowlton—Mrs. C. J. Farrell  
L'Assomption—Pauze & Fils Eng.  
L'Annonciation—Mme. G. Marois  
Labate du Ferve—Mad. Antoinette Houle  
Lachine—J. A. Bergevin  
Lachute—Lemoine 5c. to \$1.00 Store  
L'Epiphanie—Monahan & Desjardins  
Lousville—J. H. Langevin  
Magog—Mlle. Juliette Gaudreau  
Marville—5c. to \$1.00 Store  
Montreal—T. Eaton Co.  
Henry Morgan & Co.  
Imperial Silks & Woollens, 1272 Mt.  
Royal Ave.  
E. B. Harrison's Silks & Woollens,  
1407 St. Lawrence Blvd.  
C. Legault, 357 De Castelman St., Denis  
Community Store, 5624 Monkland Ave.  
Marshall's Silks, 1195 St. Catherine St.  
Mad. Alfred Dubé, 3974 St. Hubert St.  
Mad. A. Lamarche, 1879 Gauthier St.  
G. A. Langlois, 1879 St. Hubert  
L. Frois, 7124 Drolet St.  
People's Store, 1171 St. Catherine E.  
B. J. Marchand, 5624 St. Hubert St.  
L. Rivet, 3917 St. Catherine E.  
Oscar Benoit, 3930 Ontario  
Rosa Bonheur, 5747 Jeanne D'Arc  
P. Baucel & Fils  
D. Serres, 4275 St. Antoine W.  
L. Trempe, 6307 Monk, Ville Enard  
Mlle. A. Urban, 4724 Patineau Ave.  
Mrs. S. Fry, 4824 Sherbrooke St. W.  
Jack Evans, 5768 Sherbrooke Ave. West  
Federal 5c. to \$1.00 Store, St. Hubert St.  
J. O. Lemieux, 3734 Notre Dame W.  
People's 5c. to \$1.00 Store, 1807 Mt. Royal  
R. Marchand, 159 Bernard St. West  
Rene Lacroix, 5650 Blvd. St. Laurent  
Mme. J. A. Laberge, 9671 Notre Dame E.  
Real 5c. to \$1.00 Store, Masson St.  
Mackinnon—Lebrun Freres  
Montbello—R. O. Quenel  
Mont-Joli—Mlle. E. Dupere  
Mont-Laurier, Co. Labelle—Elle Basinet  
Montmagny—J. A. Fabbion  
Pierreville—Schonker & Cie.  
Pontiac—David Gourd, Amos Co.  
Plessisville—J. A. Savole, Fils, Enr.  
Quebec—T. D. Dubuc, 214-16 St. John  
A. J. L. Lacherte, 124 Durocher St.  
Mlle. G. Picard, 1239 St. Vallier St.  
Telephonie Simard, 710 St. Vallier St.  
J. W. Malouin, 36 Victoria St.  
Richmond—Mlle. R. Hudon  
Riviere du Loup—Des Croix Stores Co.  
J. E. Pineau  
Scottsboro—J. A. Labonne  
Shawinigan Falls—Mr. A. Maitreau,  
The Populaire, 5c. to \$1.00 Store  
Sherbrooke—Canadian Dept. Stores  
N. Zakab, 21 King St. E.  
O. Poudrette, 82 Galt  
St. Anne de Bellevue—G. Daoust & Co.  
St. Barthelemy—Jos. Mercure  
St. Chrysostome—Mad. C. Machabee  
St. Gabriel de Brandon, Co. Berthier—  
J. M. Comeau  
St. George de deure—Mad. O. Papillon,  
5c. to \$1.00 Store & Cie.  
St. Hyacinthe—Emile LaBeche  
St. Jerome—Mde. Camille Coté  
St. Jean—Madame C. Lerey  
St. Pacome—Mad. Jean J. Levesque  
St. Remi, Co. Napierville  
Lacelle & Provencal  
St. Sophie de Leonard—  
Mad. M. J. Poiry  
St. Therese de Blainville—  
Mad. A. Lefrançois  
Sorel—Emilien Lachambre  
Three Rivers—Lambert & Cloutier  
Thetford Mines—Eugene Lemoine,  
239 Notre Dame  
Valleyfield—La Compagnie Dion  
Verdun—Canadian Remnant Stores, Ltd.,  
3952 Wellington Street  
Danbion Remnant Stores, Ltd.,  
5001 Wellington Street  
Windsor Mills—Mlle. Joseph Côté  
H. Morin & Fils  
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Chatelaine  
Pattern  
No. 79

**EVERY CHATELAINA PATTERN IS GUARANTEED PERFECT CUT AND PERFECT FIT**

## SPECIAL DISHES

"Starred" in the Meals of the Month by M. Frances Hucks

### Rhubarb Crisp

- 4 Cupfuls of rhubarb, cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of brown sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of flour

Mix the rhubarb pieces with the sugar and place in a buttered baking dish. Cream the butter with the brown sugar and add the flour. Combine thoroughly and spread over the top of the rhubarb. Bake for twenty minutes or until the rhubarb is tender, in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit).

### Baked Chocolate Pudding

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of milk
- 2 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter or shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of vanilla

Heat the milk over hot water. Break the chocolate into small pieces and add to the hot milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the chocolate is melted and the mixture smooth and somewhat thickened. Cream the shortening add the sugar and continue creaming, then add the slightly beaten egg. When mixed, combine with the chocolate mixture. Add the sifted dry ingredients and the vanilla and blend well. Pour into individual greased pudding molds or custard cups and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty to thirty minutes. Serve hot with the following sauce:

### Marshmallow Sauce

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{3}$  Cupful of water
- $\frac{1}{8}$  Teaspoonful of cream of tartar
- 8 Marshmallows
- Few drops of essence of peppermint

Mix the sugar with the water, bring to boiling point and boil for three minutes. Add the cream of tartar. Cut the marshmallows into pieces, add to the hot syrup and stir until melted. Add the peppermint and serve at once. Four servings.

### Hollandaise Sauce

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Egg yolks
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of cayenne
- $\frac{1}{3}$  Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice

Cream the butter well, add the beaten egg yolks and the seasonings. Gradually add the boiling water. Cook over gently boiling water until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat, add the lemon juice and serve at once with fish.

### Scalloped Lima Beans and Egg With Cheese

- 1 Cupful of dry lima beans
- 2 Hard cooked eggs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Small onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of grated nippy cheese
- 2 Cupfuls of medium white sauce

Wash the beans and soak overnight in cold water. Cook in boiling salted water until tender and drain. Place one half of the beans in a buttered baking dish, add a layer of the hard-cooked eggs cut in slices, then a layer of pimento, onion and grated cheese. Cover with white sauce and repeat

the layers, having the grated cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for about forty minutes, or until browned. To make the white sauce, use four tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour and one pint of milk. Five servings.

### Canterbury Tarts

- 1 Cupful of raisins
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1 Soda cracker
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- Grated rind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon
- Pastry

Put the raisins through the food chopper, add the sugar, the slightly beaten egg, the soda cracker which has been rolled into fine crumbs, the lemon juice and rind. Line tart tins with the pastry rolled thin and fill with the mixture. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. When partly baked put a marshmallow on the top of each one and finish baking.

### Black Currant Roly-Poly

- 1 Cupful of sifted pastry flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or other shortening
- $\frac{1}{8}$  Cupful of milk
- About  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of black currant jam

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening and add milk to make a soft dough that can be handled. Roll about quarter inch thick and spread with the black currant jam. Roll like a jelly roll and place on a plate dredged with flour. Cover loosely with cheesecloth to allow for expansion and steam for forty-five minutes. Serve at once with cream and sugar or with a brown sugar or a lemon sauce.

### Codfish Soufflé

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of uncooked rice
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of salt codfish
- 2 Egg yolks
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- Dash of salt and pepper
- 2 Egg whites, stiffly beaten

Wash the rice thoroughly; drain and add to the milk which has been heated in a double boiler. Cook over hot water until the rice has absorbed the milk and is tender (about one hour). Flake the codfish and cook for ten minutes. Cool and add to the rice. Beat the egg yolks until thick and light colored and add with the melted butter and the seasonings to the first mixture. Blend well and fold in the egg whites which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Turn into a greased baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for about three quarters of an hour or until lightly browned. Serve at once plain, or with egg or tomato sauce. Four servings.

### Rhubarb Bavarian Cream

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of sweetened stewed rhubarb
- Powdered sugar if desired
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of whipping cream

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, add the boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add the rhubarb and additional sugar if the mixture is not sufficiently sweet. Set aside to cool. When the mixture begins to thicken fold in the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Mold and chill and serve unmolded garnished with freshly stewed rhubarb or whipped cream.



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Heinz Soups are actually, deliciously complete just as they come from the grocers. You need only heat the soup in its own container and pour into plate or tureen. You need add no liquid as with the condensed kind because the whole process of soup-making has been completed in the Heinz kitchens.

Once you have tasted a Heinz Soup you will never again say all tinned soups are alike. That's because Heinz Soups are made in small batches just as you would make them at home. Every Heinz Soup has its own individual flavour and is packed with nourishment. These rare qualities come from patient simmering of fresh juicy vegetables with tender meats and other choice ingredients in rows of shining kettles. "Why," you will say, "this is just like home-made soup." And you will be right.

*Fortunately, just now when the soup season is at its height, Heinz prices are the lowest in history. Put Heinz Soups on your shopping list today.*

quality, and not be too long. It is a good idea to give the programme before serving tea, so that the artists will get full attention. The numbers on the programme can be in keeping with the shower idea.

A reception committee receives the guests, seats them and makes them feel welcome. The contribution basket should be placed near the door.

A well-planned tea of this type could easily be given both in the afternoon and

the evening, with a different programme for each occasion, and different members of the association in charge. Funds could, of course, be increased by setting up booths in the hall, where handicrafts and baked goods might be sold. The idea of an April Shower Tea is broad enough to permit unlimited scope in carrying it out. To the suggestions given here you will be able to add many more of your own, to make the tea the most successful of the year.

## Beginner's Luck

(Continued from page 46)

for one. It will pay you to buy a quart a day, which allows a pint for each of you, to use in soups, sauce, scalloped dishes, desserts and so on. Include two vegetables besides potatoes in a day's meals, and if possible have one of them of the green, leafy variety. Then two servings of fruit, one of them raw. An egg a day, and meat or a substitute for it—fish or a nutritious cheese dish or one with eggs as the main ingredient. Bread, cereals, and starchy vegetables such as beans, potatoes, macaroni, have a place and help to meet the energy requirements.

You can make endless combinations from these food groups and you won't go far wrong if you apply a few other simple rules to your menu making. Avoid monotony. Even your most successful meal will lose its appeal if served too often, and variety is more a matter of thought than expense. Avoid repetition of the same flavor in the various courses. For instance, if you start off with a tomato cocktail, serve another vegetable with the meat and use something else for the salad. Choose foods which go well together, flavors which blend agreeably, colors which harmonize and textures which provide good contrast. In this way you can make the simplest meal tasty and interesting.

Yes, if you want to be really economical you cannot afford to be haphazard or to depend on some inspiration a few minutes before meal time. It seldom comes. Be businesslike instead, and you will be surprised how far your pennies go. Use foods in season as much as possible and consider the fuel and time necessary for the preparation of the various dishes. If you have the oven on for one thing, see if you cannot bake something else at the same time. Often a whole meal may be cooked by this method and the bills will be kept to the minimum. You can save, too, by learning attractive ways of serving left-overs, so think ahead and plan to make their second appearance as welcome as their first.

Then when you have written out your menus, check the ingredients, estimate the quantity and make out your market list. Your grocer will bless you and give you better service if you are clear and concise in your order and get it in in good time. And if for any reason you find it necessary to change your plan in detail, there is no law against that, and it's easier to rearrange your meal if you have something definite to go on, than it is to make out a menu from the beginning. Prepare for emergencies by keeping your shelves well stocked with staples, canned goods and ready-to-serve products.

The chief difficulty to the beginner seems to be in managing to have everything ready at once—the meat just at the right stage by the time the vegetables are cooked, and the pudding in the pink of perfection when its turn comes. A well-laid plan helps to solve that problem too, and after a little practice you get into the knack of it.

Stick to simple dishes at least until you have had more experience, and don't attempt too many which require last-minute attention or which spoil on standing a while. Prepare as much as possible well in advance and make full use of your refrigerator as well as your range. A crisp salad or a chilled dessert made early in the morning will simplify matters and is that much less to attend to. It provides a pleasant contrast in temperature, too, if the other courses are hot.

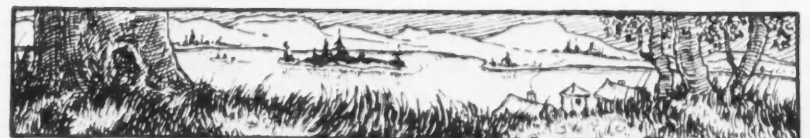
With these points in mind, the Institute suggests a week's menus prepared especially for the young bride's first efforts. Recipes for the dishes may be found in any good cook book, and by the application of a little simple arithmetic the amounts of ingredients may be reduced for "twosome" service.

NOW, how to go about the preparation! Suppose we take the first day or two and see what's to be done to make things as easy as possible. Breakfast is simple. As soon as it's over and you have sent the man of the house off to work, you will want to tidy things up a bit; then you might cook the eggs to have ready for lunch or supper, make the jellied rhubarb, pare the potatoes, scrape the carrots and even measure the ingredients for the cup cakes. Use canned soup for convenience; canned asparagus also, if you like. They are both excellent, flavorful and moderate priced products. Today, too, you might strain the tomatoes and season the juice for tomorrow's breakfast or buy a good brand of canned tomato juice. And there is still plenty of time left for other household duties, for leisure and recreation.

The second day, grate the cheese and put the salad greens to crisp early. Bake the custards while you have the macaroni dish in the oven; then when they are cool set them in the refrigerator—and that's off your mind! On Tuesday, your morning's work might include grinding the meat for the shepherd's pie, making the dressing and stuffing the spare ribs. And so on each day; then there is no worry, hurry and fluster at meal time.

A word about garnishing. Remember that a little goes a long way, but an artistic touch helps to make the dish appetizing. Don't fuss with food or try to make everything "fancy." Wise choice, good arrangement and perfect cooking make a bigger hit than too much trimming.

Does it seem like a jig-saw puzzle at first? Never mind; it will all work out and you'll get far more satisfaction out of planning and serving delicious meals than you do when you find the funny-shaped piece which fits into a particularly hard corner. And what a thrill, when the best man in the world compliments you on your cooking and good management!



# "Why I have a good mistress"

Extracts from some of the letters received in Chatelaine's recently conducted contest

**THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS** from some of the hundreds of letters received in the "Why I Have a Good Mistress" contest, are published because they are in themselves interesting, and because they bear out many of the points which have been stressed in *Chatelaine's* plea to put domestic work on a professional basis.

**S. A. Gregg, Vancouver:** Just as a business man does not treat an employee with lofty disdain, neither does she treat me with any condescension.

**Blandina Shak, Manitoba:** My mistress keeps her promises. I can depend on what she has said. She also trusts and believes me. I have also noticed that my mistress understands that we girls have dreams, wishes, love and romance in our hearts just the same as any other daughter or girl. And I am not ill-treated because I have the friendship of a man.

**Annie Grey, Alberta:** My mistress thinks it only right that I should live and work under cheerful, sanitary conditions. I use the sun porch or sewing room for the occasional visit of my friends, and I am very proud of her consideration and esteem. My mistress says I have saved her my salary this month by the knowledge applied to her household, which I received by spending two off-afternoons in a dry cleaning school held here recently.

**One who is interested, Toronto:** It is very strange to me how hard women can be. If they have a headache or the least thing wrong they have to lie in bed and have every attention from the maid, but the maid can drop over before she can even sit down. This has happened to me. In stores, factories and offices they have rest rooms where the help may rest for a while when not feeling well, but not so in domestic service. I have done a lot of thinking about the situation, and one idea came to me that perhaps a nice letter could be written to the heads of private schools for girls, asking them to educate their pupils about how to treat a maid. You see, all the ladies I have worked for had attended private schools, never worked for a living themselves, therefore were very selfish and didn't seem to consider the worker.

**Violet Lowe, Toronto:** Some time ago I was anxious to study dietetics and cooking. My mistress was quite pleased with the idea, and arrangements were made which enabled me to attend the classes four nights each week. My living quarters are all that a girl could desire, as my mistress likes to think that I am happy and comfortable in her employ. In choosing the uniforms which I wear, she always considers my opinion as to the style that suits me best.

**(Mrs.) Helen Thorpe, Montreal:** Just as a machine, to work well, requires oiling, rest and care, my mistress sees to it that her maid gets her rest period after the midday meal, attention when she is indisposed and care if illness lays her low. She does the utmost to make her maid's living quarters comfortable and cosy, so that her maid, living, eating and sleeping right in the midst of her work is happy enough in her own surroundings, thereby eliminating the ever present problem of "too much time off."

**Edythe Higgins, Manitoba:** I like my mistress because she is humane. She seems to realize the amount of work I have to do in a day, and when she is going to entertain she will let me know a few days in advance so I can arrange my work ahead. Then she

tells me afterward of any complimentary remarks made by any of her friends.

**Sadie Willett, Winnipeg:** Taking the housework in general, she is strict, stresses cleanliness, but acts and speaks in such a manner that it makes my work a pleasure. If we are entertaining, perhaps an evening dinner—and, as you probably understand, that entails so much extra work, Mrs.—nearly always finds time to let me rest awhile during the latter part of the afternoon. This makes me more than willing to put my best efforts into the evening's duties. Other mistresses have expected me to carry on all day, late into the night, and still act bright and cheerful.

**Maggie Denison, Ontario:** Yes, fairness in a mistress and a happy household come far above high wages.

**Hazel Hoover, Ontario:** My mistress always believes that no matter how much knowledge she has gained there is always more to be learned, so if when I suggest something different, the idea appeals to her as plausible, she is quite willing to have it tested. One thing I believe must be hard for a mistress to do, is for her to admit to an employee that she is wrong. My mistress is always quite willing to admit her mistakes. This greatly endears her to me.

**Mary Brown, Ontario:** The work I do is regarded as a help in making the home happier and more comfortable and efficient, and in return I receive far more than my wages in the interest taken in my personal appearance, my amusements, my health and my friends.

**Phyllis Nugent, Ontario:** The first thing a girl looks forward to is her wages. Some have to wait one month, maybe two; then with deep humility, some must ask for it. My mistress is most thoughtful in this matter. I'm paid twice a month and always a day before it is due. She is the same in her home as she is out of it.

**Sophy Dymond, Victoria:** She gives me a wage that I can clothe myself decently on, pay my insurance, have a little for social obligations, and lay a portion away for a rainy day.

**Ray McKey, Ontario:** She never invites yarns of other places I have been.

**Ella Spoor, Saskatchewan:** She does not gossip with me about her neighbors.

**H. Howe, Ontario:** At a recent party the main topic of conversation was—not current events, not politics, not fashions, but *us*. One lady, desirous of finding out what her maid was doing looked through the keyhole. To her embarrassment she saw her maid looking in at her. The character of a mistress is reflected in her maid.

**Roberta Young, Quebec:** She looks to me as her assistant to take responsibilities in the home along with an interest pertaining to the welfare of a well-regulated family, and, of course, its interests and contacts. She believes in the adage, responsibilities bring out the greatest response.

**Emma Keen, Montreal:** It will always be a pleasure to me to work for a lady who manifests confidence in my work, who is generous and kind, who looks after her servants as human and sensible women who have to work but miss their homes, and appreciates and encourages. Generally she will be well answered by the satisfaction of being proud of her home.

Continued on page 66

# Who said there's nothing new in pies?



Here's one you "bake" in the ice box

Even if you hadn't planned to, you're going to stage a real family party the first time you serve this new Lemon Chiffon Pie. There will be compliments for you—most everybody will ask for a second piece—and really, when you taste it yourself, you won't wonder about all the enthusiasm. This is pie mother never made and your husband never tasted! It's brand new and different... the lightest, fluffiest, most delicious pie imaginable.

And you'll have a good time making it, too. You won't have to heat up the oven to bake a pie shell unless you want to, for you can use the new graham cracker pie crust that you put

into the refrigerator instead of the oven. The pie is sure to be perfect if you follow the tested Knox Gelatine recipe.

In fact, you can always believe in the absolute truth of Knox statements because we have always endeavored to keep Knox advertising free from exaggeration. There's that point about Knox economy for instance—each package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine does make four different dishes, six servings of each. Try this new Lemon Chiffon Pie to-day—and try the delicious Chocolate Pie, the Apricot, the new Prune Whip Pie and the others real soon. Send for the Surprise Folder containing these recipes.

## LEMON CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 10-inch pie)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water 1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
 4 eggs 1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind  
 Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Add one-half cup sugar, lemon juice and salt to beaten egg yolks and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. To this mixture add the grated lemon rind, the softened gelatine and stir thoroughly. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and the other one-half cup sugar. Fill baked or graham cracker pie shell and chill. Just before serving, spread over pie a thin layer of whipped cream.

**GRAHAM CRACKER PIE CRUST** (1 crust for 9 or 10-inch pie)—1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups graham cracker crumbs;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup powdered sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, scant—crush graham crackers, and mix with butter and sugar. Pat mixture into pie pan. Place pie pan in refrigerator, or cold place. Allow to stand for several hours, then fill with pie filling.

## CHOCOLATE CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 10-inch pie)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water 4 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water 1 cup sugar  
 6 level tablespoonfuls  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful salt  
 cocoa or 2 squares 1 teaspoonful vanilla  
 chocolate  
 1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind, if desired

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix the cocoa and boiling water until smooth. Add softened gelatine, dissolving thoroughly. To this mixture add egg yolks, slightly beaten, one-half cup sugar, salt, lemon rind and vanilla. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and the other one-half cup sugar. Fill baked pie shell and chill. Just before serving spread over pie a thin layer of whipped cream.

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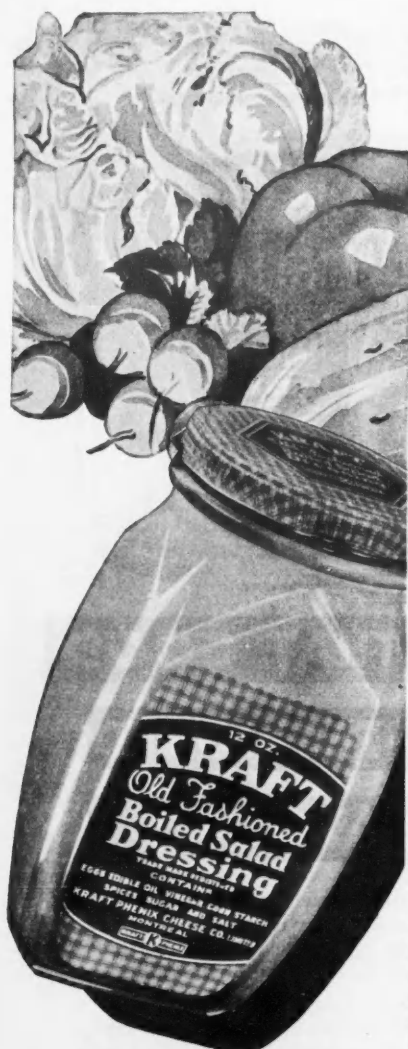
Please send me your FREE folder "Pies Mother Never Made", also your books "Meals for Three", "Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts and Salads".

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**KRAFT**  
QUALITY FOODS

## New Flavors for Spring

By GRACE MATTHEWS

**N**O WONDER people become irritable in spring. Diet monotony has slackened most appetites, and new flavor, new color must be worked into the "three meals a day." A bright bit of garnish on the most stolid rice pudding takes away that "economy look." Or a mound of sparkling emerald jelly makes lamb a more regal dish than does a darkish sauce with floating leaves. These are just hints of what the homemaker may reach by spending an hour or two making up some late season jams and jellies.

These recipes give foods that are most healthful and flavorsome in themselves. And they are a perfect accompaniment and garnish for many dishes.

Apricots have come to the fore because of their valuable iron and mineral content, and new methods of working them into the family menus are of interest. The old idea that apricots may be stored only as dried fruit now goes by the board. Here is a perfect jam, golden and sparkling, made from the dried fruit.

- 4 Cupfuls (2 lbs.) of prepared fruit
- 7 Cupfuls (3 lbs.) of sugar
- 1 Cupful of bottled fruit pectin

Prepare the fruit by adding  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of water to half a pound of dried apricots. Cover and let stand four hours or over night. Then simmer, covered, for thirty minutes. Drain the fruit, grind or chop fine, and mix with the juice.

Measure the sugar into a large kettle. Add the prepared fruit, filling up the last cup with water if necessary. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over the hottest fire. Stir constantly before and during the boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Skim and pour quickly into jars. This recipe makes about eleven eight-ounce jars.

Fruit pectin added to many fresh fruits ensures tender, full-flavored jam or jelly made by the short-cooking methods. Fruits deficient in pectin will not jell unless pectin is added. This is true of pineapple. Yet adding a bottled fruit pectin brings this delightful flavor to the jam cupboard.

Instead of wastefully throwing away the delicious juice that comes with canned pineapple, here is a recipe that adds happiness to meal time. It is a pineapple mint jelly, wonderful for lamb, or garnish for puddings and cakes.

- 2 Cupfuls (1 lb.) of syrup from canned pineapple
- Green coloring
- 1 Cupful of mint leaves
- $3\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.) of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of bottled pectin

Drain the syrup from canned pineapple. Wash the mint leaves but do not remove from the stems. Place the leaves in a large saucepan and press with a wooden potato masher.

Measure the sugar and pineapple syrup into a saucepan and mix with the mint. Bring to a boil, adding coloring to give the desired shade. As soon as the mixture boils, add the pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for half a minute. Remove from the fire; remove the mint leaves and stems. Skim, pour quickly into glasses. To remove all traces of mint leaves, hot jelly must be strained at once through a fine sieve before it is poured into glasses. Cover the hot jelly with paraffin at once. This recipe makes five eight-ounce jars.

Nothing more delicious or more simply made than winter grape jelly could be imagined. Just get a bottle of fine grape juice and in a few minutes a perfect jelly can be made.

- 3 Cupfuls ( $1\frac{1}{4}$  lbs.) of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls (1 lb.) of bottled grape juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of bottled fruit pectin

Measure the sugar and grape juice into a large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over a very hot fire and add pectin at once, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for half a minute. Remove from the fire, skim, and pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes five eight-ounce jars.

Grape jelly with toast or crackers and cream cheese is a very popular late supper combination.

As a toast spread, or for layer cakes, banana and pineapple jam is tasty. The pineapple gives a tang to the bland banana flavor.

- 4 Cupfuls (2 lbs.) of prepared fruit
- $7\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls ( $3\frac{1}{4}$  lbs.) of sugar
- 1 Cupful of bottled fruit pectin

To prepare the fruit, crush five fully ripe bananas to a fine pulp and add one (number 2) can ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls) of crushed pineapple.

Measure the sugar and prepared fruit into a large kettle and bring to a full rolling boil over a very hot fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Skim and pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes eleven eight-ounce jars.

## PLEASE LOVE ME MORE

By Jean Le Jeune

Please love me more,  
You laughing children in the street,  
With dirty hands and mud-stained feet,  
And all your little hearts a-beat,  
Enter my humble welcome door  
Where you have often been before,  
And love me more!

Please love me more,  
You poor — with noble heart and true,  
Aristocrats 'neath God's great blue,  
Yet wearing a discarded shoe—  
Abandon all the grief you wore,  
Though you are weary and footsore,  
And love me more!

Please love me more,  
Dear lonesome heart — I'm lonely too.  
To us a word of love is due,  
And I can give it all to you,  
With tenderness and touch of love,  
As at your feet my love I pour;  
Please love me more!

Please love me more—  
And you will always love with me,  
The children — dirty, sweet and free—  
The poor — with God's nobility —  
And each lone heart with broken core  
Yet rich — with sympathy in store—  
Please love me more!

Clever cooks serve  
it dozens of ways!



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**KRAFT**  
QUALITY FOODS

# Our Summer Cottage

An adventure in economy that succeeded

By ELLEN JENNESS

IN THESE days of retrenchment, when no one dependent for a livelihood on the Powers-that-be knows just what moment the whimsical Queen is going to shout "Off with her head," it is well to take forethought and consider just what one's condition would be were the axe really to fall and one's head be "off."

This family—we are five—assumed the prepare-for-the-worst attitude more than twelve months ago, in the spirit of adventure perhaps more than of necessity. Whether we were prompted by one or the other, it might pay even the most optimistic to glance at the objective attained in our last spring's economic drive.

As the breadwinner had not yet lost his job, we postponed moving from the town house—the first drastic step were the inevitable to happen; but we did desert the country house, a large, well-appointed summer cottage situated in the midst of an acre and a half of beautiful pine and hemlock woods, where a private tennis court attracted the envy of all the neighbors. This asset we rented to a reliable tenant for \$300. Then commenced an intensive scouting campaign all up and down the high-roads leading to and from the city. Every family picnic resolved itself into an expedition in search of a plot of ground on a river front that might be bought "for a song," and yet be beautiful enough to keep us from attacks of nostalgia for the old "stand." We chose, tentatively, all kinds of spots, and interviewed all sorts of potential landowners, from plutocratic companies to poverty-stricken mujiks who owned a solitary acre of land; and everywhere we accumulated notes for the "land surveys report."

At last, after innumerable snags had cropped up and numerous near-buys had come to naught, we settled on a triangular plot of ground, one acre in size, with water on two sides and a farmer's right-of-way on the third. The farmer who owned the land was not anxious to sell. His heritage was a large Nova-Scotia-shaped peninsula—perhaps fifteen acres in all—on one of our scenic Laurentian rivers, and he belonged to that old school of Canadian farmers who believe in handing down their property unimpaired, generation after generation, rather than in "cashing-in" on everything for which they can find easy purchasers.

However, as the particular point we chose was thickly wooded with pine, spruce and

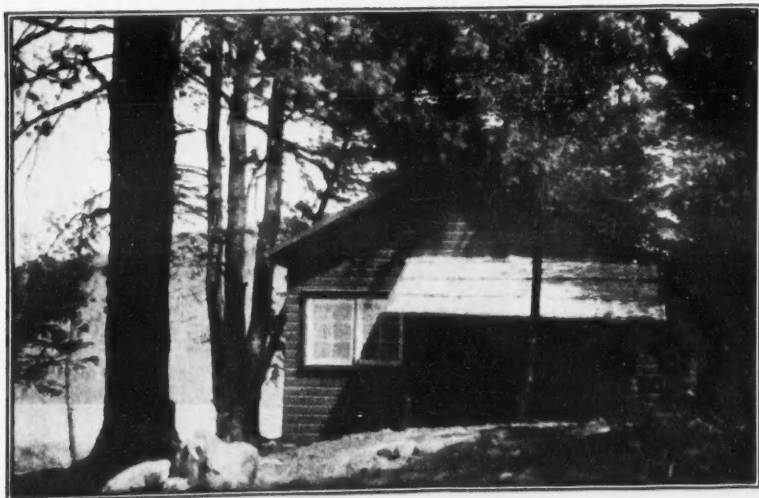
other evergreens, and the woodland carpet was of thick, moist pine needles rather than green grass of use to his animals, he at last consented to sell, in the honest belief that he was not lessening the actual value of his property for his descendants. He named \$300 as his price, adding altruistically, "to be paid whenever youse like." The bargain was closed; we paid \$100 down, and guaranteed to pay the remainder in installments of at least \$100 a year.

Once purchased, the lot with its mysterious woodsy spots, its giant age-old trees, became a veritable Eden to us all, especially to the children. One gigantic pine tree, whose circumference equalled that of a Douglas fir, and whose great arms spread overhead in an almost complete circle, we instinctively named the "Cathedral tree," for it dominated the entire lot as a medieval cathedral towers over its unobtrusive hamlet.

OUR FIRST MOVE, however, was to carefully decide in what kind of abode the family should live. All very well to luxuriate in the grandeur and natural beauty of our green bower, but what of the thunder and lightning and torrents of rain that we knew to be an inevitable part of this summering-out business. Tents were condemned immediately as being insufficiently windproof, and too perishable for our small precious investment. The entire cost must not exceed \$250, \$50 less than the price we had received for the rental of our cottage. Clearly the place to work this out was at home, inspired not by pine trees, but by prosaic walls, a telephone at one's elbow, and the unalterable facts of a meagre bankbook. In spite of walls and telephones and bankbooks, however, we could not get away from the glamor of adventure; and in that mood we accomplished our aim, lived in the camp one entire summer, and can scarcely wait for the "merry month of June" to get back to it all!

We made up our plan to scale—architects were out of the question, of course—and placed the drawing in the hands of the lumber merchant. From our first blueprint, he gave us his estimated cost of lumber, windows, doors, roofing, screening, etc., for the entire cottage. The estimate proved too high, so we went to work again, cutting down here, modifying there, and doing

Continued on page 74



This is what our cottage looks like today.



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**GILLETT'S LYE** EATS DIRT

## Hygiene in the Sick Room

By NURSE STEACY

**H**YGIENE is the science of health. Thoroughly clean surroundings and a constant supply of fresh air are the ideal conditions. Air is as necessary to existence as food, and its total deprivation is still more rapidly fatal. But the quality of the air is also of nearly equal importance—although this is not so readily proved.

Whatever renders the blood impure tends to originate disease. Whatever makes the air impure tends to make the blood impure. It is the air we breathe that purifies the blood. If the water we use to wash our clothing is dirty, it is impossible to wash the clothing clean. So if the air we breathe is impure, it is impossible for it to purify the blood. What, then, are some of the things which render the air impure and corrupt the blood?

It is the nature of still water to become impure. Running water purifies itself. Air in motion also purifies itself. Thus it is that the air of a close room becomes inevitably impure, causing headaches and other disturbances.

Pure air uncontaminated, either by decomposing animal, vegetable or mineral products, is of the greatest consequence to the human race. A large quantity of fresh air is required for the healthy occupation of the sick room; hence all rooms should be constructed with a view to ventilation. Close rooms make the graves of multitudes.

### Ventilation

Fresh air finds its way into a room at the lower part and if openings for ventilation are made in the upper part, a current of fresh air fit for breathing is always passing through the room, the foul air escaping as it becomes vitiated. A sick room to be healthy must also be lighted. A dark room is not only gloomy and dispiriting, but also unhealthy. Dark corners in the sick room invite untidiness. The room must be frequently aired. Windows should be open from above and not from below, and draughts avoided. If this cannot be arranged for the general airing, open the window wide, and keep the door shut when the window is open. Place a screen or arrange a sheet around the patient. Cover the patient's head, leaving mouth and nose exposed.

Apply extra covering on bed and a bed jacket on patient. The sun or strong light should not shine upon a weak patient, but do not shut out the sun or light as they have definite destructive powers on bacteria. Often, it is not possible to so place the bed as to be entirely out of draught. But a protector ventilator may be placed in the window in such a manner as to direct the incoming fresh air upward, thereby preventing cold air from coming directly into the room. A board may be placed on the lower sill to effect this.

### Disinfection

Disinfectants are substances possessing the power of destroying germs and which also, by absorbing or decomposing impure gases, purify the atmosphere. Bacteria are best killed by great heat, moist or dry. Antiseptics are substances which retard or check the growth of bacteria. The following are a list of some of the disinfectants and antiseptics most commonly now in use:

- Alcohol
- Bichloride of mercury
- Carbolic acid
- Lysol
- Potassium permanganate
- Chlorinated lime
- Iodoform
- Formaldehyde
- Hydrogen peroxide
- Boric acid
- Iron sulphate
- Hexylresorcinol solution ST37

These are recommended for use in the sick room, when washing the hands and articles used by the patient.

Use the disinfectant in strength ordered by the doctor in simple home care. While contagious and infectious diseases are cared for under special directions best carried out by the trained nurse, the following precautions are necessary in all cases of home nursing, as they are observed in the John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

**Hands of the Nurse:** The hands, nails and forearms should be thoroughly cleaned with a scrubbing brush, soap and water, and disinfected by alcohol, fifty to seventy per cent, or any weak disinfectant solution. This precaution should be followed by a nurse after handling all soiled linen or articles used by the patient, or after making application to the throat or nose, and always before eating her meals.

**Dishes from the Sick Room:** Dishes, silverware, etc., should be plunged into hot water, washed and dried separately, and kept separate for the patient's special use.

**Linen:** All bed linen, personal clothing, cloths, towels, napkins, handkerchiefs, etc., that come in contact in any way with the sick person, after use should be immediately immersed, after removal from room, in a weak solution of chemical. Soaking in carbolic, 1-20, for two hours is the best method. The linen should be then washed and boiled, adding a few tablespoonfuls of kerosene to the boiling water to remove greasy marks made by oils, vaseline or creams. This also whitens and disinfects the clothing.

**Expectorations:** Sputum dishes can be obtained in plain white enamelled ware, or can be made of sanitary cardboard. The little waxed drinking cups are excellent, as also placing a double thickness of paper in a box with sawdust or ashes that can be lifted and burned immediately after use, if patient expectorates freely. Pieces of cheesecloth or paper handkerchiefs can be substituted for any of the above, if the patient is too ill to use the sputum cup. All such soiled pieces and soiled dressings should be thrown into a basin or paper bag and burned. The earthenware sputum dish should be sterilized every twenty-four hours and should always contain a certain amount of weak disinfectant.

**Evacuations:** Bed pans and urinals should also contain a certain amount of disinfectant and be thoroughly washed and scalded after each using.

Stools from patient should be mixed with an equal amount of milk of lime, and allowed to stand for one hour before sending down the sewer. Use half quantity of disinfectant solution to the quantity of waste matter. Urine is best mixed with an equal amount of carbolic, 1-20, and allowed to stand for an hour.

**Syringes and Rectal Tubes:** These must be isolated and boiled after each using.

**Thermometers:** These must also be isolated kept in bichloride solution, 1-1000, which must be renewed daily.

**Blankets, Mattresses, Pillows:** In home nursing, carpets, curtains, bedding, etc., become a problem when disinfecting the sick room, where the high pressure disinfecting oven isn't available.

The room occupied by the patient must not be reinhabited before it has been thoroughly disinfected. The disinfection of clothes of the patient and nurses, carpets, curtains, bedding, etc., is effected by gathering all books, magazines, toys, etc., and if there is a fireplace in the room burn them; if not disinfect them in the room before burning. Open all drawers and closets, hang bedding, pillows, and so forth, on line, stand mattress on ends so that the air will get to every part. Close windows, ventilators, etc., and cover fireplaces. Close crevices of windows or doors by strips of paper,

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# FIGHT MOTHS *with science* ..not luck!

## Guard your woolen clothes **NOW**

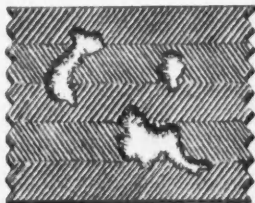
**T**HE destructive mothworm has no regular schedule. He is only too likely to arrive ahead of time. So prepare *now* to guard woolen coats and suits, rugs, hangings, and upholstery.

Fight mothworms the scientific way. Don't depend on luck. Don't depend on moth-balls and other bad odors, for the mothworm cannot smell. Don't depend on bags and boxes, or you may find you have locked the mothworm *in* instead of locking him *out*.

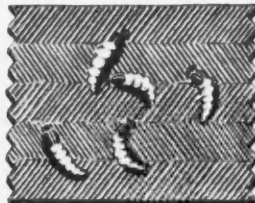
Fight moths by getting *ahead of them*. That's the *Larvex* way. Treat the cloth before the mothworm is hatched. Then

he cannot even nibble. He starves right on the wool. Larvex is a wonderful time and money saver. Just one application of it lasts a whole year and will save you hundreds of dollars in loss by moth-holes.

Leading textile manufacturers are using Larvex now. It is so thorough and



Here the housewife trusted to the wrong kind of "protection." Her woolens were destroyed.



Here the wiser housewife used Larvex and the mothworms died right on the woolen cloth!

so different from the old-fashioned attempts to prevent moth damage. Larvex *penetrates right into the very threads* of the fabric itself. Use Larvex on rugs and upholstery, as well as woolen coats and suits.

Larvex is odorless, non-inflammable, non-injurious. A whole year's mothproofing of a suit costs less than a single pressing! Sold everywhere by drug and department stores in Canada. The Larvex Corporation, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P.Q.



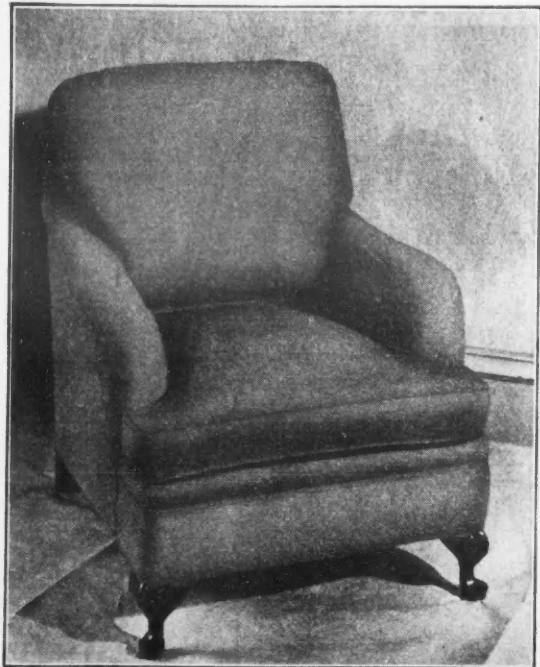
# LARVEX

ONE SPRAYING WILL LAST A WHOLE YEAR

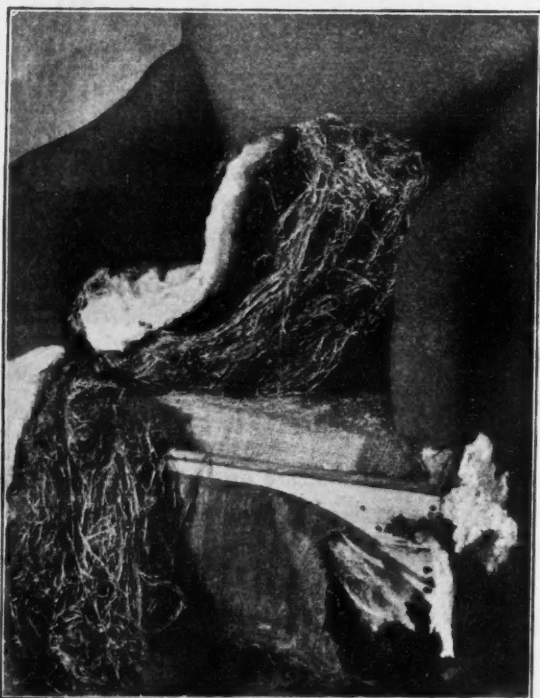


# The Fallacy of Cheap Merchandise

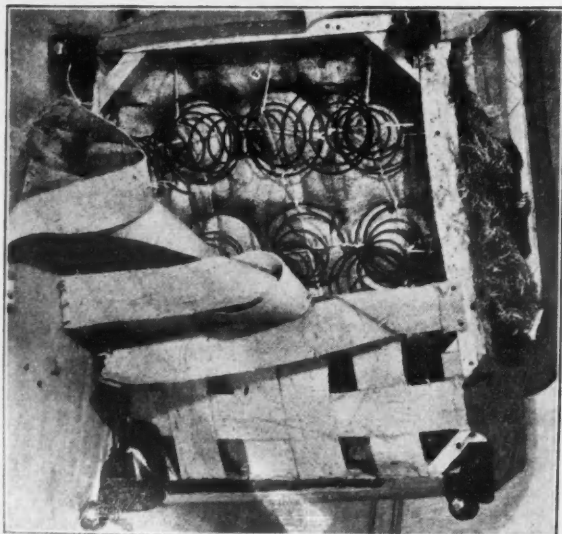
(Continued from page 4)



1



2



3

**I**N ORDER to study the matter at first hand, we bought a chair and took it to the Institute to break it down and see for ourselves just what it was like. Photographs on this page will show what we found.

This is not the worst chair on the market by any means, but it is a low-grade chair sold by a reputable and responsible dealer. It is probably worth the money, but the big point is that it was built below a standard necessary for it to be of real value. As in other lines, there are certain basic structural requirements essential to reasonable wear. This chair is built below what is considered a safe standard for people to buy.

We tore the chair apart.

We found one essential of a well-built chair which would not be found in even lower-grade furniture—a hardwood frame. In a number of even cheaper pieces a great deal of soft wood is used in hidden parts of the frame.

The design of the chair as a whole is very good, in the English low-back, loose-cushion type, and when it was purchased it gave every promise of comfort. With a deep seat, a "down" cushion, it was upholstered in a denim and invited relaxation.

When we got into it, however, we discovered places where the construction had been cheapened below the necessary standard.

First we came to cotton batts of a very poor grade, with little resiliency and so dirty that we strongly suspected it to be reclaimed material. It is possible in most of the provinces of Canada today to reclaim material from old mattresses, even from hospitals and institutions, for the making of upholstered batts. The more reputable makers of upholstered furniture use only new material. You should insist that your dealer give you every assurance that the furniture you buy contains only new material.

Underneath the batting was flax tow. Good flax tow is carefully beaten to make it as dustless as possible. The tow in this chair was simply filled with dust. This tow is not the cheapest form of upholstery, as wood excelsior, an even lower grade, is used in some upholstered furniture. But tow is not a satisfactory material because of the dust it contains, and because in damp and humid weather it gives off an offensive, musty odor.

In studying the frame, we found that the corner blocks were very insecurely designed and fastened. Good construction demands that corner blocks be made to fit closely where the leg fits the frame. In the front of a chair, at least, these corner blocks should be triangular in shape, to fit snugly into the corners, and they should be glued and screwed. In this chair they were merely strips of wood spanning the corner and nailed instead of screwed.

In the construction of the seat, only nine springs were used—a very inadequate number. The springs were loosely and inadequately tied

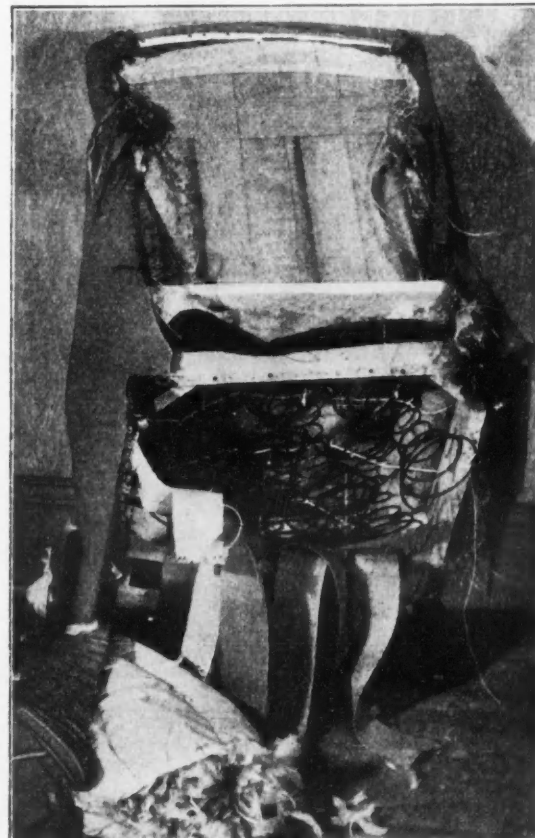


4

to the frame, allowing a great deal of side-play and promising that in all too short a time they would tear loose and cause repairs. In addition, the webbing supporting the springs was not adequately tacked.

One of the worst structural faults was found in the way in which the front of the seat was built up with a strip of wood padded with tow instead of having the springs come out flush with the front of the chair. The only result that could follow would be that under little wear the front of the chair would sag and the covering material rip. [Continued on page 72]

5



● 1. This chair had all the appearance of comfort and satisfaction when it was bought and taken to the Institute for examination.

● 2. But torn apart it revealed inferior upholstery material and poor workmanship. Notice the space at the front of the seat, with no springs. ● 3. Note the corner pieces, the inadequate springs and the frame—as seen from beneath. ● 4. This is an inexpensive, but well-constructed chair as described in this article. Note the well-filled springs, and all the details of satisfactory workmanship. ● 5. You can see in this photograph how the upholstery material could slip through the back, at the sides and bottom, and the quality of the "down"-filled cushion

# THE FRUIT-BASKET QUILT



No. 5. Blueberries

Another block in this series will be found on page 75

THIS IS ONE of the most intricate patterns in our new series of thirty-two fruit appliques. If you are planning to paint or crayoncraft these in naturalistic colors the small fruits and berries are even easier to do interestingly than a large apple or grapefruit, but if you are building these blocks the applique route, of course these berry blocks are a trifle tedious.

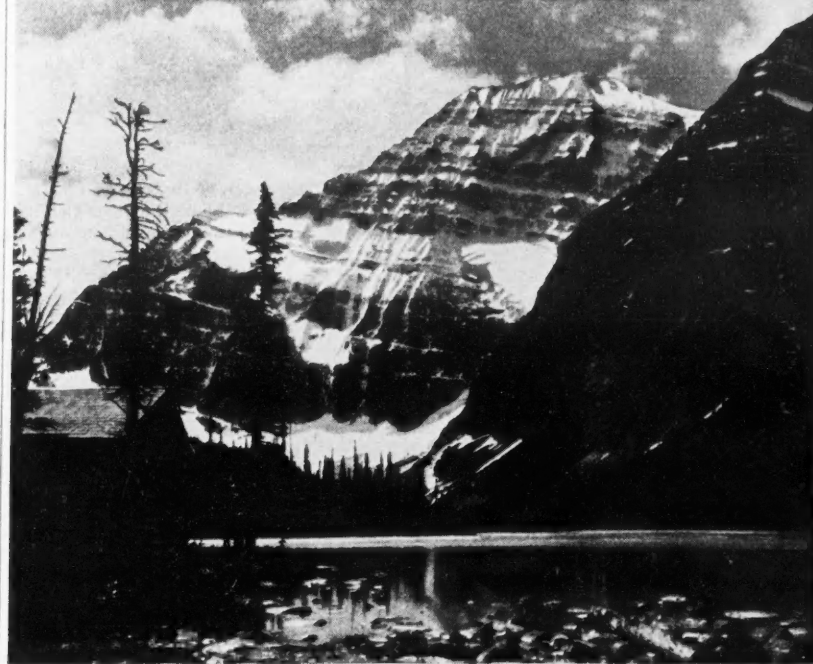
Traced in groups, as shown in the color sketch, they simplify considerably. Use royal blue for the top three and the single

one so marked, navy blue for the four major groups with those marked darkest in purple. Two values of green, a reseda and a dark green make the leaves.

These all baste back a seam to the finished size which is the one printed and whip into place as shown. Stems embroider in a rather light green, as do the deep blossom ends on the berries. These are in satin stitch, some of them with two values of green, the darker showing inside or back, and several have a bit of berry color left showing through in the centre.

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*in the*  
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. . . saddle trips . . . camera-hunting for mountain goats and sheep. The friendly hospitality of Jasper Park Lodge is as much a part of this perfect vacation as the mountains themselves. Luxurious accommodations in the main lodge or a delightful bungalow in the pine woods. Perfect food. Rates from \$7.00 a day for room and meals (10% discount for 14 days or more). Season June 1-Sept. 23.



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ROOM 317, 153 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT.

## Why I Have a Good Mistress

(Continued from page 61)

**Cissie Stevenson, British Columbia:** Kindness and generosity, while desirable, are not the chief virtues of a mistress. Her wholehearted interest in my welfare and happiness makes me eager to serve her, and I am proud to say that I consider ours a real partnership in the important business of running her home.

**Clara Koome, Saskatchewan:** On all occasions my mistress takes pride in displaying to her friends what talents I may possess, and being human. I thank her for it.

**Kathryne MacDonald, Ontario:** I am the only maid employed in a family of eight adults and two children, so that my mistress and I are kept very busy. In spite of this I am happy and contented in my work. I feel that the reason is that I am trusted by all in the house, and made to feel that I am largely responsible for the comfort and happiness of the family.

**Irene Korell, Manitoba:** It is my fortune to have a mistress who trusts me implicitly. She knows that I am always doing my best, continually trying to improve, and that I shun anything which might violate her trust in me. Therefore she seldom interferes with my undertakings. Hers is the desire to have the work done; it is my duty to do it satisfactorily, my desire to do it better. Consequently I am allowed a great deal of freedom in my work, a freedom which gives me an opportunity to show my interest in my work.

**Mrs. K. E. Steeves, Alberta:** I like my mistress because we have much in common. We are both systematic and like as far as possible to follow a routine. My mistress gave me a synopsis of the routine she wished me to follow, then trusted to my honor for me to do my part. If I was successful I was commended; if results were unsatisfactory she kindly told me her ways of surmounting my difficulties.

**Clara MacLean, New Brunswick:** She places a confidence in me which puts me on such a high level that I have to work hard to attain that height.

**Dorothy Darragh, Montreal:** I feel that she is not my mistress, but my employer. There is a slight difference. I plan and do my work my own way. If I wanted to take a course at one of the technical schools two afternoons a week, I should have to get up an hour earlier, or plan my work so that it would give me time off in the afternoon, just like any housewife.

**Sophie Marleau, Vancouver:** She expects me to regard this as a home. Then, too, this is such an interesting household, all adults contacting the public, all having interesting experiences and vivid ways of looking at life. There are no dull days here. I have new recipes brought me, suggestions about cooking and serving, new dodges and short cuts in work, inspiration for utilizing my little bits of leisure time. Also I have to take my share of family teasing and laugh at the family jokes.

**One who is proud of her mistress, Ontario:** I like my present mistress very much because she treats me like a human being, like herself. She never "lends" her maid. One lady I know, instead of sending baking or giving in other ways to her church at socials and suppers, lends her maid to do the dishwashing! My mistress would never think of such a thing.

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IN NEW  
**25c**  
SIZE

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injury to either mother or child. As already pointed out the death rate among breast-fed babies is only about one seventh that of bottle-fed babies. Even when the amount of breast milk is insufficient and when the deficiency is made up with other food, the death rate is much less.

#### Immunity from Disease

In the first three months of life babies are usually immune from disease. Thus a mother suffering from diphtheria may safely tuck her young infant.

Breast-fed babies are much more immune from disease than the artificially fed, and are much more liable to recover from illness. The immunizing properties of the mother's blood seem to be transmitted through the milk. It is impossible, however, to transmit immunity from disease through the milk except to the young of the same species. Thus immunity from disease is not transmitted to an infant through the milk of a cow or other animal. Many drugs, including cathartics, are eliminated in the milk, causing disturbance in the infant.

Almost all babies may be kept on the breast if the individual case is studied and if the mother and nurse persevere.

#### Stimulation of Breast Milk

Every effort should be made to sustain the supply by having the infant completely empty the breasts at regular intervals and by giving the mother plenty of rest and a good nourishing diet containing at least a quart of milk per day. If the infant fails to gain in weight—the surest sign of an inadequate food supply—the amount of breast milk may be determined by weighing the baby before and after nursing. The difference in weight will indicate the weight of breast milk supplied. Care must be taken to see that the breasts are completely emptied. If there is not sufficient breast milk the infant should be nursed every three hours to stimulate the secretion. Any deficiency in the food supply will then require to be made up by artificial feeding, the best of which is modified cow's milk.

#### Why the Failures in Breast-Feeding?

The failures in breast-feeding are chiefly due to faulty technique.

*The first twenty-four hours.* During the first twenty-four hours after birth the baby should be put to the breast two or three times. There will be little or no secretion, but this procedure will stimulate the milk to come. The baby should have a little boiled water, say one-quarter to one-half an ounce. It is best given from a spoon as the use of a bottle and nipple may cause the baby to refuse to take the breast.

*The second twenty-four hours and after.* During the second twenty-four hours the baby should be put to the breast every five hours: during the third day, every four hours and from the fourth day on, it may have five or six feedings in the twenty-four hours at four-hour or three-hour intervals. The breasts should be used alternately. When the secretion of milk is abundant it may be fed at four-hour intervals with but five feedings in the twenty-four hours. If not abundant, and the baby is not gaining, the feedings should be three hours apart with five feedings in the day and one at night, making six in the twenty-four hours. If the quantity in the one breast is insufficient, both may be used.

A very common mistake is to assume that babies are hungry when they cry and stick their fingers in their mouths. In such cases they have usually been overfed and suffer from colic.

#### Evidence of Too Much Food

If the baby vomits after a meal and just before the next meal-time it is getting too much nurse. If so, the interval between feedings should be increased, and it may be necessary to give the baby a complete rest

from food for several feedings, using only water or barley water. In the meantime the breasts will have to be pumped with a breast-pump or the milk expressed by hand.

#### Conditions Influencing the Milk Supply

Women who are nervous or have flat, saucer-shaped breasts or the large, pendulous kind will not secrete so freely as those of an even temperament or who have firm, pear-shaped breasts with large, prominent veins upon them.

#### To Stimulate Milk Flow

The best stimulant of the breast is the free use of it. A thorough emptying of the breast is the finest sort of stimulant to a flow of milk. It is common in large hospitals for one wet nurse to supply as many as three babies.

#### Overfeeding

Colic means indigestion and its chief cause is overfeeding. The young mother is often fearful of starving her baby. In consequence she overfeeds it. The best sign that the baby is getting sufficient food is a gain in weight of four to six ounces per week. If there is vomiting and the stools are large and frequent and full of small curds, the baby is overfed. The rule is to give as little milk as possible and still have the baby gain a proper amount of weight.

#### Underfeeding

In babies who are underfed there is no gain in weight; the stools are small, sometimes greenish, but rarely curdy. In such cases, weighing before and after nursing will usually show that the baby is not getting over one-half to one ounce from both breasts. In such cases the baby should not be weaned, but given all the breast milk it can get, the remainder of the meal being made up of other food.

#### Refusal of Infant to Nurse

The causes which may interfere with nursing are:

1. Inability to breathe through the nose (because of cold or adenoids).
2. Undeveloped or inverted nipples.
3. Insufficient milk.
4. Tongue-tie.

In such cases the physician's advice should be sought.

#### Cracked Nipples

Cracked nipples cause the mother a lot of discomfort. They often lead to infection and abscess of the breast, with consequent premature weaning of the infant. They are prevented by attention (already described) to the nipples and by the use of lead shields worn over the nipples in the interval between nursing. These lead shields are little hats of lead which may be procured in the drugstore. A further precaution is the careful washing of the nipples with a saturated solution of boracic acid or a fifty per cent solution of alcohol after each nursing. A nipple shield should be worn at each nursing until the cracks are healed.

#### Abscess of the Breast

It is not necessary to wean the baby in case of abscess of the breast. The abscess should be opened and drained, the baby nursed at the other breast, and the affected breast expressed or pumped regularly. The abscess affects, as a rule, but one section of the breast and the secretion can be maintained.

#### To Learn Amount Taken at a Feeding

The baby should occasionally be weighed before and after nursing so as to learn how much milk has been taken.



## No, mother, no! —don't give your child a laxative made for grown-ups

YOU wouldn't consciously harm a single hair of his head . . .

And yet, like thousands of loving, conscientious mothers — you may be harming him with laxatives made for adult use! Laxatives which are too harsh, too drastic in action for a child's sensitive digestive system, even when given in small doses!

#### Childhood's commonest ailment

Every mother knows how important it is to have a laxative of some kind always on hand for her children. For constipation is childhood's commonest ailment. No matter how carefully you follow advice on "balanced diet"—no matter how actively your youngsters romp and play—there are times when the need for a laxative is plainly indicated.

#### Mother—you know the signs!

You know the symptoms—listlessness, bad breath, loss of appetite, bad temper, and fretfulness. Perhaps the real trouble is that children are often too busy playing to spare the time. On the other hand — it may be nature's forewarning of a cold, or an upset stomach.

#### Don't wait!

Don't wait — the first symptom is the time for a laxative to clean out an overloaded little body—to clear away poisons that are being absorbed into the blood-stream — to start the machinery of elimination working again.

#### Give him Castoria!

At such times, Castoria is the ideal

laxative. It is the *only* laxative made specially for children. It is a vegetable preparation which is absolutely safe and absolutely sure. It settles delicate stomachs. It does not gripe. It is not habit-forming. And children love the taste of it — they are not afraid to take it.

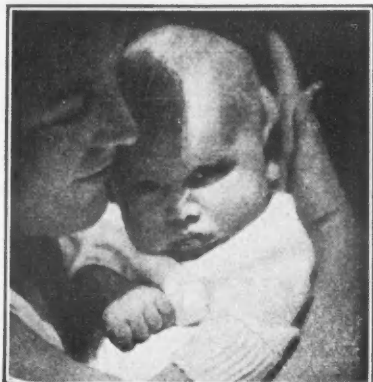
Ask your physician about Castoria. He will tell you that it contains no harmful drugs . . . *no narcotics*. It is a highly ethical remedy for constipation in children from baby age to eleven years old. Purchase a bottle of Castoria at your druggist's today. The *family size* is the economical way to buy it.

Chas. H. Fletcher  
**CASTORIA**  
for  
**constipation**  
in children



from babyhood to 11 years





**Head . . . Chest . . . Back  
Legs . . . and Teeth  
developing beautifully  
He gets his  
BOTTLED SUNSHINE  
Every day**

You can't afford to deny your baby the regular help of Bottled Sunshine. Not if you want him to have a well-shaped head . . . a strong back . . . a fine, full chest . . . straight legs . . . sound, even teeth.

To build these he needs the protective bone- and -tooth- building factor, Vitamin D.

Every day, as regularly as you bathe and feed him, you should give your baby Bottled Sunshine—Squibb Cod-Liver Oil—which not only supplies Vitamin D to help build sound bones and teeth but also supplies Vitamin A, the important factor that promotes good resistance and growth.

Squibb Cod-Liver Oil can be depended upon to supply an abundance of both Vitamins A and D. And because of its *guaranteed* richness in these vitamins, less of Squibb's is needed than of inferior brands—a genuine economy.

Give this *guaranteed*, vitamin-rich oil regularly to your baby. Obtainable at every reliable drug store.

Babies growing fast need more Vitamin D. Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10D supplies them with *ten times* as much as standard cod-liver oil. Ask for Squibb 10D Oil.

For the Older Children Squibb Mint-Flavoured Cod-Liver Oil is pleasant to take and, given regularly, will help increase their resistance.

FREE . . . a booklet written specially for mothers, "Why Every Baby Needs Bottled Sunshine". Send for your copy to E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Limited, 36 Caledonia Road, Toronto.



**SQUIBB  
COD-LIVER OIL**

Plain or Mint-Flavoured—Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858

## Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by  
John W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

### No. 3. FEEDING

IN THE FIVE years ending December 31, 1931, the deaths of babies in Canada had dropped seven for every 1,000 live births. This means that out of the annual crop of say 240,000 babies, the actual saving in baby life in the first year was about 1,680 more in 1931 than in 1926.

In the Province of Quebec the corresponding achievement was remarkable, the mortality rate having dropped in the five years from 142.0 to 112.9, or thirty per 1,000. Since the number of Quebec births in 1931 was about 84,000, the actual saving of baby lives in that year was 2,520 above that of 1926. The Quebec annual mortality rate of babies is the highest in the Dominion while that of British Columbia is the lowest. The material reduction in Quebec's rate is altogether creditable and indicates that the high type of public health organization operating in that province is showing its effect.

#### General Causes of Infant Mortality

The greatest cause of the deaths of babies is lack of mother care. It has been shown in Germany and England that infant mortality increases progressively according to the increase in the proportion of women obliged to work outside of their homes. This is true even if the mother's work results in higher standards of life in the home. The two classical examples of this rule are: the great Lancashire cotton famine of the '60's and the Siege of Paris in 1870, during both of which crises there were loss of employment and great privation. In spite of the starvation and increased general death rate, the infants' death rate in Paris fell to forty per cent, simply because the women, being out of work, were obliged to nurse and care for their children. The infant mortality rate of industrial centres, such, for example, as those of the eastern United States mill-towns, is twice as high as that of similar towns without many factories and no overcrowding.

Speaking at the American Public Health Association meeting in Washington last fall, President Dublin pointed out that despite the financial depression of the last couple of years the incidence of illness in the United States had dropped, and that the reduction of fast living was apparently showing its effect in a healthier condition of the public. Reasoning from the experience of Paris and Lancashire, it may be expected that with women more or less out of employment and

consequently forced to remain at home, the infant mortality rates of the period of depression will exhibit the advantages of mother care.

The infant, in order to thrive to the best advantage, must have breast milk and mothering. Neither wet nurse nor the bottle approaches the advantages of the actual mother. The death rate of illegitimate babies which are commonly sent to homes, is at least twice as high as that of children born in wedlock. The death rate of bottle-fed babies is seven times as high as that of the breast-fed. The first great need of the baby, then, is the care of the mother. It is the greatest of a baby's misfortunes to be deprived in any way of mother's milk and mother's care.

#### Breast Feeding

Of all mammals—animals which suckle their young—the human is the only one which is disposed to shirk the duty of nursing its own young. It has been conclusively demonstrated that there is but one ideal food for the infant, and that is mother's milk. In every species of mammal the mother secretes a milk peculiar to its own kind and needs.

The character of the milks of different animals differs widely both in the percentages of the elements of which they are composed and in their biological character. The new-born baby is dependent upon the mother for the highest type of sustenance for the best part of the first year. Any food other than the mother's milk is a poor substitute, and the result is a death rate seven to ten times greater than when the infant receives breast milk. Fully ninety per cent of all mothers can nurse their babies in whole or in part.

#### Part Nursing Better Than None

The simple fact that the mother has insufficient milk for the baby's needs is no excuse for weaning it. The production of breast milk is a function of the body, which like most body functions improves with use. The baby should have all the milk secreted, and if more food is required the deficiency is best made up with properly modified cow's milk.

#### Reasons for Weaning

Practically the only reason excusing a mother from nursing her baby is active tuberculosis in the mother. The baby may be nursed through most illnesses without

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fitting possible.

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After  
**Baby's Bath**

Doctors recommend a body rub with 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly after the daily bath, to keep the tender skin smooth, free from chafing and chapping. Use it when you change his diaper, to soothe inflamed buttocks; on his scalp to correct "cradle cap," in his nostrils to ward off sniffles.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE  
LOOK FOR THE TRADEMARK  
VASELINE WHEN YOU BUY.

If you don't see it you are not getting  
the genuine product of Chesebrough  
Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.,  
5520 Chabot Avenue, Montreal.

**Vaseline**  
TRADE-MARK

### Chatelaine's Mothercraft Service

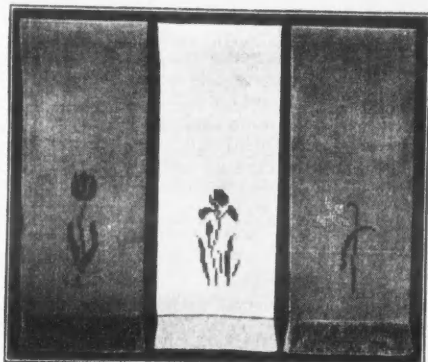
WITHOUT any cost to you at all, through the co-operation of the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare, Chatelaine readers may receive monthly, one of a very fine series of pre-natal and post-natal letters issued by the Council through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.

If you would like to receive these valuable letters, write to:

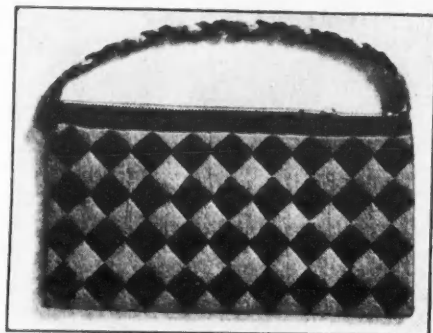
Mothercraft Service,  
Chatelaine, 153 University Ave.,  
Toronto, Ontario.

# Easily Made but Effective Handicrafts

From Chatelaine's Own  
Studio.



C194 Floral Towels



C195 Woolwork Purse

**C189—"Trees."** The beautiful poem by Joyce Kilmer—stamped on cream sampler linen, size 12 x 13 inches, and worked in chain stitch or the quicker split stitch—price 45 cents; colored cottons for working 10 cents.

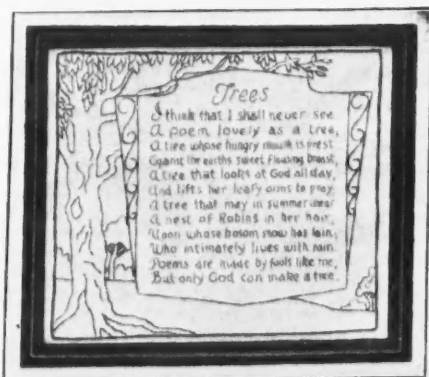
**C195—Woolwork Purse.** A very distinctive purse with zipper fastener. Squared canvas foundation worked in light and dark shades of any color or in any two colors desired. The simplest possible thing to work—just follow the lines of the canvas. Please state colors desired. Size finished about 5 x 10 inches. Canvas, wools, lining and zipper fastener are supplied at \$1.35.

**C103—For Mothers' Day** (not illustrated). A thoughtful gift for the mother who would love something made especially for her by her daughter. Spring flowers in natural colors—stamped on cream sampler linen, size 6 x 9 inches. Price 25 cents; colored cottons 15 cents.

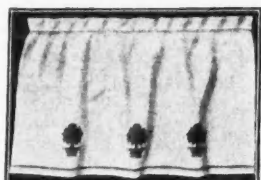
**C169—(Not illustrated.)** A quaint little pair of silhouettes, head and shoulders of Victorian man and woman, stamped on white linen and worked in black cross-stitch. Size 7 x 9 inches. A postcard size frame will take design. Price per pair 35 cents, including cotton for working.

Send your order, accompanied by postal note, to Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.

Readers can secure, upon request, any of the handicraft articles which have appeared in past issues of Chatelaine. Here are a few of the numbers which have proved to be most popular.

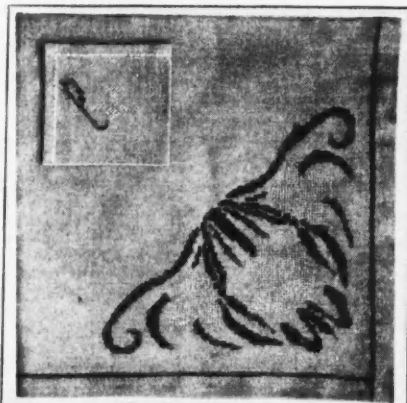


C189 Sampler



C187  
Splasher

**C100—Rosebud Boudoir Pillow.** A charming companion for the case above, this little pillow is in black taffeta with the tiny roses worked in rambler rose stitch in shades of deep and medium rose. Also comes in blue, pink, rose, mauve, yellow or green.

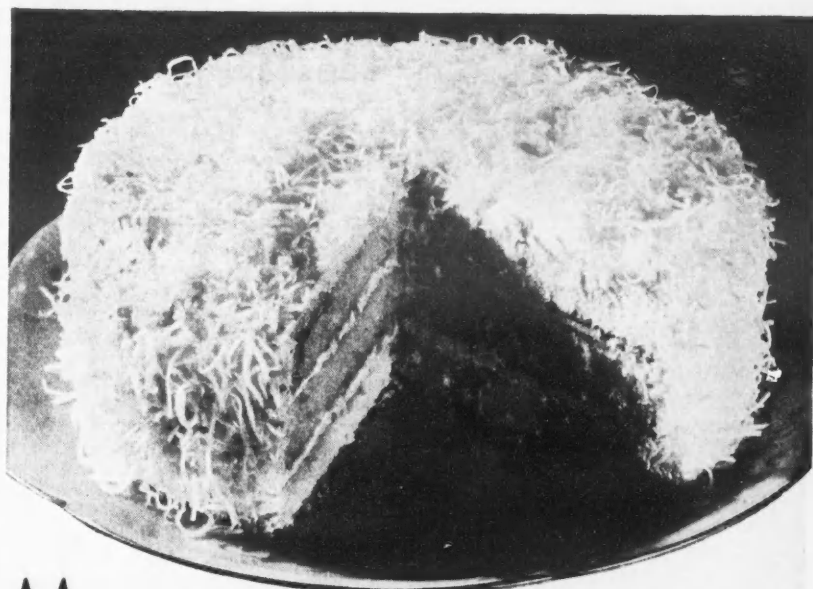


C186 Daffodil Luncheon Set

with harmonizing threads. Size 10 x 16 inches, price (front and back) 75 cents. Silks for working 20 cents.

**C106—A Modernistic Zipper Purse.** To be worked in satin stitch in lovely tawny shades on heavy cream or brown linen, with zipper fastener and effective tassel. Complete with lining, interlining, cottons for working, \$1.25.

**C143—Cut Work Tea Cloth.** Exquisite cut work in 36-inch cloth and four serviettes—stamped on heavy cream linen, price \$1.50; in heavy white linen, \$1.65. A 45-inch cloth with four serviettes in cream, is priced at \$1.95, or in white at \$2.50. Cottons for working, 30 cents.



## Men prefer Cakes Made with Coconut

USE BAKER'S Coconut, of course—three kinds, all deliciously fresh—in tins, cartons and bags. Baker's Coconut is made in Canada.

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### BAKER'S COCONUT

A3-33M



Misfit? Laugh this one off  
But there's one you can't

A misfit toothbrush is a serious and dangerous matter. TEK'S Better Shape fits precisely behind your front teeth. TEK'S Better Bristles, shaped and placed for better cleaning, massage and revitalize the gums. Try a TEK today—it's Better Value.

**Tek**  
the modern  
tooth brush  
A  
Johnson & Johnson  
PRODUCT  
MADE IN CANADA



Here's the way TEK fits behind your dental arch. If you can do this with your brush it's a misfit.

No More  
**Clogged Up  
Fountain Pens!**  
Due to a New and Remarkable  
Discovery in Ink Making.



**WE PAID \$68,000**  
For the first bottle to end your  
Fountain Pen Troubles

Parker experts—world's leading experts in fountain pen making—have created an utterly new kind of writing ink. Parker Quink. An ink that keeps any pen from clogging—cleans your pen as it writes. That contains a solvent which removes the sediment and gum left in pens.

Parker developed Quink to protect their famous Parker Pens from inks that clog and gum. Yet Quink makes any pen work like a charm—start quickly—start every time.

Quink dries on paper 31% quicker than other inks—does NOT dry in a pen. Two kinds—Permanent—lasts as long as the paper; Washable—easily removed from clothes by soap and water.

If you want to try before you buy, send your address to the Parker Fountain Pen Company, Ltd., Dept. C1, Toronto, Ontario.

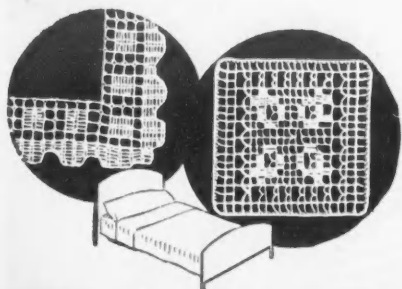
**Parker  
Quink**

On sale everywhere at same price as old-type, pen-clogging inks.





# TEST YOUR



## CROCHET SKILL!

Just look at this alluring pattern! It's one that will provide a really fascinating evening to work out the first block . . . and when the first one is done, you'll be itching to start another.

This lovely pattern is but one of the many interesting, beautiful designs in our booklet, "New Imported Crochet Designs"—and is suitable for edgings and insertions for bed-spreads, bridge covers, serviettes and other dainty household necessities that are made more individually beautiful by crochet work.

**J. & P. Coats' Mercer-Crochet** is available in delicate pastel shades in addition to white, ecru, linen and black. All colors guaranteed fast, of course. It's sold everywhere in handy balls.

*It's Easier to Work With a Milner's Steel Crochet Hook!*

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Please send me the free leaflet showing French Net patterns—I also enclose 10c. for your booklet "New Imported Crochet Designs."

Name .....

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C193



C192



C193

## The Charm of Cross-Stitch

An old-world craft has become the latest decorative novelty

By MARIE LE CERF

**E**NTER any modern, up-to-date home, and you will find grouped on the walls quaint old-world pictures—silhouettes done in cross-stitch. For cross-stitch has come back into fashion these last few months, and is destined to have a lasting vogue.

The designs shown here work up beautifully. The little black and white silhouettes are simple and very interesting to do, and when finished, they make charming little pictures. And so do those which are worked in natural colorings.

**C193**—"Indoors and Out." A pair of old-world silhouettes stamped on white linen and worked in black cross-stitch—size 7 x 9 inches—price per pair, 35 cents, cotton for working 5 cents.

**C192**—"Early to Bed." A very cute little picture for a child's room. Black cross-stitch on white linen, size 9 x 9 inches—

**C186**—Daffodil Luncheon Set. You would hardly believe that anything so striking as this design could be worked entirely in simple cross-stitch. The daffodils are, of course, worked in yellow and the leaves in dark green. The hems too are finished with cross-stitch. The thirty-six-inch cloth with four serviettes can be supplied on cream, green or mauve linen at \$1.35. A forty-five-inch cloth with four serviettes can also be supplied (this size in a heavier quality linen) but in cream or white only—the cream at \$1.95 and the white at \$2.25. Cottons for working either set 25 cents.

**C187**—Splasher. Designed to protect your bathroom or bedroom wall—the trees to be worked in natural green and the tubs in golden brown. Stamped on fine white linen huckaback—size 18 x 27 inches—price 45 cents; cottons for working 5 cents. Towels to match can be supplied, size 18 x 33 inches, at 55 cents each or 95 cents pair; cottons for working pair 5 cents. Sash curtain in same design, size 32 inches wide x 36 inches deep, stamped on fine white French lawn, price 35 cents; cottons for working 5 cents.

**C194**—Floral Towels. Cross-stitch designs on colored linen—the tulip on pink; the iris on yellow and the daffodil on mauve. Size 18 x 30 inches—one end to be single hemstitched and then fringed; the other end requires just a plain hem. These are priced at 45 cents each or the set of three at \$1.25. Cottons for each towel are supplied at 5 cents, or for the set 10 cents.



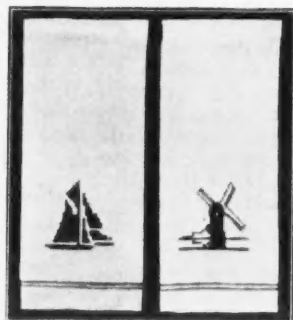
price 20 cents complete with cotton for working.

**C188**—"The Garden Gate." The same simple cross-stitch, but worked in colors, adding charm to the quaint dresses and bonnets of the ladies and allowing the flowers, trellis, little dog, etc., to appear in their natural colors. Stamped on cream sampler linen—size 12 x 18 inches and priced at 50 cents, cottons for working 15 cents.

**C190**—"Spring."

Dainty spring foliage, with tiny crocuses in gold and purple flowering all around. Quite the daintiest little picture you could imagine. Stamped on cream sampler linen size 9 x 12 inches, it is priced at 35 cents, with colored cottons for working at 15 cents.

**C191**—Cross-stitch Towels. These little Dutch designs are most effective worked in blue to match. Stamped on fine white linen huckaback, size 18 x 33 inches, price per pair 95 cents; cotton for working 5 cents.



Garden Gate C188

Towels C191

Spring C190



## More and More COLDS Treated Externally

Children's colds must be treated promptly, of course, but constant "dosing" so often upsets their delicate digestions. That is why mothers especially appreciate Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of treating colds externally.

### Acts 2 Ways at Once

Just rubbed on, Vicks acts through the skin like a plaster and, at the same time, gives off medicated vapors which are breathed in direct to the inflamed air-passages. This two-fold action, so ideal for children's colds, is equally effective for adults.

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OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

## CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Readers will find a complete list of stores handling the CHATELAINE PATTERNS on

Page 56 of This Issue



**BABY'S OWN  
SOAP**

"It's Best for You and Baby too"

**"One week ago  
Mrs. Risdon's hands  
were painfully rough"**

*says Louise Berthelon,  
Beauty Expert*



**"I advised using Lux  
instead of harsh soap  
for washing dishes"**



**"After a week her  
hands were amazingly  
improved, so much  
smoother and whiter."**



"Lux keeps the hands lovely because it protects the natural oils of the skin," says Madame Berthelon, well-known beauty expert. "Ordinary soaps too often contain harmful alkali that dries and roughens sensitive skin. Lux has no harmful alkali. Lux in the dishpan is the finest daily beauty care for your hands, and so inexpensive every woman can afford it."

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto  
Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies  
the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

**LUX for dishes**  
*Lovely hands for  
1¢ a day*

## At the Movies

(Continued from page 33)

THERE IS plenty of entertainment in "Forty-Second Street," the new Warner Bros. film of stage life in New York, and I can heartily recommend it as a picture well worth a special effort to see.

For one thing it is excellent drama; for another it is beautifully photographed and presented; and for another it gives a vivid picture of just what goes on before one of the big musical comedies is staged. When the films will take a slice of contemporary life and give it to us as straight entertainment, one has the feeling of adding to knowledge as well as enjoying a stimulating evening.

Not that the general theme behind "Forty-Second Street" has not been done often enough; for it is, in brief, the story of a fresh youngster in the chorus who is suddenly given a chance to play the lead. But the individual characters in the whole story are subordinated to that of the big theme behind the film—the story of a musical comedy in the making.

It is of particular interest to Canadians, too, as the film marks the debut of a new Canadian-born star—Ruby Keeler, wife of Al Jolson, who was born in Halifax. Miss Keeler has very lovely eyes and an engaging way with her, and brings the charm of "something different." Al Jolson has, apparently taught her to sing with the negro quality in her voice—a husky wistfulness that "gets across" very effectively.

Warner Baxter is, to my mind, in his best rôle, as a famous producer of musical comedies warned by his doctor that his health cannot stand any more excitement. Yet he tackles the production of "Pretty Lady," as he is desperately in need of money. A fatuous and wealthy man about town puts up the money for the show, as he is smitten with Bebe Daniels, a vaudeville artist and wants to give her a chance in musical comedy. But Bebe is in love with her vaudeville partner, whom she sees in secret and who naturally resents being kept out of the way while she fascinates the big butter-and-egg man. We see the development of the show from the very first morning when thousands of girls of every description answer the call for "try-outs," through the agonizing all-night rehearsals, the endless routine, the heart-breaking monotony of practices, to the opening night. Two or three of the numbers are given in detail with some spectacular photography, and plenty of very tense excitement.

It's an unusually enjoyable picture, with the romances and dramatic adventures of the individual characters in the musical comedy set against the equally dramatic story of the production itself.

"THE MIDSHIPMAID" is one of those films that are difficult to classify for the public, since its whole enjoyment depends upon your particular sense of humor. At

some previews, the critics have laughed uproariously from beginning to end, and declared it the funniest English comedy yet.

For "The Midshipmaid," starring the vivacious young Jessie Matthews, is, in reality, a full length picture about the comical aspect of a ship's concert in the Navy—and if you think the sort of thing that goes on is funny, it will be uproariously funny to you. If not, you'll be bored.

Let me give a more general idea. Sir Percy Somebody-or-other is sent to investigate the extravagances of the Fleet, and takes with him his saucy young daughter, who causes a great deal of excitement on the decks. In order to demonstrate the self-supporting interests of the crew, the commander plans a ship's concert, and the preparations for it and its presentation form the bulwark of the scenes. Some of the English types of sailors are extremely funny, particularly the man who plays "Poop," and who can recite, sing, give an imitation of Garbo, or of two birds calling to each other



Gloria Swanson returns to the screen in an English film, "Perfect Understanding."

without the slightest provocation. "The Midshipmaid" has spasms of uproarious hilarity, and sequences of very heavy going and obvious humor. But the laughter it contains makes the other well worth sitting through.

TO SEE Gloria Swanson, so typically American an actress, in an English atmosphere, is interesting, though I fancy she would prefer to be known as cosmopolitan. Her latest film, "Perfect Understanding," was made in England and contains a cast of both English and American actors. Sir Nigel Playfair, Nora Swinburne and Genevieve Tobin support her, and her present husband, Michael Farmer, plays a minor rôle. Gloria Swanson herself has done some fine acting in past films, but in this I am afraid she falls short of her own high standard. One senses that she felt keenly the responsibilities, and the weaknesses, of her English venture, with the result that she overacts her part.



## Start the Day Right

Enjoy a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk or cream. Add fruits or berries for variety.

Kellogg's have a famous "wonder" flavor that no others equal. These crunchy-crisp flakes are not only a delicious treat, but they are rich in energy and very quick to digest.

Kellogg's save time and work too. No cooking to prepare. A splendid way to get children to take extra milk.

Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes for lunch—a late snack. Splendid for children's suppers.

Kellogg's always reach you oven-fresh in the sealed inside Waxtite bag. And you'll like the Easy-Open package with the patented hinged top. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.

Write the Home Economics Department of the Kellogg Company, London, Ont., for free literature and advice on child feeding. Your own physician should be consulted in event of sickness—ours is in no sense a medical service.



## Directions for Jig-saw puzzle on page 83

YOU WILL need a pair of fine, sharp, pointed scissors, some strong paste, a light piece of cardboard about twelve inches square, and an envelope or a small, empty candy box.

Leaving as generous a margin as possible, cut loosely around each piece of puzzle and paste it securely on to the cardboard, so that each corner is fast and there are no wrinkles. Also arrange the pieces far enough apart to be able to cut easily around them. When completed, press the cardboard between

books and allow to dry for about half an hour. When thoroughly dry, cut very carefully around each piece of puzzle, following the outline exactly.

Next, take the little picture at the top of the page—it shows you what your puzzle will look like when completed—and paste it on the outside of the envelope or candy box. Now you may start in to build your puzzle picture, and when you are finished playing with it, the pieces will go into their own little envelope or box, so they won't get lost.





## Let genuine\* OZITE SAVE IT before it's too late!

When threadbare spots show in your rugs... when their nap is ground down, their colors spoiled by wear... *then it's too late!* Don't wait for this to happen. Save your rugs with inexpensive Ozite Rug Cushion... *now!* Ozite doubles the life of rugs because it actually cushions the pounding and grinding of hard, sharp heels. And, best of all, it makes even your oldest rugs feel *softer than new!*

### \*Be sure you get genuine Ozite

There are misleading imitations of Ozite Rug Cushion that may seem to sell for less, but actually cost more. Inferior rug pads form lumps and mat down—doing your rugs more harm than good. **Ozite is made in Canada. MOTH-PROOF, OZONIZED, GUARANTEED TO SATISFY.** Prices have recently been reduced to the lowest point in history! Look for the name impressed in every cushion. You can buy Ozite wherever rugs and carpets are sold.

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RUG CUSHION  
There is only one "Ozite"—Look for this trade-mark

Look for  
the name  
Ozite  
impressed  
in every  
cushion



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Send me FREE a small sample of OZITE Rug Cushion. Also free booklet, "Facts You Should Know About the Care of Rugs and Carpets."  
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City..... Province.....

## The Fallacy of Cheap Merchandise

(Continued from page 64)

Another bad weakness was found in the back where the upholstering material was supported by three strips of webbing and a piece of canvas. This allowed the upholstering material to work its way through at the sides and at the bottom. A few months of use would inevitably mean the breaking down of the back into humps and hollows. There were open spaces at the sides and bottom so that the tow could work its way out.

The dowel holes where the main pieces of the frame are joined, were bored completely through, allowing the glue to be pushed through instead of making a firm joint. As the wood shrinks in the hot, dry atmosphere of the average home, these joints are bound to weaken with creaks, groans and wobbles as a result.

At various places the fabric was drawn against the hardwood edge of the frame without any protection.

The "down" cushion proved to be filled with chopped feathers of a low grade. Feathers of this type almost invariably develop an offensive odor in warm, humid weather. Better grades are carefully sterilized to prevent this. You cannot be too insistent on having the assurance of your dealer as to the grade of down used in the chair he is offering you. Certain down-filled upholstered goods are on the market in which unsterilized chicken feathers have been used.

When we explored the seat cushion, we

found that the springs did not come out to the edges of the cushion, for they left too great an area supported only by cotton filling. The result would soon be a seat cushion that sagged here and bulged there.

This is not the worst chair on the market by any means. But it is the sort that is not good enough to stand up under reasonable use. How much better when buying furniture to spend a little more in order to get the assurance of proper construction and as a result so many years of satisfaction and comfort.

It was intensely interesting to notice the contrast in a chair of good construction. Here was a hardwood frame, carefully dowelled with pieces that were screwed, glued and nailed. The frame was heavy enough to stand a lifetime of use. The seat was built up from dozens of soft, deep, resilient springs, each fastened in a cotton pocket and tied to a strong wire frame. The springs come to the very edge.

The back was built up in a similar manner. The springs were supported by strong and carefully tacked webbing. In the back additional strong springs serve as a sub-structure. A good grade of fine, sterilized curled hair covered the springs, and next a good grade of soft cotton batting beneath the tapestry cover.

The seat cushion was built with inner spring construction which filled the entire cushion. This, too, was covered with soft cotton batts. The fabric was protected from all wooden edges by careful padding and cotton rolls.

The dowel holes were bored so that glue was retained in a tight joint. Entirely new materials were used throughout.

This is not an expensive chair, but is one that will give many years' satisfaction without showing any appreciable wear. It is made by a manufacturer whose reputation will not permit him to cheapen his product below the necessary standards of quality. After all, that is a buyer's best assurance when purchasing furniture.

## Women and their Work



Mrs. Jacob Anderson

HOW MRS. Jacob Anderson won through to success in the face of many hardships is a saga that is worthy of her Danish heritage. She is a naturalized Canadian citizen, having come from Denmark in 1911. From a most unpromising acreage of British Columbia fir stumps, Mrs. Anderson, with the assistance of a willing family, has hewn her home, and by her own efforts and self-taught knowledge has built up a most prosperous nursery business, where Powell River district can secure lovely plants and cut flowers the year round. Mrs. Anderson manages and does practically all the planting and work in the greenhouse, and loves it.

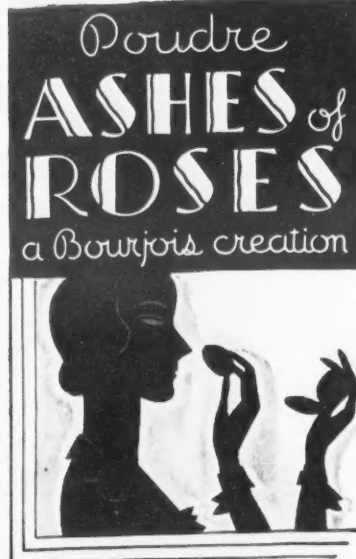
Mrs. Anderson is an ardent church and Sunday school worker. She is the efficient secretary of the local church board, and vice-president of the flourishing Ladies' Aid. Her sunny disposition and optimistic outlook on life are a continual inspiration to her many friends and acquaintances.



Mrs. G. N. Gibson

THE WIFE of a doctor and the mother of a young family has her hands full anywhere, but particularly was this the case in the West some twenty years ago. When Mrs. Gibson with her husband and three small children arrived at the budding town of Munson on the C. N. R. line then being built between Calgary and Saskatoon, she had no nurse's training, but she nevertheless very soon had the reputation of being the doctor's right-hand man.

It was through her interest in her husband's work that she began her association with the Women's Institutes, for she knew the need of women who were sick with mental loneliness. She formed a branch of the Women's Institutes at Munson, to which women would drive in ten miles or more for meetings. Then when the family moved to the near-by mining town of Drumheller, she assisted in the formation of a branch there and became its president.



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loveliness that is without a  
hint of artificiality..Bourjois  
of Paris has created for your  
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Soap, two cakes in box, \$1.00



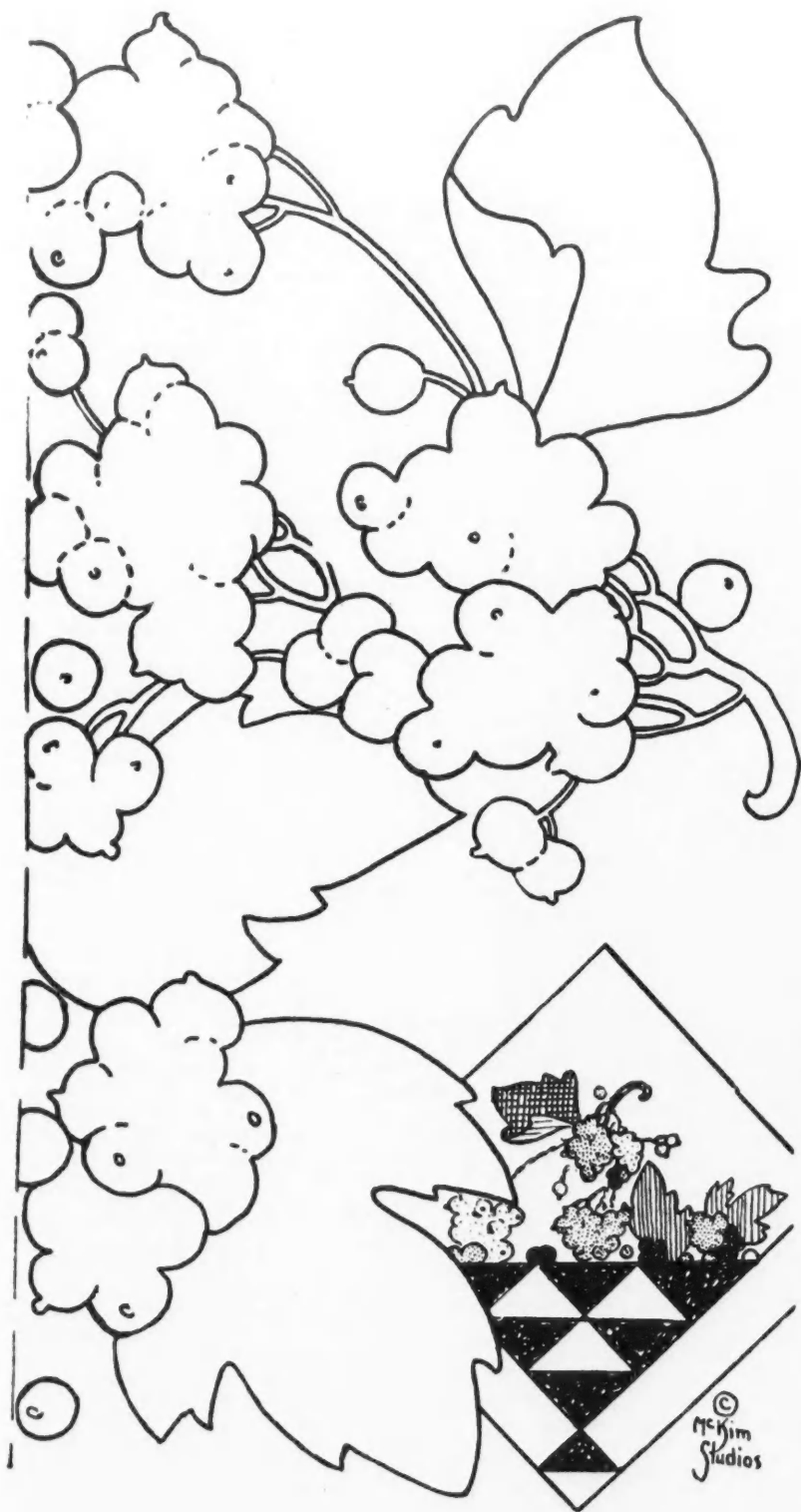
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# THE FRUIT-BASKET QUILT



No. 6. Currants

Another block in this series will be found on page 67

ANOTHER INTRICATE block to appliqué is No. 6, the currants, but it makes such a glowing spot of color that you may do an extra one in silks for a gay little tuck-in pillow. Three values of red may effectively be used, a light flame for those marked lightest in the small sketch, cherry red for the other main groups with deep scarlet for the few in shadow.

Trace these a narrow seam larger than the heavy outline around each section; the dotted lines indicating where some currants overlap and the wee blossom ends are embroidered. Where a blossom end extends out from the curve of the currant, the currant simply cuts round with two or three stitches of black making this extension.

Two of the leaves trace on to a medium green. The one that turns is darker with a light blue-green underside. Stems are embroidered in a rather bright light green.

There are thirty-two blocks in the complete quilt, one or more of which will be published in each issue of *Chatelaine*. Readers desiring to procure complete materials for the appliques, can do so by ordering from *Chatelaine*. A complete assortment of good quality, color-fast broadcloth in a wide range of rich colorings especially suited to the Fruit Basket Quilt, is available for \$1.50, postage paid. Order from *Chatelaine*, Editorial Department, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.

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# SLEEP

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And nine people out of ten, who follow these simple directions, report the most remarkable kind of results in a very short time. Here's what you do:

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We all like to buy new clothes in Summer, but sometimes it is quite a problem to figure out just where the money is coming from.

"Where can I get more money?" that is the question, isn't it? When unexpected situations arise that call for an expenditure—do YOU know where the money is coming from?

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"I enjoy the work, it is so easy, and pays such handsome profits."

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Please send me free booklets describing the medicinal and cooking uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda.

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## Our Summer Cottage

(Continued from page 63)

without numerous finishing touches that we ourselves could put in later. Eventually we got the price down to \$190 for materials—a very encouraging figure.

Our next worry was carpenters. Certainly city carpenters were out of the picture, with union wages at 90c an hour. Once again we appealed to the farmer. His thrifty rural instinct guided us at once to a good workman, not only carpenter, but a woodsman and stonemason to boot, who gladly took over the work at 35c an hour. Within ten days of starting negotiations the *Chalet Vert* was complete, and the proud builder handed over the keys to our new demesne. The total bill for clearing the land, laying the stone foundations, and building the cottage amounted to \$55.

THE MANSION itself was 14 feet by 19 feet, with a high steep roof to shed rain and snow. It was divided by low partitions into three rooms, a living room in front 14 feet by 12 feet, and behind two very small sleeping rooms 7 feet by 7 feet. The living room faced the water, and its two main windows, French style 3 feet by 5 feet, one in front and one in the left wall, opened on a gorgeous panoramic vista of several miles of river. The sashes were very expensive, but we economized by dividing the back window, and the window on the right side of the living room, with the beaverboard partitions of the bedrooms, thus providing an extra half window in the living room, a half window in one bedroom, and two half windows in the other. A door led from the left of the living room to a small, low verandah which completed the cottage. Soft, bronzy green paint, that melted into the tones of the pines and cedars, was its sole embellishment, and from that the little house chose its name.

We had expended \$100 for the lot, \$190 for materials, and \$55 for carpentry, actually \$95 more than the rent received from the other cottage. The *Chalet* demanded furnishings, and for these funds were decidedly lacking. Scouting expeditions now penetrated into the "hold" of the town house and into the storage rooms of its attic; the search yielded a net result of one double-folding couch, one chest of drawers, one three-burner coal-oil stove, one single camp bed, one ancient rocking chair, two kitchen chairs, a heavy brass pole 8 feet long, green stair carpet, several yards of green awning for blinds, and yards upon yards of variegated Javanese batik for interior decoration. In true caravan style, with our car piled high inside and out, a trailer loaded down with furniture, and a veritable artist's set of paints and brushes, we set off for the new home.

A few days of intensive shelf-making, painting, and artistic touching here and there, transformed the barren front room into a gay summer parlor. Dark green paint on the floor, matching the green of the awning side-curtains, lent a solid background for the lighter green of the table, chairs, and numerous shelves that held our cheerful yellow dishes, the last minute blessing of a sceptical friend.

PICTURE. THEN, a large airy room, whose windows, outlined with dark green hangings, frame three of Nature's most lovely views. Beneath two side windows, couches—the camp bed and the old double-couch—covered with oriental brown and yellow batik. At the front window, on a pale glossy-green table, a low bowl of blue iris; and on pale green shelves perched in every quaint corner of the room, dangling cups and gaudy plates that give sure promise of gay hospitality. Pale green chairs

and a hand-made green bench complete the aesthetics. But a bizarre piece of batik hides the coal-oil stove; the table conceals a long row of shining aluminum pots, dish pan, and other unbeautiful kitchen necessities; and a series of utilitarian shelves containing canisters of sugar, coffee, flour, tea, etc., hides genteelly behind curtains of dark green awning.

Old-fashioned portières of nun's cloth, one of the attic discoveries, divide the living room from the sleeping rooms. Here, behind the curtains, all is neat and practical. In each bedroom is a bunk provided with a thick mattress. Over the bunks two shelves in each room take the place of bureau drawers; and the long brass rod, cut in two, and placed across the corners, provides coat-hanging space for the entire family. The one and only chest of drawers is reserved for linen and for the variegated paraphernalia belonging to the baby of the family. As a crowning celebration to all our efforts, we allowed ourselves the luxury of three beautiful pairs of green "pointed" camp blankets. For me it added just that final drop of pleasure to a cup which already was almost brimming over.

Thus you see, at an outlay of only \$95 greater than the cost of our usual summer's outing, we have provided ourselves with one more permanent home. We have ensured ourselves an income of \$300 a year from our former summer cottage; and once the money on our land is paid off, we may count ourselves as rent-free—and sublimely happy for at least three or four months of every year. So the adventure which was instigated by the wicked queen and her axe has evolved itself into a thoroughly sound economic achievement.

## Women and the Relief Boards

(Continued from page 19)

writer suggests, "for any woman or girl to be compelled to apply for relief in itself, without piling Pelion on Ossa by compelling her to do so to a man. To apply for relief under these circumstances must inevitably wound the susceptibilities of any delicately-minded woman or girl."

The care and feeding of helpless people is a task of colossal and vital importance.

Why are there so few women officially engaged in it?

As Mr. Bennett has pointed out, the remedy lies not with the Federal Government. Nor can it be justly said to rest in the hands of the provinces.

Does it not rather depend upon women themselves, in their own municipalities? Are they, through their own organizations and the strength of public opinion, doing all they can to further the work of the local committees to whom their unfortunate neighbors are looking for life and health?

### "I am a Canadian Mother"

However, if relief must be given, why not have experts list the food requirements? I am a Canadian mother and could spend the money my family is costing my country on something besides pork and beans and flour for children. Milk is not as cheap as beans, but health is cheaper than sickness.

Canada should save the children, and if the children are to be saved or given an opportunity to develop into strong and healthy men and women, action must be taken very soon. Canadian mothers can put up with being scorned and ignored. We can stand the hypocrisy of "Mother's Day." We can do without all else if only some steps will be taken to save our children for us. It will soon be too late.

**End Pain Quickly  
SLEEP SOUNDLY**

"Now that pain will soon go. All it needs is a little Sloan's."  
"Thank heaven that sore spot won't keep me awake tonight!"

## SORE MUSCLES —aches, pains

Muscles and joints ache because they need warmth—fresh blood to ease the stiffness. To rouse fresh blood quickly, pat on Sloan's. No rubbing needed—Sloan's goes right to the sore spot. Pain is killed, tense muscles relax. You don't lose precious sleep. Get a bottle of Sloan's today at your druggist's. Costs only 35¢.

**SLOAN'S**  
World Famous Liniment  
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**BROCK'S BIRD SEED**

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Every working woman would! So send for your copy of a new booklet: "A Word for Miss Independence".

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Without obligation, please forward me New Booklet.

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*Look at the room—look at the style—that's making people everywhere say "Plymouth is Canada's Next Number One Car"*

WE like to watch a woman's face when she sits inside the new Plymouth Six.

There's something about the roominess...the easy-chair comfort of the seats...the luxurious "feel" of the fabric...that makes you register delight.

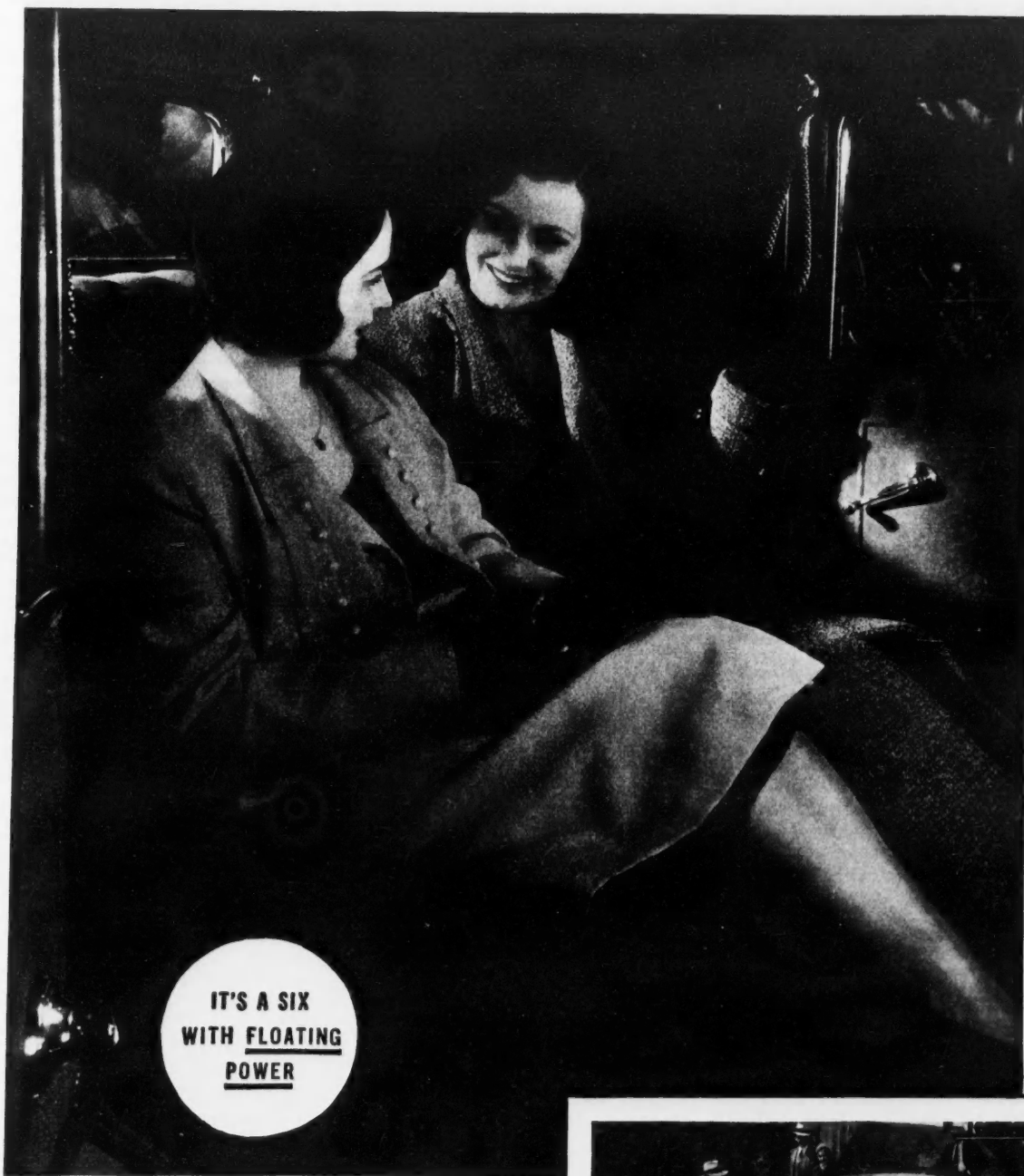
You have a grand time "working" those fascinating fittings...those trim appointments...those ingenious "little things" that are so *big* in a woman's eye!

You get a big thrill just imagining your pride in asking friends to ride in your new Plymouth!

And when you *ride* in the new Plymouth...it's hard to guess within 10 miles of your speed! What a difference it makes to have a vibrationless motor—with Floating Power engine mountings!

How secure you feel...knowing that your car has a safety-steel body...hydraulic brakes...and a safety-glass windshield!

And how thrilling to learn you can *own* such a car for so little money...to realize that its large-car comfort will cost so much less



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WITH FLOATING  
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to enjoy than your present car costs you now.

You'll see why people are "Looking at All Three"...and are picking Plymouth as Canada's Next Number One Car!

**IT'S A SIX AT \$95 LESS THAN LAST YEAR**

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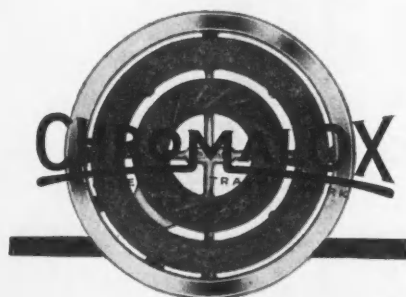


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Safe for  
growing  
feet—  
Convinced!



WRAGGE SHOE COMPANY LIMITED  
Galt, Ont.

## Love Me, Love My Child

(Continued from page 9)

I'm afraid your coming to the door just upsets him, and it takes several minutes to get his nerves quieted down again each time. You'd better not come up again. I'll be down as soon as he's asleep."

So Lucile and Phil sat in the living room and read until after eleven o'clock, and then finally went to bed.

"Betty must have fallen asleep herself," Lucile decided. "The poor kid! She was just about all in. She really wasn't like herself this evening at all."

"I hope not," said Phil dryly, as he locked the front door. But Lucile was too tired to bother to answer.

THE NEXT MORNING dawned bright and fair. Lucile awoke early, and for a long time lay in bed going over the events of the evening before. Funny how almost amusing they looked this morning.

Betty and Sanford came down to breakfast about nine, smiling and refreshed, and with nerves apparently forgotten. Lucile looked across the table affectionately at both children, with complete abandon, waded into their cereal. They finished eating and trotted off contentedly to the backyard together. Betty and Lucile walked over to the window and surveyed them proudly.

"Aren't they sweet?" demanded Lucile.

Betty nodded.

"It's hard for me to realize," she said, "that it's really your child and mine, playing together like this. Our own childhood doesn't seem far enough away to make it possible, does it?"

"But it has been a long time," Lucile sighed. "And Betty, you and I are going to spend this whole day not doing a thing but getting caught up with each other. Tonight I'm having a little party for you—I'm dying for all my friends to know you—but it isn't going to be elaborate enough to use up much of my time today. It's just going to be a grand old reunion, all day."

Betty laughed.

"That will be glorious. But we had better do the breakfast dishes first, hadn't we? Oh, dear! Here comes Sanford. I wonder what's the trouble now."

Sanford stalked belligerently into the kitchen.

"I don't wanna play in the yard any more," he announced. "I wanna ride Junior's scooter out on the front sidewalk."

"No, dear," said Betty. "You stay right in the yard with Junior. Go on down and help him build something with those lovely big blocks."

Sanford began to whimper.

"I don't wanna build," he complained. "I wanna ride Junior's scooter out in front."

Betty looked nervously at Lucile.

"Do you think it would be all right for him to ride the scooter out in front?"

Lucile shook her head.

"Not unless you stayed out there and watched him every minute. There's so much traffic on this street, I don't leave Junior out there alone an instant. Why don't you make him stay in the yard? He'll probably be contented enough, if he knows he has to stay there. Junior used to fret to get out till he knew he positively couldn't. He never even asks to go out in front any more."

Sanford raised his voice to a shriek.

"I wanna go out in front!" he bellowed. "I wanna ride Junior's scooter!"

"Now, now, Sanford," soothed Betty hastily. "Be quiet, darling. Don't cry. Mother will go out in front with you. I really think I'd better, Cile. I don't dare let Sanford cry like other children, you know. He's so nervous, he'd work himself

right into hysterics. You're very fortunate that Junior's such a normal child, Cile. You've no idea what it is to handle a child like Sanford."

Lucile opened her mouth to speak, and then shut it again, firmly. Junior appeared suddenly at her elbow.

"If Sanford plays out in front," he challenged, "why can't I? I wanna play out in front, too."

"Junior," replied Lucile firmly, "you get out in the backyard and stay there. And don't ask to leave it again."

"It's not fair," he complained as he dragged his unwilling feet down the back steps. "If Sanford plays out in front, I don't see why I have to stay in back."

Lucile looked a little self-righteously at Betty. She could surely take the hint and exercise a little firmness with that unruly child. But she didn't. With bland unconcern she escorted Sanford out to the front sidewalk, where he noisily rode the scooter, while Junior moped disconsolately beside his unused blocks.

In about half an hour Betty returned to the kitchen, where Lucile was just finishing the breakfast dishes.

"Cile," she enquired, "do you allow Junior to play over next door? Sanford has noticed that they have a lovely sand-box in their backyard and he wants to go over and play in it."

"Why, yes, I guess so," she finally decided. "That box belongs to the Carrick children. Junior plays over there occasionally. Perhaps they can both go over. Then you won't have to stay out and watch Sanford all the time. I don't believe Sue will mind. She likes to have other children come in."

With Junior and Sanford safely dispatched to the Carrick yard, Betty and Lucile settled themselves comfortably in the living room.

"Now," began Lucile briskly, "to get started on some of that visiting that we promised ourselves. First of all I want you to tell me—"

She was interrupted by a knock at the back door. It was Sue Carrick.

"Lucile," she began apologetically, "I'm awfully sorry to come tale-bearing like this, but that little boy that's playing over there with Junior is throwing sand all over him and my children and all over the lawn. In another five minutes there won't be a grain left in the box. I've tried to get him to stop, but I can't do a thing with him. I really think his mother had better speak to him."

Lucile sighed wearily.

"I'll tell her," she promised, and then lowered her voice cautiously, "but between you and me, Sue, if that brat wants to throw sand he'll throw sand. He has temperament. Betty! Sanford is throwing all the sand out of the Carrick's sand-box."

It was finally decided that it would doubtless be better all around for Betty just to spend the morning outdoors with the children.

"Sanford is so sensitive, you know," she explained. "Other children don't always understand him. If I just stay out with them I can perhaps sort of help them get adjusted to one another."

So Betty pushed the boys on the swing and helped them construct skyscrapers with the building blocks, while Lucile baked a cake, made innumerable sandwiches for the party, and finally prepared lunch for all of them and carried it out to be eaten from Junior's kindergarten table under the trees. The picnic idea, she told herself, was a grand inspiration. The children ate like little gluttons, and by the time the meal was ended all four of them had been restored to a state of serene contentment. Lucile leaned back lazily against the apple tree and regarded them all tenderly. The boys were getting on beautifully together now. It had been sweet of Betty to sacrifice her morning to helping them get adjusted to each other. Betty had more of a knack with children than she had given her credit for. Junior was yawning contentedly. Betty and Sanford looked sleepy, too. Betty rose and stretched herself luxuriously.

"I think," she yawned, "that I will take Sanford upstairs for his nap right now. He looks so sleepy. I always lie down with him for a little while, so if you don't mind, I think we'll both go while he's in the mood."

Lucile nodded, and took Junior up and tucked him in his little nursery bed also. Then she washed the lunch dishes, completed her preparations for supper and the party, changed her clothes and sat down with a magazine. At about four o'clock Junior awoke, and when she went up to help him dress, the upstairs was still perfectly quiet. It was just half-past five when Betty, freshly bathed and dressed, tripped lightly down the stairs, accompanied by an equally refreshed Sanford.

"I'm ashamed of myself," she apologized. "Once I got to sleep, I simply forgot to wake up. Here the day is almost over, and we haven't had a minute of that reunion we talked about this morning."

Lucile was briskly fussing about the dining room.

"Don't you worry about that," she smiled. "I was a little disappointed myself, but I'm glad you had the rest. You look as fresh as a rose. Phil will be here any minute now, and we'll have supper a little early, so we can be all through with the dishes in plenty of time for the party. It's just a cold lunch, so there won't be many. It's rather an indigestible meal for the children, I'm afraid, so I've set this little table with some wholesome food for them out in the kitchen where they won't be tempted. It's so hard for children to see food in front of them that they can't have. Oh, here's Phil now."

She called Junior in from the yard, and they all prepared to sit down at the table. But Sanford, after a hasty glance at the seating arrangement, rebelled.

"If I can't eat with you," Sanford began to sob, "I won't eat anything. I don't wanna eat in the kitchen."

"Now, darling," urged Betty, "please be reasonable. Please, precious—"

Sanford's sobbing increased to a bellow.

"I wanna —" he began.

"All right, dear. All right," capitulated Betty hastily. "Don't cry. Auntie Cile will set a place for you right here beside mother, won't you, Auntie Cile?"

Auntie Cile replied with rather poor grace that she would, while Junior protested loudly that if Sanford didn't have to eat carrots in the kitchen, he didn't see why he had to eat carrots in the kitchen. However, peace was eventually restored and the meal begun. With bated breath Lucile watched Sanford consume large quantities of crab-meat salad, potato chips, and sweet pickles, topped off with a generous wedge of green apple pie, to the accompaniment of occasional weak protests from his mother.

The meal was finally ended, the dishes done, the card tables arranged for the evening's play the children started for bed.

"It's such a relief to me," confided Lucile as they all started up the stairs, "to have Junior out of the way before the guests start to arrive. Then I really feel free to enjoy the evening."

"I hope Sanford goes right to sleep," said Betty a little uneasily. "He took such a long nap this afternoon. I'm afraid he's not very sleepy. I always have to lie down with him. He simply won't go to sleep alone. I hope he gets to sleep before your guests arrive."

"I hope so, too," agreed Lucile fervently. "I'll try to be very quiet. But don't fall asleep yourself this time."

IT WAS ABOUT eight o'clock when the doorbell announced the arrival of the first guests. Again and again it rang, until the party was all assembled, but Betty did not appear. Lucile began to feel a little awkward about the absence of her guest of honor.

With a few polite protests, the playing began. One rubber was played at Lucile's table, then two, and finally the third was begun. Finally she felt that she could stand the suspense no longer. When she was dummy she slipped upstairs and opened the guest-room door cautiously.

Continued on page 78

# Renovating a Felt Hat

By MIRIAM ELSTON

AS WE APPROACH each new season the question of clothes becomes a vital one with us. It is wise for most of us to consider first the possibilities of the remnants of a wardrobe that has been left over from last year. And among our hats we are likely to find at least one that has possibilities.

If a hat has received any considerable amount of wear in a former season it is sure to need, first of all, a thorough cleaning. This is not a difficult matter, but does, nevertheless, call for careful handling.

Naphtha, which can be bought reasonably at most service stations, is a very satisfactory cleaning fluid. Felts, wools, duvetyns, velvets, chenilles, silks, satins, crêpes and straw braids and straw fabrics will all clean well with this medium.

But before giving directions concerning the use of naphtha in cleaning, I feel that I should caution you concerning the great danger of using naphtha carelessly. Naphtha itself is not explosive, but the fumes of naphtha mixed in certain proportions with air form a very dangerous explosive. Air and naphtha mixed in these proportions form a heavy, inflammable gas which sinks to the floor and lingers in a room longer than might be expected. There is no escape from an explosion if a spark of fire meets this gas. Sometimes, too, if some kinds of goods are rubbed while cleaning, a spark of electricity is generated and the gas is ignited in this way. Taffeta silk is particularly bad for generating electricity.

When buying your naphtha, have it put in a thoroughly closed bottle or can, and do not take it into the house. Choose a day with a slight breeze and fairly warm. On a cold or damp day naphtha will not evaporate easily, and it is dangerous to bring the hat into the house until thoroughly dry. See that nobody smoking comes near you while you work.

Naphtha cleans more satisfactorily if warm. Put some very warm water into a large pan and stand your naphtha in this in an open vessel. In about seven minutes the naphtha will be warm. Dip the hat in the naphtha and let it soak for a couple of minutes. Take a very soft piece of cloth and rub very lightly any part of the hat that is particularly soiled. This rubbing is best done below the naphtha. An explosion cannot take place in the naphtha itself. It is not explosive.

When the hat is cleaned hang it on the line to dry. A very good way is to pass a stout thread through the top of the crown, and hang it up by the thread.

The action of naphtha on a hat will not in any way soften the stiffening in a hat or in a frame, if the hat happens to be made on a frame. Neither will it in any way injure flowers, feathers, or ornaments. The action of the naphtha merely eats up the grease that has collected on the hat, frees the dust and dirt that has collected in it and washes it all away.

The dirt that has been washed into the naphtha will all settle to the bottom of the vessel, and the naphtha becomes practically as clear as before it was used, but it is better to throw it away. You will find that it will leave a heavy nasty odor on anything that is cleaned in it. On the other hand the hat cleaned in the pure naphtha will be free of smell in a very few hours if the day is warm enough to evaporate the naphtha quickly.

Do not throw the used gasoline down your sink. Throw it thinly on the ground, and it will evaporate entirely in a few minutes. Fifteen cents worth of naphtha should clean your hat satisfactorily.

Often you may want to clean silk or velvet hats when it would be impossible to do it with naphtha. Oil of eucalyptus, which

can be bought at any drug store, is splendid for sponge-cleaning such hats. It is also good for some felts, but some other felts are too absorbent to clean easily. There is considerable odor with this oil, but if put in a warm place this will soon disappear from the hat.

Sometimes a felt hat when cleaned looks somewhat faded. The color may often be improved by scouring off the outside felt. Take a piece of fine sandpaper and glue it to the piece of board. A piece about two by three inches would be big enough. Lay the brim of the hat flat on the table, and start to rub it carefully with the sandpaper, rubbing always the one way. Continue till you have gone all the way around the brim. In the case of a hat with a drooping brim or a turned-up brim, you cannot, of course, place the whole brim flat on the table at one time, but you can see to it that the part you are working on lies flat. Otherwise, there will be an uneven finish to the felt. The side crown of the hat may be easily done over any medium-sized can. To do the top you must have something in dome form. A large-sized hard rubber ball, a croquet ball, or the dome-shaped top of a newel post will serve splendidly.

The stiffer felts often have a slight amount of glue in their composition which leaves a whitish, dusty tinge on the felt after using the sandpaper. Steam the hat slightly over the kettle spout and this will all disappear.

Sometimes a felt hat may be much improved by turning it inside out. The felt may be just as nice on the inside of the crown as it was on the outside when new. Some felts are slightly woolly looking at the top of the crown when turned, but it is quite possible to shear off the fuzz with a sharp pair of scissors.

A hat crown turned inside out usually needs some reshaping. If your hair happens to be bobbed, a very good way is to steam the inside of the crown well over the kettle spout, and then pull the hat on the head while still warm and damp, and with the aid of the hands mold the crown to the head.

In many cases you might wish to turn the crown but not the brim. In such an event, cut off the crown one half inch above the bottom edge of the crown and then steam and mold the crown on the head. If the hat is too deep in the crown for this year's style, pare off a little from the bottom of the crown before re-turning the brim. If you find that you have stretched the crown a little at the bottom run a draw-string of fine stitches into it about a quarter of an inch from the bottom edge and draw this up slightly, adjusting the slight fullness evenly all around the crown. A coarse thread must be used in doing this. Number ten cotton thread would prove a good size. Too slight a thread will break when you draw it up.

Having got the hat into shape you will wish to finish it with a band. A stretching cord ribbon from one to two inches wide makes a smart band for sport or tailored styles. A stretching ribbon is a heavy corded ribbon entirely plain in weave. Cut the band the length required to reach around the hat and then with a warm iron press the ribbon, stretching it slightly on one edge as you do this. You will notice that the ribbon forms into a very slight curve. This curving of the ribbon makes it fit snugly and smartly to the hat. A perfectly straight ribbon is always too loose at the top of the band.

Sometimes it is possible to get your hat blocked in your own headsize before remodelling it. Cleaners of hats often have blocks and do very satisfactory work. Many felt hats of former years will make into the small, shallow-crowned hats of this season. Fashion sheets show many smart models from which you may easily pick a model.

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AT the first Annual Meeting of the Company in 1871 the President made the following remarks:

"We were led to entertain the project of establishing a Life Assurance Company, based upon purely mutual principles, believing it highly desirable that the benefits of Life Assurance should be extended as widely as possible and at the cheapest rates compatible with safety to the assured."

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### Write for "Facts for Women"

This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. It has been much discussed in women's circles. By sending for a copy you will get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life.

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- ☐ Facts for Women  
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME.....  
(Please print name)

ADDRESS.....

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## Love Me, Love My Child

(Continued from page 76)

"Sssh!" warned Betty in an irritated whisper. "Please stay away, Cile. I told you last night that you get Sanford's nerves all wrought up by coming in like this. I don't know what's wrong with him tonight. He can't seem to relax. I don't believe he feels well. He feels feverish to me. But if he ever goes to sleep, I'll be down. Please don't come up again."

Lucile closed the door firmly and went back downstairs.

"Sanford," she bulletined in a tone that she tried to make sound serene, "is still not asleep. We might as well keep on playing."

Ten o'clock finally sounded, and ten-thirty. Everybody, Lucile thought, was getting a little tired of playing bridge. She couldn't delay the serving of the refreshments much longer. Her nerves were becoming taut with the suspense of waiting for Betty, and she knew the girls were beginning to think there was something a little queer about the whole business. And she had been so anxious for all the crowd to meet her! This was certainly, she told herself, grimly, a swell situation.

At eleven o'clock she arose from the table and went to the kitchen to get the refreshments. Betty or no Betty, you couldn't ask the girls to wait all night. Phil, chary of a hen-party, slipped in the back door from his lodge meeting just as she arrived. Biting her lip in chagrin, she started to tell him her troubles. He listened incredulously.

"No fooling, Cile," he exclaimed unbelievably, "do you actually mean to tell me that that darned—"

He was interrupted by a noise from overhead. There was a scuttling, a cry, and a shrill scream. He and Lucile rushed to the foot of the stairs.

"Cile!" Betty was yelling. "Cile! Everybody! Come quick. Sanford—oh, Sanford's so sick."

The panic-stricken guests huddled in a frightened group in the lower hall, while Lucile and Phil ascended the stairs in a bound. They found Betty wringing her hands in terror.

"Oh," she wailed, "Sanford is so sick. He was sick all over the bed, and he's just lying there now, hardly able to move. I told you, Cile. I told you he wasn't well, didn't I? Oh, if I had only kept him at home, like I should have. If anything happens to him, I'll never forgive myself."

Sanford was indeed looking a little pale from his recent nausea, but seemed otherwise more or less normal.

"It's a little indigestion," Phil announced matter-of-factly. "It would take a kid with a cast-iron stomach not to have indigestion after a supper like he ate tonight. He'll be all right in the morning."

"Of course," echoed Lucile; "just a touch of indigestion, Betty. It's nothing to be alarmed at, at all."

"Indigestion!" shrieked Betty indignantly. "That's all you know about it. It's the result of the kick Junior gave him in the stomach last night, that's what it is. No child would run a temperature like he has with simple indigestion. When Junior kicked him in the stomach, he ruptured an intestine, just like I said he did. I know the symptoms. I knew of a child that died from a ruptured intestine, and the symptoms started with vomiting and a temperature just like Sanford. Oh, if I were only at home! What shall I do?"

Lucile's face was flushed, but when she spoke her voice was very calm.

"Would you like me to call our doctor?" she enquired evenly. "I will phone him right away if you wish me to."

Betty was still wringing her hands.

"Oh, I don't know," she wailed. "I don't

know what to do. Dr. Medbury is really the only one who understands Sanford. If we were only at home, so he could see him! Is there a train tonight, do you suppose? Oh, if I only had some way of getting him home tonight."

There was a very pinched-in expression about Phil's mouth as he spoke.

"I can call the station at once," he offered, "and find out. Do you wish me to?"

Betty nodded mutely, while Lucile looked on with a peculiar expression.

"When you go down to the telephone, Phil," she advised, "please relieve the minds of my guests about the situation. And tell them all to sit tight and we'll have something to eat after a while."

She walked over to the side of the bed and took Sanford's hand. He did not, she thought, seem feverish now.

"Doesn't he look ghastly?" moaned Betty.

Lucile thought that he looked like any child with an upset stomach, but refrained from saying so. It was taking Phil a long time to telephone. She wished he'd come back. Such a ridiculous fuss over a little attack of indigestion! There were Phil's footsteps on the stairs now. There was a peculiarly determined expression about his face as he appeared in the doorway.

"I called the station," he announced breathlessly, "and there is no train till 8.05 tomorrow morning. So then I called the airport. And I have chartered a plane that will be ready to leave with you in just half an hour. Hurry up and throw your things in your bag, and I'll drive you out. They figured they can fly the distance in about two hours."

Betty was staring at him, wide-eyed.

"But—but isn't that terribly expensive? How much—"

"Tut-tut!" Phil hushed her magnanimously. "That's all been taken care of. Don't you worry about that for a moment! What's the matter of a few dollars where a sick child is concerned?"

"But Betty," Lucile faltered weakly, "you've only just come. We haven't—"

Her voice died out as she watched Betty begin to throw things feverishly into her bag.

"I know it, darling," Betty was saying, "but you can see how it is. Maybe some time when Sanford's older . . . Anyhow, Phil, it's wonderful of you to do all this for me. You really understand, don't you?"

"I do, indeed," Phil assured her grimly. "And so does Lucile. Don't you, Cile?"

Lucile looked at Sanford. A lifelong friendship, she told herself, was a beautiful thing. Still, she couldn't keep out of her mind the pleasing image of Junior, on the morrow, playing contentedly in the Carrick's sand-box or in his own backyard.

"Indeed I do," replied Lucile. "And as you say, Betty, perhaps some time when Sanford's a little older . . ."

## Clothes and the Man

(Continued from page 12)

in every women's dress department, and the little muff of last winter's popularity owes much of its popularity to Lilyan Tashman.

There is much to be learned about fashion from the screen, and still more about the art of living well. For, thanks to the stylist, the pictures portray not only what is worn, but who wears it!

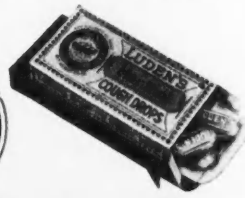
More than a fashion show or a fashion magazine, the movies demonstrate the theory of personality in clothes, expertly expounded and applied by such men as Travis Banton.



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Ten seconds brings relief from coughing under the cooling influence of Luden's Menthol Action. It soothes tender throat membranes . . . stops that cough.



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Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... Prov.....  
Color of your hair?.....

THE OLD WOMAN went to her lilies and fussed with them for a moment, touched the flaming poppy with unsteady fingers and came quietly back to her chair.

"Nan wrote, but Jim burned the letters and I never even knew where they came from. I pleaded and argued and wept, but it was like trying to tear down a stone wall with my naked hands. Nothing, nothing would move him. Later, when he knew he couldn't live—but then it was too late. We couldn't find her . . ."

Again there was silence in the room. The woman seemed lost in the dim paths of memory's pain. When she spoke again, her voice was quite firm.

"About my selling shoe laces and pencils and safety pins, Mr. Agnew. Down deep in my heart I have never given David up. He may have been terribly hurt or have lost his memory, or his reason; but if he is living some day he'll come back to the city where he was born, and if he does I'll know him. I've changed so much he mightn't know me, but life couldn't do anything to David to change him so I wouldn't know him. Windsor and Waverley is the busiest corner in the city; that's why I stand there and try to sell shoe laces and—things. You see," she explained carefully, "everybody passes there some time, and if David does come back he'll pass by, too, and I'll see him and know him."

The man wiped his eyes without apology or subterfuge.

"It's the same with Nan," she went on steadily. "It's seven years now since she went away, but she'll come back some day. Why, even coming from the station to the hotel she'll have to pass Windsor and Waverley."

The man got up and groped for his hat. "You do understand?" she asked pleadingly.

He nodded, and went silently, almost blindly, from the house.

In the hall the woman hesitated for a moment and then went up the wide stairs and when she returned her arms were full of boxes. There was a rustling in the room, and soon on the high-backed sofa, placed there by shaking hands, were a battered doll, its once high color faded from the fervor of sticky kisses, its arms and legs dangling grotesquely from age-slackened elastics; a dancing clown; a black fur dog that once had barked; and a white satin graduating dress and little satin slippers which had danced away the carefree hours of youth.

The last box was big and clanking and heavy. She looked about the room and then lowered it to the floor and squatted on her knees beside it. She lifted the lid and put it gently aside, and then, one by one, she took from the box and ranged in platoon formation as he had taught her to do, David's army of little lead soldiers.

With hands that shook again, she spread out the big map and gazed at its pin-pricked surface. Her eyes went to the one mark she knew so well, and her index finger touched the tiny picture of a plane she had pasted there. It was the point at which David's plane had been seen to falter and fall, in enemy territory.

MAN FRIDAY lifted his head suddenly, and Lulu Belle rose to her feet. There was a step on the verandah, a pause, and then an uncertain finger on the bell.

The old woman was on her feet in one incredibly swift movement. Her hand flew to her throat where gold wings were half hidden in the cascade of soft lace.

"Dear God," prayed Mary Fulton. She threw open the door.

A small boy stood on the steps and regarded her with steadfast eyes. They were almost black, and so shining and big. He pulled off his cap and the wind ruffled his hair and flung it back from the broad white brow.

"Are you grandmother?" he asked, "cause I'm David!"

Her hand was still at her throat and her whole body began to shake.

"Yes," she whispered, "yes, I'm grandmother. And you—you are David."

"Mother says may she come home?"

"Yes, dear. Yes, tell her to come home, quickly."

"She said would grandfather let her?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

He smiled suddenly, and the woman, remembering, caught her breath.

"I'll just be a jiffy," he cried, running.

"Jim, dear, poor Jim, to have missed little David's voice saying 'grandfather,'" she whispered brokenly.

She didn't move from the open door. It must be open wide, for Nan.

She leaned against the wall and tried to stop shaking. And then she saw them coming. David with his hand in Nan's—and there was a sudden rush and Nan was in her arms, shaking too and sobbing, wordless but clinging to her as though she could never again leave the shelter of those frail old arms.

It was David who closed the door and who, forgotten, sat down on the seat of the funny old hall rack and tried to get Man Friday and Lulu Belle to stop pawing at his mother's black skirts and pay some attention to him.

"There, there, dearie, it's all right. You're home again—with mother," Mary was saying. "Don't cry so, Nan, smile at mother . . ."

"Where, where's dad?"

"He tried to find you, to tell you he was sorry. That he was wrong and had been hard with you, dear."

"But where is he?" Nan persisted.

And suddenly Mary Fulton knew. There was no sudden death of hope in her heart, no sharp, wrenching agony at the sure knowledge which was born in her. No sense of desolation.

"Dad's with David," she said—and she could even smile.

IN THE LIVING ROOM she put Nan in the chair by the fire, whisked out of sight the satin dress and slippers and toys. The leaden soldiers . . . why, David was playing with them, stringing them out in single file, making them form fours, and in his high little voice he was humming! Then there were words. She smiled as she caught them: "Specially the big drum major."

Bustling about the kitchen, putting the kettle on again, reaching for the teapot—no, not that one; it was too small, thank God, for a family.

"Will David have cambric tea?" she called.

"Yes, mother, please."

"And brown sugar on my bread, grandmother," he shouted.

Brown sugar on his bread! Big David had liked that, too.

Big David! Why, he had gone with all the glory of youth in his eyes—gone on the golden wings of his high purpose. David had attained the stars!

All the years her faith had held until today—until today when God was answering her prayers, remitting her loneliness. Today it had faltered. Today when He was making life whole and rich again, she had wavered, had bought the poppy as well as the lily.

She carried the tray into the living room, and as she put it down beside Nan she caught sight of the wicker basket, and without explanation carried it from the room and hid it away. She pulled the platform rocker whose soothing motion she loved, close to Nan, and quietly sat down.

"You pour, dear," she smiled; and then her eyes widened, and unsteadily she rose from her chair and moved to the window.

Had it been the heat of the room? Could a gust of wind have done it? Or was it the hand of God?

She didn't know, but the light of a great peace came into the old face. The weight that had burdened her heart had been rolled away, like the stone from the sepulchre. All doubt was gone.

On the window ledge lay the fallen scarlet petals of the poppy. But the lilies, fragrant with the promise they had carried throughout the ages, untouched by the heat of human passions or the cold of human doubts—the lilies lived—triumphant.

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I am attaching separate sheet giving names and addresses of two persons—not relatives—as references.



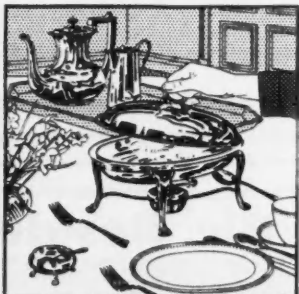
## Excess Fat Ruining Her Health

### Better after Losing 14 lbs.

There are a number of bodily ailments that are apt to arise in over-weight men and women, and if excess fat is reduced in the right way, very often improved health follows—as it did with this woman:—

"I used to have a great deal of fat that seemed to nearly stop me breathing, especially when I knelt down to do any housework, or was walking up a hill. I would simply have to fight for my breath for about 20 minutes. But now that has all gone, thanks to Kruschen. I have lost 14 lbs. in weight, and am able to get about in comfort. I can work all day and not feel tired. I feel so much better, and am so pleased to have lost some of the fat that was steadily gaining ground with me, and ruining my general health."—(Miss) A. K.

There are six vital mineral salts in Kruschen. These salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Unlike ordinary aperients, Kruschen does not confine its action to a single part of the system. Its tonic effects extend to every organ, gland, nerve and vein.



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**BROWNATONE**  
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

## Strange Girl

(Continued from page 30)

in what Harg said. We should be missed, certainly, and my aunt Euphemia would put two and two together soon enough.

It was different with Spike, however. He listened interestedly while I told him of how they had come to knock me on the head and reported much the same adventure himself. All he remembered was being on the edge of the shrubbery; after that things were a blank. But he was perfectly confident that there was a way out of this.

"I'll back Miss Phemy, sir," he said in the dark.

The house was completely silent now. I imagined that Silva and Harg were down with the speedboat, getting her into shape for her dash out with the dawn. The minutes clicked away, while Spike and I talked in whispers, striving to find a way out of all this entanglement. Just then, none seemed obvious. They had got us, and their intentions were only too plain.

We had been lying there for quite a while, and Spike was, for the tenth time, asserting his belief in my aunt's prowess, when I suddenly heard a faint sound. It was as if somebody was moving, very stealthily, outside the door.

"Quiet!" I said to Spike.

The noises ceased abruptly; then, after a moment, they recommenced, and the door handle was tried, ever so gently. Whoever it was out there soon discovered that we were locked in, and gave up the attempt.

Then a voice sounded—a low, careful voice I had heard before.

"Mr. Burt!" it breathed.

## The Stone Was Gone!

(Continued from page 17)

the motto, "Through difficulty I attain the stars."

She fell silent.

"You never heard anything definite, did you?" the man asked, but it was more a statement to bring her back from the past than it was a question.

"Nothing after the first report of wounded and missing, and then two years ago he was legally declared dead."

"We all noticed the difference in your husband, right from that time," the man said.

"Yes, it almost killed Jim. He gave up after that, but I've always kept on hoping. David seemed so—so alive to go away laughing and then become . . . nothing. It was because Jim's hope died so suddenly, died and turned to a blind, unreasoning hatred of all Germans that we lost Nan, too."

"She was such a fierce little partisan for fairness. I remember her telling me once that it couldn't be fair to blame all Germans for David not coming back, any more than it would be fair for all German fathers who had lost sons to hold David responsible," Mr. Agnew offered.

"Yes. She worshipped David and she was never reconciled to his not coming home, but she knew that so long as hate filled her father's heart he could never know happiness again. So she argued, but it was

"Yes?" I said. "Is that you? Go away—quickly, or you'll be caught!"

The girl didn't move from outside. "Mr. Burt," she went on, still in her hurried whisper, "don't lose heart. It'll be all right yet. I'm going to try and get out!"

"Let's hope you can, then," I told her. "We're done for otherwise. If you can, you know where to go."

I broke off short, for from below came the sound of loud voices and heavy feet. Outside the door there was a faint rustle, and we were once more in silence and darkness. Spike and I whispered excitedly to each other; then we lay still again, as Harg and Silva returned with the lamp.

"Now," said Harg, "time we were gettin' out o' this, Mr. Burt. We'll be movin', if ye please. No sense in hangin' round here, now I've told ye the why an' wherefore o' things . . ."

The wind made a sudden assault on the old house, howling furiously about it. A door slammed heavily somewhere below.

"What's that?" Silva asked.

Harg cocked his great head on one side. "Wind," he said. "Nothin' else. Hear it now—we'll be catchin' it hot outside tonight, Joe."

Desperately I fought for time again. "Harg," I said, "let us go and you can have the pearls."

He laughed again. "Still on that lay?" he asked. "Well, ye can forget it! I'd not miss this for all the pearls in the Indies, Burt."

He turned to the Portuguese. "Go you, now, Joe, and get things ready for 'em. I'm away to tell that Elise slut to get her traps together."

He stamped out, Silva at his heels. Spike rolled his eyes at me.

"Did ye hear it, sir?" he asked. "That door. We're not done yet, by cracky, Mr. Burt!"

And before I could answer him a sudden frantic bellow echoed through the empty house.

To be Concluded

all abstract until Konrad came . . .

"But he must have been too young to fight, wasn't he, Mrs. Fulton?"

"Yes, and his only brother had been killed fighting with the American forces. They were both born in the United States you know. Jim knew all that, but he wouldn't give in. He went completely wild when he saw that Nan really cared. He wouldn't let Konrad come to the house; even forbade her to write to him. So she ran away and married him. I still feel"—the old woman seemed to choose her words carefully—"I still feel that Nan failed to realize how implacable her father's hatred actually was."

"Maybe she felt he had argued so long that he wouldn't back down without something happening to jar him into looking at the other side of the argument," suggested the man. "That thought came to me when I heard Nan and Konrad were married."

"I don't know. I don't know just how Nan reasoned, but if that was it she was wrong for he meant everything he had ever said; and when Nan came home with Konrad, all smiles and radiance, expecting as youth does to win her way by love and kisses, Jim shut the door in her face and locked it, and pulled down the blinds. He wouldn't let me see her or speak to her. I tried to fight for my girl. I tried to defy him and let her in, but he was hard like granite. He wouldn't let me go to her. I saw her, just through a crack of the blind; saw her joy fade and her face grow white and set; saw her turn and smile a hard little smile at Konrad. And then she put her arm through his and walked proudly away—and she never even looked back."

The steady ticking of the clock and the heavy breathing of the two old dogs were the only sounds in the room.

The man cleared his throat; tried to speak, failed.

**DURO SQUARE TUBS**

THE ONLY TUBS AGAINST STAINING AND DISCOLORATION OF ELECTRIC WASHERS

MADE IN CANADA

Rinsing and bluing is easier with square tubs. They fit together so nicely, with the winger between, to catch ALL the clothes. No dripping between tubs. You'll like them because they are so sensible and practical in every way. For sale by most hardware and department stores.

**WILL NOT LEAK OR RUST**

DURO METALWARES LIMITED - HAMILTON, CANADA

## WANTED

*Ambitious Young Men and Women to Secure New and Renewal Subscriptions to Our Magazines*

You can earn a substantial sum of money each month by devoting your spare time to our work. Many of our Representatives earn \$100.00 a month in Commissions, Cash Bonuses and Prizes.

Write at once for full particulars.

**THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED**  
Toronto 2, Ontario

## As clean and bright as the day it was new!

AN OLD toilet always looks like new, if you clean it with Sani-Flush. No stains; no odors. But no scrubbing or rubbing, either! Sani-Flush makes the bowl spotless and sparkling. Even the trap, where a brush never reaches, becomes safe and sanitary!

Sani-Flush seems too good to be true. You just sprinkle a bit in the bowl (follow directions on the can)—flush—and the toilet is clean and bright as the day it was new! Stains, odors, and germs won't stay around Sani-Flush. It saves work . . . can't injure plumbing.

At grocery, drug, and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

## Sani-Flush

**CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING**



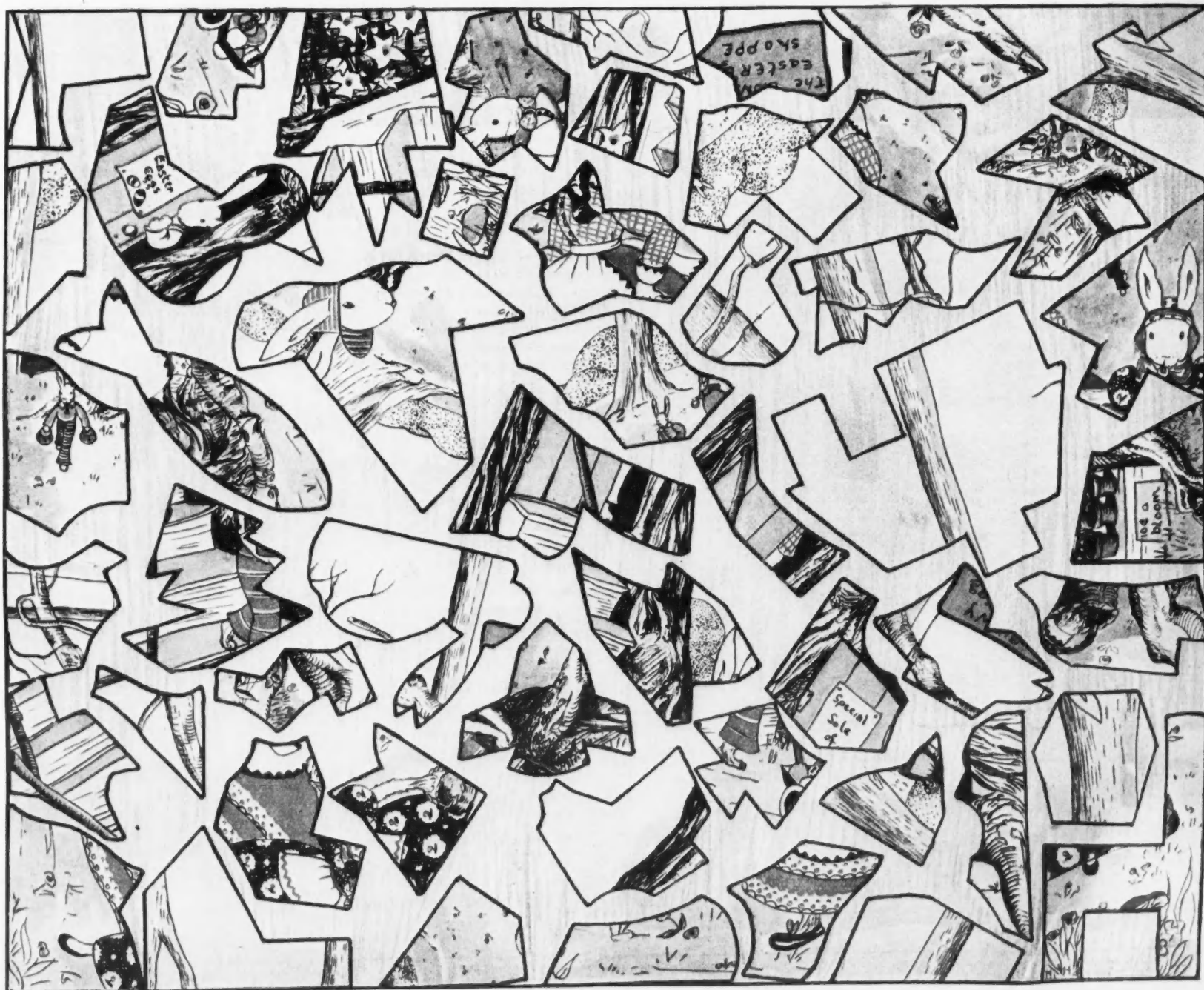
What the finished picture  
should look like



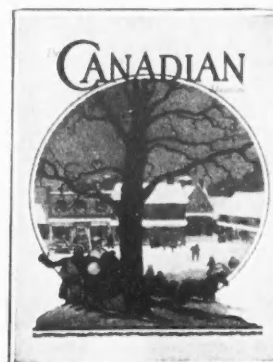
Full directions on  
page 73

## EASTER TIME IN BUNNYLAND

A Jig-saw Puzzle by Jean Wylie







## 4 out of 5 Urban Families Now Read These Canadian Magazines

**D**URING the last few years Canadian magazines have assumed a new and growing importance. Editorial standards have been raised and mechanical improvements made that have placed them on a parity with the best magazines published on this or any other continent.

And as these improvements have come, so has the circulation of these magazines developed and their influence widened. Their enterprise and high character appeal to Canada's pride in things Canadian.

Today the every issue circulation of the five leaders is more than double what it was just five years ago. It is now more than 800,000, and before the end of 1933 will likely pass the million mark.

To demonstrate the way in which the magazines cover the Dominion, figures are given below showing the combined circulations of the first five magazines in each Province right across Canada; also the circulations in all cities of 25,000 population and over.

### Circulation by Provinces

Province	Population	Families	5 Magazines
Nova Scotia .....	512,846	102,569	40,580
Prince Edward Island .....	88,038	17,608	5,025
New Brunswick .....	408,219	81,644	28,147
Quebec .....	2,874,255	574,851	75,914
Ontario .....	3,431,683	686,337	331,524
Manitoba .....	700,139	140,028	69,253
Saskatchewan .....	921,785	184,357	70,344
Alberta .....	731,605	146,321	75,120
British Columbia .....	694,263	138,853	84,475
Yukon and N. W. T. .	11,363	2,273	183
Miscellaneous .....	.....	.....	22,804
	<b>10,374,196</b>	<b>2,074,841</b>	<b>803,369</b>

In Canada there are approximately 1,000,000 English-speaking Urban Homes. The magazine circulation of approximately 800,000 copies each issue therefore provides an average coverage of 4 out of 5 of the English-speaking Urban Homes right across the Dominion.

### Circulation in Cities of 25,000 and Over

Cities	Population	Families	5 Magazines
Montreal (English) .....	245,000	49,115	47,618
Toronto, Ontario .....	613,207	122,641	94,743
Vancouver, B.C. ....	246,593	49,318	36,212
Winnipeg, Manitoba .....	218,785	43,757	44,250
Hamilton, Ontario .....	155,547	31,109	16,153
Ottawa, Ontario .....	126,872	25,374	16,030
Calgary, Alberta .....	83,761	16,752	15,716
Edmonton, Alberta .....	79,197	15,839	15,594
London, Ontario .....	71,148	14,229	9,842
Windsor, Ontario .....	63,108	12,621	6,673
Halifax, N.S. ....	59,275	11,855	8,968
Regina, Sask. ....	53,209	10,652	9,422
Saint John, N.B. ....	47,514	9,503	7,323
Saskatoon, Sask. ....	43,291	8,658	10,127
Victoria, B.C. ....	39,082	7,816	9,020
Kitchener, Ontario .....	30,793	6,158	4,366
Brantford, Ontario .....	30,107	6,021	3,836
Fort William, Ontario ..	26,277	5,254	4,514
	<b>2,232,766</b>	<b>446,672</b>	<b>360,407</b>

In these eighteen cities it will be seen that the average coverage is four homes out of every five. The same coverage applies on the average to every city, town and village in English-speaking Canada. In some cities the magazine circulation exceeds the number of homes.

## Advertising in Nationally Distributed Magazines Indicates that the Product Itself is Nationally Sold and Accepted

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE  
153 University Ave.  
Toronto

CANADIAN MAGAZINE  
347 Adelaide St. W.  
Toronto

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL  
73 Richmond St. W.  
Toronto

NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY  
Bannatyne and Dagmar Ave.  
Winnipeg

CHATELAINE  
153 University Ave.  
Toronto

# New Frocks and Suits

For the Children's Easter



824

156

113

42

1078

## CHATELAIN PATTERNS

Price 15 cents



16

**No. 824** — Very manly, this little suit, the trousers buttoning trimly on to the very grown-up looking shirt. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36 inch material for shirt, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36 inch material for trousers.

**No. 156** — Scallops to delight her feminine little heart — at collar, cuff and hem. Matching bloomers are included in the pattern, and the sleeves may be either long or short. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35 inch material.

**No. 113** — An unusual little frock with full, circular skirt, and brief cross-over bodice, collar and cuffs trimmed with contrasting pleating. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39 inch and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 35 inch material.

**No. 16** — No doubt, the young son of the house will need a new suit this spring. It's an economy to make it yourself, and the pattern is easily followed. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 54 inch material.

**No. 42** — Why shouldn't little boys have ensembles too? Here's a matching coat and beret, very trim and 'tweedy.' Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54 inch material for coat and beret.

**No. 1078** — She'll be right in vogue if she chooses plaid for the top of her frock. Sleeves may be worn short and puffed if preferred. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35 inch material.



These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns name the number and size of the style desired.





# Out-of-door Fashions

In the New Spring Mode



**No. 1060** — The swagger coat which conquered us all last season is back again. It's so useful as an extra coat, to slip over a frock or skirt, or later on as a summer coat. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54 inch material.

Price 15 cents

**No. 1080** — The jacket-frock which masquerades as a suit is right in the first rank of fashion this spring. Tweed would be an ideal fabric for this smart ensemble. The tailored looking frock has long sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 54 inch material.

**No. 20** — Here is a little coat which models itself on swagger grown-up lines. It hangs loosely from the shoulders in the approved manner, and it may or may not be worn with a scarf collar. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 54 inch material.

**No. 91** — Wide revers and a fitted back, buttoning trimly to the figure, with well fitting tube sleeves. This is a style that is right in the 1933 mood and yet is good for many seasons' fashionable wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54 inch material.

**No. 1067** — The skirt that is shown with the swagger coat is deeply pleated in front, and well fitted over the hips. If planned to be worn together the coat and skirt would be very smart in a check material. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 waist measure. Size 28 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54 inch material.

# NOTEBOOK -- SPRING, 1933



## Sleeves Become Calmer Capes and Jackets are Rampant Jumper-Frocks Hold the Spotlight

**No. 226** — Simple lines and smart cut — especially suited to printed material. Long or short sleeves are set into a drooping shoulder line. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39 inch material.

**No. 1084** — Designed to slenderize the full figure, this frock possesses extremely smart lines. Sleeves are full at the elbow, and there are inverted pleats in the circular skirt. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches. Size 40 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39 inch material.

**No. 217** — This pattern might be used for three different frocks, simply by changing the sleeves, the material of the bodice, or taking off the cape. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires 3 yards and 1 yard of 39 inch material, sleeveless with cape.

**No. 224** — A jumper-frock like this offers an interesting solution to the need for variety in one's wardrobe. Change the under-blouse, and one has a new frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39 inch material.



# ~ LEAVES FROM A FASHION

Price 15 cents



**No. 1087** — The hip line, you may have noticed, is coming back into favor. This frock is caught in at the waist with a belt, but is seamed at the hips. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39 inch material.

**No. 1086** — Collar, armhole and closing follow unusual lines in this smart frock: Sleeves are set into deep armholes. Buttons accent the line of closing. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39 inch material.

**No. 1085** — Be-caped or not, this tailored looking frock possesses an air of smart severity. The style lends itself exceedingly well to plaid. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35 inch material.

**No. 230** — Stripes are well in the foreground of fashion this spring, and they will continue into the summer. Here is a style which is at its best in a stripe or check. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{7}{8}$  and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39 inch material.

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**CHEVROLET IS THE BIGGEST LOW-PRICED CAR**  
**—the Six with the Billion-Mile Background**

YEARS AGO Chevrolet sensed the modern demand for smoothness—silence—power and fleetness even in low-priced cars. And Chevrolet took time by the forelock—designed, built and proved its famous six-cylinder engine—gave the lowest-price field its first really smooth, really silent, really modern car!

Today, Chevrolet goes marching into 1933 with a proved Six—one that thousands of your fellow-Canadians have tested in millions of miles of driving. A six that adds to a peerless reputation for economy and reliability

—new bigness—new comfort—new safety—and a score of brilliant new advancements, the result of five years of experience in building six-cylinder cars!

Highlights: New Fisher bodies, largest in the low-price field . . . with Air-Stream styling and Fisher No-Draft Ventilation. A new invention for blotting out every trace of annoying vibration . . . the Cushion-Balanced engine mounting. "Silent Second" Syncro-Mesh shifting. Automatic Clutch\*. Starter-

ator . . . you start by simply depressing the accelerator treadle. Extra horsepower . . . added "pep" . . . and even greater economy!

Only Chevrolet could build a Six like this at such low prices. Because Chevrolet is the world's largest manufacturer of six-cylinder cars. And because this new Chevrolet is Made to Order for Canadians—with improvements specified by motorists themselves in a great Canada-wide survey! Drive a new Chevrolet and decide for yourself. There's a dealer near you who'll gladly arrange such a test.



\* Automatic clutch is standard equipment on special models; optional on standard models.

**NEW CHEVROLET SIX**

PRODUCED IN CANADA



# This Month With Our Advertisers

**A**N INTERESTING letter has come to this department, which says in part:

"I liked your statement that *Chatelaine* aims to be the 'textbook' of homemakers in Canada, for that is just what I have always felt about your magazine, although I had never crystallized the feeling. And I like the space you devote to discussing the advertising, for I doubt whether most magazine editors realize the reader's interest in the advertisements for their own sake. I belong to a club of young married women, and you'd be surprised, and perhaps amused, to know how much we discuss well-known ads.—whether it is for a new style in hairdressing, a color scheme in a room, a stunning new cut in a frock, or an unusual recipe. We feel, too, that the appearance of an advertisement in *Chatelaine* is a guarantee of reliability and satisfaction."

IN THE DEVELOPMENT of a national magazine with definite responsibilities to the reader, there is, however, more than the magazine's desire to present only the reliable and trustworthy products of the day. For behind the magazine stands the manufacturer, who, in order to build and retain his reputation, must be thoroughly responsible for his merchandise. National advertisers with branded products whose names have become household words, have developed their business to a point where women of all classes accept their product without question; and they must obviously live up to their standard of integrity.

Women are growing more and more to realize the sound sense behind this movement. What chance has a grocer of selling canned goods, for instance, in unlabelled tins? We may enjoy the adventure of a lottery of gifts at a party, and laugh when we pick something foolish. But when purchasing foods, wearables, furniture, toiletries, and the endless details needed for keeping the modern home going, women can't afford to take chances. We've got to be sure!

IT IS TO FURTHER the ideal of being, in every branch of a homemaker's interest, a textbook to reliable information that *Chatelaine* is beginning a series of articles on the fundamentals of good buying. For these days, in the general chaos of ideas when older principles are easily cast overboard, there is a tendency to regard the price as of paramount consideration and to overlook the importance of quality.

We have been trained by our nationally-advertised manufacturers to trust the merchandise and household equipment; but there is a definite danger, these days, by women being misled in their eagerness for a bargain, into buying articles made by firms who have no great responsibility to uphold, which in the long run may prove disastrous.

A couple of friends of mine, for instance, bought an important piece of electrical household equipment, made by one of these firms who have no tradition of national service to live up to. They were delighted with the paltry saving in dollars, but they have had nothing but trouble since the first week the article was in the house. Constant dissatisfaction has marred the pleasure such a convenience should be in any family, and the original saving in dollars has long since been eaten up in repairs. Nationally-known makers of electrical appliances stand behind their products and guarantee satisfaction. Why, then, run the risk of being fooled?

Whereas, in the same way, nationally-known furniture manufacturers have a pride in their product, and build, year after year, a tradition for sound value, there are low-grade manufacturers such as the one who said to a friend, "After all, we can get away with anything in upholstered furniture. For who can see under the cover to know what kind of a job has been done?"

Who can know? The woman who has been trained to look for the right indications of sound construction. The woman who has learned to rely on the name of a nationally-known advertiser, as she relies on her family grocer or doctor. The woman who, with her husband, can be discerning as to the details of construction that can be easily seen by those who know how and where to look.

*Chatelaine* is planning a definite campaign to give this information on the main items in household buying. This month we went to the trouble of tearing apart a shoddily-made chair in the Institute—to show you in photographs just what we found, and just what you must consider when you buy, first of all, by the price tag. Other articles are coming, each a valuable course in good buying for sound value.

For more than ever in the coming months, every dollar spent must earn its dividend in service and value. Apart from the entertainment and delight we hope you will find month by month in the magazine, *Chatelaine* is going to give some fundamental textbook information on what it means to buy to the best advantage.

*Byrne Hops Sanders.*

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Compiled as a convenience to the readers of *Chatelaine*; this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or omission, but the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy.

# DOMINION *Inlaid* LINOLEUM



A DISTINGUISHED FLOOR...  
*yet its cost is well within the limits  
of present day budgets*

You can now recreate in your own home the alluring beauty of old-World tile floors at surprisingly low cost. With Dominion Inlaid Linoleum and Marboleum Tile it is possible to capture the charm and atmosphere you have so long admired without the disadvantages.

Dominion Linoleum is also adaptable for modern and ultra modern floors. It is this quality of adaptability which permits the reproduction of either old or modern floors that gives it its strongest appeal to home-decorators.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum and Marboleum Tile is warm, resilient and quiet underfoot. Laid by skilled craftsmen, it is permanent as the home itself.

There is a large range of patterns and colour combinations to choose from. If your dealer does not stock those you want, ask to see his sample book. Any pattern shown therein can be secured on short notice. Suggestions also offered for special tile floors interpreting your own ideas.

Pattern shown in illustration is 8031. Tile pattern at right is 7203. That immediately below is 7089

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED - MONTREAL

